

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 24.

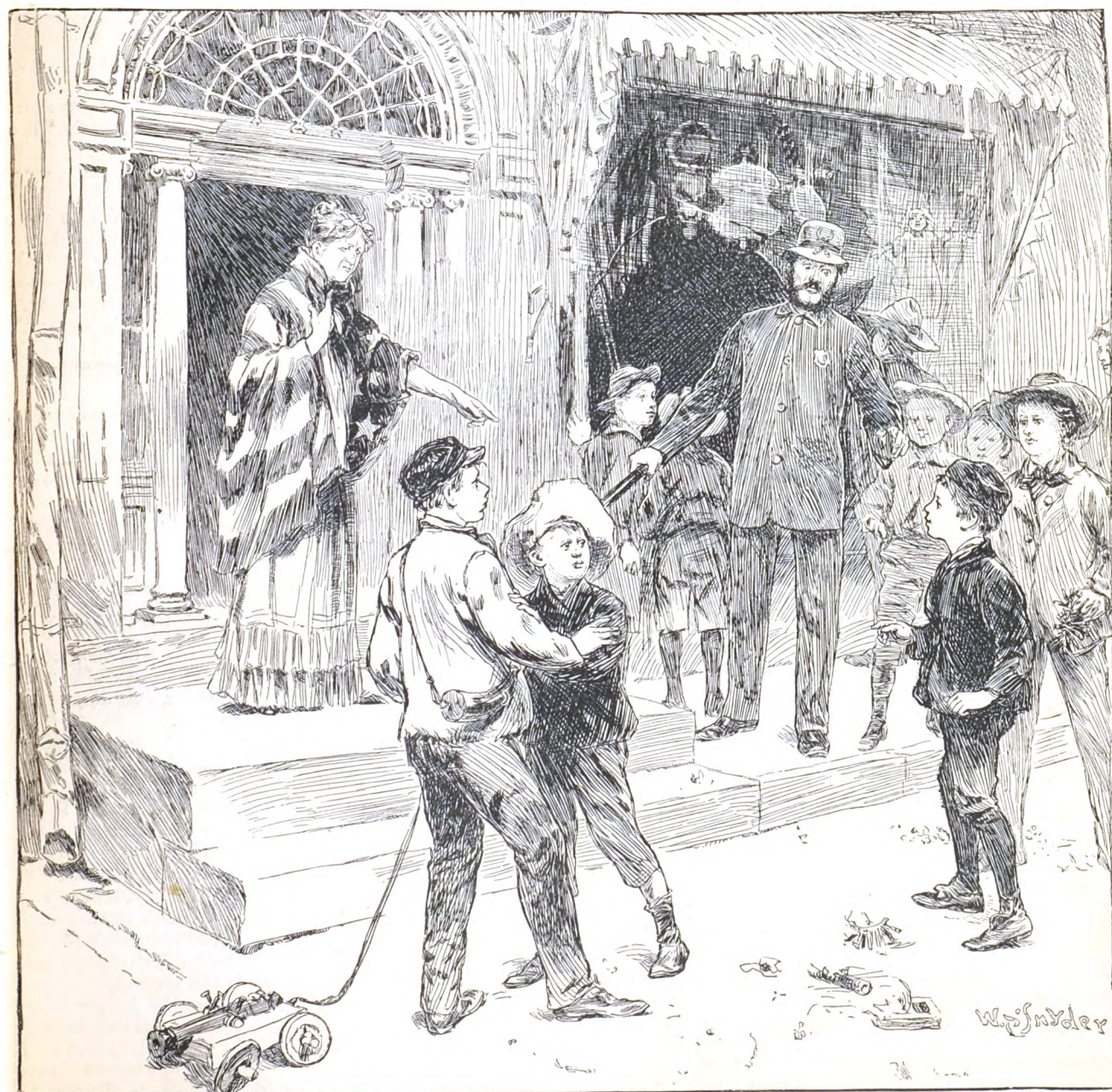
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THERE HE IS! THAT'S THE BOY WHO DID IT!"

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MISS POLYPHEMIA'S FIRE-WORKS.

A Story for the Fourth of July.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

I.

ALL day long the bell on Miss Polyphemia's shop door had been dancing and tinkling like mad. Boys gave such jerks! And it seemed to Miss Polyphemia that more boys had entered that shop to-day than in the whole fifteen years that it had been a shop. She did not approve of boys, and she had taken pains not to keep anything on her shelves that could attract them.

When she began business she had several jars full of licorice and colt's-foot sticks, and very bitter hoarhound drops, which she expected to sell to old ladies who bought their sewing silk of her. But the boys discovered that a better bargain was to be had at Miss Polyphemia's than at the confectioner's around the corner, and they began to buy these dainties of her. The result was that Miss Polyphemia put the jars away in a dark closet when they were empty, and had never had them refilled. She had rigidly avoided marbles and tops and slate-pencils, and no boys except those sent upon errands, who were necessary evils, had ever darkened her doors until to-day.

But to-day! If there was a boy in Plumleyville between the ages of sixteen and two who hadn't been in that shop to-day, Miss Polyphemia "would like to see him!" And she felt as if all her nerves were dancing like the bell, and her big dog, Lord George, upon whom she relied as a protector, had become so disturbed in mind that he growled even in the midst of his nap.

Miss Polyphemia almost lamented the thrifty New England blood in her veins which had led her to accept old Jerry Dobson's offer to pay in fire-works the bill which had been due for six years, and which she had regarded as a total loss. Old Jerry had no money to pay with, but his son-in-law had come into possession of a bankrupt stock of fire-works. As it "went agin his grain to cheat women-folks anyhow," he had brought Miss Polyphemia a great quantity of the fire-works, and offered to "rig 'em up kind of amazin'" in her shop window, and "bein' 'twas the Fourth, she couldn't help makin' a pooty spec' on 'em."

"A pretty speculation" was a thing dear to Miss Polyphemia's heart, and she scarcely thought of the boys. She had had so little experience with them since she abandoned hoarhound drops and came into possession of Lord George—who had a deep-rooted hatred and a keen scent for boys—that she had almost forgotten how they set her teeth on edge.

It was in the shades of evening that Jerry Dobson had "rigged up" the window, and it certainly was "amazin'" with not only fire-works of almost every kind, but trumpets and whistles, and cannons and guns, red and purple balloons, and American flags.

"That winder was a hull Fourth of July by itself," old Jerry proudly remarked. "It could all but whistle 'Yankee Doodle.'"

But when Miss Polyphemia, peeping cautiously out of the window in her night-cap at six o'clock in the morning, saw a row of boys three deep on the sidewalk gazing in open-mouthed admiration at the window, she began to realize what she had done. And she sympathized with Lord George, who refused his breakfast, and sat at the shop door and howled.

Boys came by ones and by twos and by dozens—boys large and small, boys ragged and dirty, boys clean and whole, boys with money and boys without. But in all the variety there was not one who did not jerk the door, and there were some who came half a dozen times to inquire the prices which were marked upon the articles so plainly that they could easily be seen from the street.

But the money-drawer was filling up, and Miss Polyphemia's trading-bump struggled hard against her nerves.

This day was almost gone, and there would be but one more before the Fourth of July. She might be able to live and preserve her senses through that, she thought, as she went into her little sitting-room behind the shop to refresh herself with a hasty cup of tea. She had just taken the first sip when jing-a-ling went the bell, a real boy's jerk.

It was not a promising customer who stood before the counter when Miss Polyphemia went out; her practiced eye discerned that at once. It was hard to tell where the original material of his clothes ended and the patches began, and his freckled face looked thin and care-worn. Although he was clean and whole, it was written all over him from his thick crop of tow-colored hair to the toes of his boots that Poverty had him under her thumb. He inquired the price of Roman candles.

"It is marked on them; if you had looked you would have seen," said Miss Polyphemia, severely. But she did repeat the price, as he raised a pair of brave blue eyes to hers.

He took a few pennies from his pocket, and counted them twice with a dejected look. Clearly there were not enough, and counting them three times did not make them any more.

"You haven't any for fifteen cents apiece, have you?" he asked, as if his last hope hung upon her answer.

"No," said Miss Polyphemia, shortly; and the boy went out, opening the door so slowly and reluctantly that the bell scarcely tinkled.

He stood on the sidewalk and gazed at the Roman candles.

"I'll have one yet," Miss Polyphemia heard him say; and then he hurried off with a determined air.

Miss Polyphemia felt something like pity for him, although he was a boy. Something in his frank blue eyes had seemed to give her an odd sensation about the heart.

"Pshaw! it isn't as if he had wanted something to eat," she said to herself, angry at her softness. "If he had a Roman candle he'd only get into mischief—set a house afire or blow up all creation, most likely."

Meanwhile the boy who had wanted the Roman candle hurried along the main street, his bright, hopeful eyes and his determined step seeming oddly out of keeping with his poverty-stricken appearance. If they told the truth, he meant to get Poverty under *his* thumb some day!

He turned into Shoe Lane, a narrow, dingy little alley, and entered a little house cleaner than its neighbors, but dark and poor.

His mother, a delicate woman, sad and worn, was ironing, and his little sister was trying to set a table taller than herself.

"Barty, you'll have to get up before five o'clock to-morrow morning and carry these clothes home. Mrs. Simmons is going away, and must have them, and they won't be done until midnight," said his mother.

"I'll be up, never fear," said Barty. "And I'm going to help you iron; so the things will be done long before midnight."

"Barty, I want you," called a feeble voice, and Barty hurried into an inner room, where on the bed lay a worn and wasted little figure that was always lying there through the long weary days and weeks and months.

"Is your back aching, Jimmy?" said Barty, tenderly.

"Yes, it aches awfully when you don't come for so long. I want you to tell me all about the fixin's for the Fourth. Are they going to have the band and the b'loon on the Common? and which way is the procession going? Oh, Barty, don't you s'pose there's any way for me to see a little bit of the Fourth? Last year I saw three or four rockets, but then the great tannery wasn't built between us and the Common."

Barty said nothing about the Roman candle that he hoped to get and burn on the fence directly under Jim-

my's window. If he shouldn't be able to get it, Jimmy would be so disappointed! And they were having very hard work to get the necessities of life.

Barty was fifteen, but he was small of his age, and everybody in Plumleyville who wanted to hire a boy wanted a big one. Barty had tried and tried in vain to get a situation. He was always on the watch for "a job." He felt himself to be the man of the family, and he wanted to take care of them all, to keep his mother from working so hard, and to get a skillful doctor to cure the spinal disease from which Jimmy had suffered for years. And in spite of the discouraging fact that he had not seemed to grow an inch in the last year—he kept his measure on the woodshed door, and tried it every week—Barty *meant to do it*.

II.

Barty was up before five the next morning, and off with a great bundle of clothes to Mrs. Simmons's. He ran as fast as he could go, and after he had delivered the bundle he started for home on the run, because he wanted to get his breakfast eaten as soon as possible, and go in search of a job to earn enough money to buy Jimmy's Roman candle. As he turned into the main street he saw a crowd in front of Miss Polyphemia's shop, and he ran across the street to see what was the matter.

The large pane of glass in the Fourth-of-July window was broken. Miss Polyphemia stood on the steps in a state of great excitement, her false front on awry, her spectacles on the top of her head, and the largest American flag from her window wrapped around her as a shawl, her toilet evidently having been a very hasty one.

As soon as she caught sight of Barty she cried: "There he is! That's the boy who did it! Don't let him get away! I heard the crash, and when I looked out of the window I saw him running down Aldersey Street as fast as he could go. And he's the very boy who said he *would have* one of those Roman candles, though he hadn't the money to pay for it. The hole in the glass is just where the Roman candles are. He could put his hand into the box."

By this time the constable whom Miss Polyphemia was addressing had seized Barty by the collar, and was dragging him off to the lock-up in spite of his assertions of innocence.

"That was a pretty bold job for a young rascal like you, but you Plumleyville boys are a bad lot, 'specially along about the Fourth of July. It's time one of you was made an example of."

Barty tried to explain that he was going on an errand for his mother when Miss Polyphemia saw him running down Aldersey Street; but the constable only said that "he was too good a boy to get up so early as that to do his mother's errands, and he guessed it wouldn't hurt him to have a day or two in retirement to meditate on the evils of too early rising."

The lock-up was a little brick building on the main street, not far from Miss Polyphemia's shop. Never had Barty thought, when he had seen drunkards and thieves and fighting boys carried there, that such a fate could befall him. When he heard the key turn in the lock, and realized that he was shut up there alone, his heart sank down, and a great lump came up in his throat which it was very hard work to swallow, until he remembered that he was the man of his family, and mustn't be a baby, whatever happened.

At noon the constable came, and put a huge loaf of bread and a jug of water in at the door; but he would not pay any attention to poor Barty's assertions that he was innocent. "If he was, he would have a chance to prove it when he was brought before the magistrate," the constable said, "and he would only have to wait for that until the day after the Fourth."

The day after the Fourth! Barty had a stout heart,

but he almost gave way to despair then. What would his mother and Jimmy think had become of him? They would probably hear, however. By this time it was known all over Plumleyville that he was in the lock-up. Could he ever obtain a situation after this? Would not the disgrace cling to him, even if he were not proven guilty?

One big tear did get as far as the end of Barty's nose, but he dashed it scornfully away, and forbade another one to start. And by way of keeping up his heart, and as being appropriate to the time, if not exactly to the occasion, Barty whistled "Yankee Doodle."

In the mean time Miss Polyphemia's nerves had received such a shock that, even after the glazier had repaired her window, she could not bring herself to open her shop. Never in the whole course of her shop-keeping had such an outrage been perpetrated before, and the worst of it was that Lord George, her precious Lord George, was missing. The excitement of the day before had caused her to forget him when she locked the house up for the night, and he was left tied to the back-yard fence. The rope was broken, and he was gone, and Miss Polyphemia thought it probable that that dreadful boy who broke her window had stolen or poisoned him.

She inserted an advertisement in the Plumleyville *Star*, offering a liberal reward for his return, and she posted a similar notice on a tree in front of her shop; but they brought no tidings of the lost dog.

III.

Late in the afternoon of the Fourth of July Miss Polyphemia stood at her gate and looked anxiously up and down the street, hoping to catch a glimpse of Lord George. The stage-driver came along, and stopped when he saw her.

"I heard you'd lost that dog of your'n," he remarked, "and I shouldn't be surprised if he got hurt considerable when he broke that glass. I happened to be goin' by when 'twas done—'bout half past four o'clock. Your dog and that big yaller one that b'longs to the new grocer was a-fightin'. My! wa'n't they a-givin' it to one t'other! Somehow or 'nother, they come crashin' agin the winder, and I guess they both of 'em either got scared or hurt pretty bad, for the yaller one he sneaked off home with his tail between his legs, and your dog he run down the street howlin' like all possessed."

The stage-driver cracked his whip, and was gone, leaving Miss Polyphemia speechless with astonishment. Although she had prejudices, she did not mean to be unjust, and her conscience bitterly reproached her for her haste in accusing the boy, who was evidently entirely innocent. And forgetting Lord George in her great anxiety to right the wrong of which she was the cause, she hurried off in search of the constable. He was not at home, but she told his wife the story, and got from her the key of the lock-up. Whether she had authority to open it or not, that poor boy should not stay there any longer, she declared, and as everybody in Plumleyville knew that Miss Polyphemia would have her own way, the constable's wife thought she might as well give her the key.

Barty, sitting dejectedly on one of the small cots which were the only furniture of the lock-up, heard the key click in the lock, and saw with astonishment Miss Polyphemia, panting with haste, standing before him.

"You didn't do it!" she exclaimed.

"I guess I know that," said Barty, with some temper.

"It was my dog and another dog. You have good, honest eyes. I might have known you were not a thief. What is your name, and where do you live? Bartlett Pilkins? Oh, that's it!" exclaimed Miss Polyphemia, as if she had made a great discovery. "And your father's name was Bartlett Pilkins, wasn't it?"

"Yes'm; but he's dead," said Barty.



"YOU DIDN'T DO IT!" SHE EXCLAIMED."

Miss Polyphemia put her handkerchief to her eyes; there was something that felt like a tear in a corner of one of them. The truth was that Miss Polyphemia had once been engaged to marry Bartlett Pilkins, but she was considerably older than he, and people had told her that he only wanted the property that her father had left her, and she had dismissed him. Afterward she had been a little sorry, although he had never "amounted to much," according to Plumleyville report, and his family had come back to Plumleyville from the West—where he had gone when fortune went against him at home—very poor.

"Your mother has a hard time to get along, don't she?" asked Miss Polyphemia.

"Yes'm; but she won't when I get a little bigger!" said Barty, confidently.

"There isn't much for a boy to do in Plumleyville; but I want an assistant in my shop. I didn't think of having a boy"—here Miss Polyphemia swallowed something in her throat that seemed very hard, and perhaps it was her prejudice against boys, for that never appeared again—"but I've taken a fancy to you, and I think you would be faithful, and could get along well with Lord George—who certainly will come home if he is alive—and some day, if I am not disappointed in you, I may make you my partner."

Barty wanted to turn a somersault, and he wanted to throw his arms around Miss Polyphemia's neck, but he thought it more prudent to restrain himself.

"Perhaps I can make amends to you for accusing you unjustly," continued Miss Polyphemia, "and for keeping you shut up here through the Fourth of July, which must have been hard for a boy."

"It has been pretty tough," said Barty, frankly; "but I felt worst about my sick brother Jimmy, who depends upon me to tell him all about it."

"Was it for him that you wanted the Roman candle?" asked Miss Polyphemia. "Well, there are plenty of fire-works left, and I'll give you all you can carry, and you have all the evening to celebrate in now."

And she took him to her shop and loaded him down with fire-works, and crackers, and torpedoes, and trumpeets, and flags, so that when he burst into Jimmy's room he looked like a walking Fourth of July.

Such a jollification as they had that night Shoe Lane never saw before. Lord George returned to his overjoyed mistress after the noise had subsided, with only a few cuts upon his nose to tell of his troubles. He and Barty did get on famously together, and Miss Polyphemia has been heard to declare that she "wouldn't take his weight in gold for her clerk," although he is a boy, and she is fully determined to make him her partner.

As for Jimmy, he has gone to a hospital, where he is under the care of a famous doctor, and the probability is that by next year he will see *all* of the Fourth of July.

"LEFT BEHIND;"*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "TIM AND TIP," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOMENTOUS OCCASION.

THERE was every prospect that the young actors would have a large audience, and when they went to Mrs. Green's they congratulated themselves on having thought of such a brilliant project.

That Mopsey was a thoughtful manager as well as sparkling author was shown by a notice which the boys found fastened to the street door. It read,

DOORS OPEN AT HALF PAST SEVEN

and had evidently been prepared in anticipation of the rush of patrons which it was almost certain would fairly besiege the place before they were ready to receive them.

Once in the theatre, it was seen that Dickey and Mopsey had not been wasting their time, for there was such a collection of cast-off uniforms and weapons as would have furnished a much larger company than theirs with outfits.

The two who had gathered this remarkable collection together were standing over it in conscious pride; but Mopsey did not give them much opportunity for admiration.

"Now all hands turn to an' git dressed," he said, in a tone of authority, well knowing that his command would be willingly obeyed. "We've got to be sure to be ready, an' we can eat dinner after we're rigged up jest as well as not."

As it was only too evident that Mopsey would be obliged to superintend the dressing of each boy, the party stood waiting for him to designate the one who should first receive attention.

"We'll start on you, Dickey," said Mopsey.

Dickey stepped in front of the busy-looking manager, his face beaming with delight, and his mouth open so wide that his smile seemed almost a grin.

Among the collection out of which Shakespeare's characters were to stalk into view were quite a number of Mrs. Green's kitchen utensils, and nearly all of the party were puzzled as to what was to be done with them, when Dickey's toilet explained everything.

Two tin covers that had evidently been taken from the wash-boilers were fastened on Master Spry's chest and

back, and Mopsey insisted on lashing them on so strongly, lest they should become displaced in the fight, that poor Dickey found it impossible to hang his arms down by his side, but was obliged to hold them straight out, very much to his discomfort. A tin saucepan, somewhat the worse for wear, and well blackened, was placed on his head for a helmet, and in his hand a huge cavalry sabre.

To throw a dash of color into what would otherwise have been rather a sombre-looking costume, Mopsey laced a quantity of red tape around each leg.

But every rose must have a thorn, and Dickey soon found out what particular thorn there was in wearing the costume of Macbeth. In the first place, since he could not use his arms sufficiently to bring them around in front of him, he was obliged to do without a shield, for it would have been worse than useless; and again, when he tried to sit down, after he had been admired by his companions, he found that the tin covers were so long that they doomed him to stand until the close of the performance.

Johnny was the next one who was to be made happy, and perhaps uncomfortable, by Mr. Dowd's idea of costume, and his was on an entirely different scale, since he was to play the part of Othello.

A pair of blue uniform trousers were first put on, and then pinned up, since they had originally been intended for a man. A broad leather belt was buckled tightly around his waist, and in this was placed a carving-knife, a pistol with no lock and but part of the barrel, and a jack-knife. An old sacque of Mrs. Green's, made of red flannel, and somewhat soiled, was put on as a coat, and on the shoulders were pinned epaulets made of gilt paper.

In addition to the weapons contained in his belt, Johnny had a genuine sword and scabbard fastened to his side, and an army musket to carry in his hands, that looked as if it might have been used in any number of battles.

It seemed singular that two should be condemned to stand through no fault of any one; but Johnny also found it almost impossible to sit down, owing to the number of pins Mopsey had used to make sure that the trousers would remain at the proper length, and he leaned against the wall by the side of Dickey.

Ben's costume required very little care, since it was simply a sheet thrown over his head; but he insisted so strongly that a ghost had just as much right to have his legs laced up with red tape and to wear a sword as anybody else, that Mopsey was obliged to give way, and do as he desired. A quantity of tape was tied around his legs, and in order to produce a pleasing effect in case his feet could be seen below the sheet, he insisted on having quite a number of ends hanging down from the ankles.

He also had a belt, with a carving-knife, and a pistol in about the same state of repair that Johnny's was, stuck into it, and then, with the sheet over his arm, so that he could have it handy, he looked on while

the others dressed, envied by Dickey and Johnny because he could sit down so comfortably.

Paul made a very showy-looking Hamlet, to say the least. He wore a pair of rubber boots many sizes too large for him, with tops that reached to his knees, and were ornamented with tissue-paper rosettes. A black frock-coat, which on close inspection proved to be Johnny's best, and the one that he had worn when he called upon Mrs. Green, hung about his shoulders, the sleeves covering his hands completely, and giving him a singular if not distinguished appearance. This coat had been made more gorgeous than it originally was by having gilt paper pasted to each button, and a red sash tied about the waist, in which were two table-forks and a wooden sword, the latter article interfering sadly with his knees when he walked.

On his head he wore a huge paper cap that had been painted red, white, and blue, and ornamented with a tuft of feathers that had once done service in a dusting-brush. He also had a gun, and as the weight of it was almost more than he could carry, he dragged it along behind him, very much as the melancholy Hamlet would have been likely to do.

He also could sit down, which was no small triumph.

All this had taken some time, and Mrs. Green had already called up the staircase that dinner was nearly ready before Mopsey had commenced to clothe himself in such garments as he supposed Richard the Third wore.

First he put on a pair of cotton pants that were once white, but were now drab, and which fitted quite closely. On the outside seams of these he pinned a strip of gilt paper, and then drew on a pair of boots, the tops of which came up quite as high on him as the rubber ones did on Paul. Around these boots was laced more red tape.

He had a broad leather belt, and outside of it was a red sash with ends that nearly touched the floor. As weapons, he wore a sword in a scabbard, a carving-knife, a portion of a pistol, and a table-fork. His coat was a soldier's overcoat, cut down to prevent it from trailing on the floor when he walked, and on his head was a paper cap nearly twice as large, and very much more ornamented in the way of feathers and red paint, than that worn by Paul.



"SHE FED HIM PATIENTLY."

The company were now ready for their arduous duties on the stage, and could afford the time to go to dinner. More than once had Mrs. Green called out to them that that very important meal was ready, and should be eaten if they expected her to get the dishes washed in time to act as door-keeper.

It was a ferocious-looking, and in two cases at least an uncomfortable-feeling, company that filed down the stairs and into the dining-room, led by Dickey, who was obliged to enter the door sideways, because his arms stuck out so straight as to prevent his moving through any aperture less than five feet wide in any other way.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the landlady, as she saw this queer-looking object enter the room, followed by four others more or less gorgeous, and all equally terrible. "How on earth did you contrive to make yourselves look so horrible!"

"Mopsey did it," squeaked Dickey, piteously, as if he had been accused of some wrong deed, and earnestly wishing that he was the ghost.

"He's Macbeth," said Mopsey, in explanation, and anxious to show that he had only done his duty in thus making Dickey so uncomfortable. "That's pretty near the way Macbeth always gits hisself up."

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Green; "it must have been terrible hard for him, an' he couldn't 'a had a great deal of comfort with his arms." And then, as she looked over her spectacles at the miniature Macbeth, noticing that it was the covers of her wash-boilers that he wore, she said, "You must be awful careful not to tumble down, Dickey, for you never could get up, an', besides, if anybody should step on you, they'd spoil them covers, an' one of 'em's 'most new."

Dickey made no promise, but his face showed plainly that he knew the danger he would be in if he should fall over, and his determination to stand as straight as possible in the combat which would take place in the third act.

All of the company save Dickey and Johnny seated themselves at the table, and began to make a hearty but hurried meal.

Johnny stood up in a careful manner, and got along very well; but poor Dickey could neither sit down nor help himself. He made one or two vain efforts to pick up a biscuit from the table, but his armor would not permit, and he was about to lean back against the wall in helpless indignation when Mrs. Green noticed him.

"Poor child," she said, in a motherly tone, "I do think it is a shame for Mopsey to rig you up in such a way that you can't eat, an' you do have such a good appetite."

"He wanted to play Macbeth," said Mopsey, anxious to clear himself from any blame; "an' if he plays it, he's got to go that way."

"Yes, I wanted to play it," said Dickey, in a tone that told he would never want to do such an uncomfortable thing again. "I wanted to; but I didn't know I was goin' to be fixed so I couldn't even wiggle."

Mrs. Green went without her own supper for the sake of giving Dickey his, and she fed him patiently, while he stood with outstretched hands leaning against the wall.

By the time the boys were through supper, Nelly came into the room, dressed for her portion of the work in the evening's performance, and even Mopsey, who the day before had suggested that she should wear a sword, thought she looked charming in her white dress with blue ribbons.

It was very near the time set for opening the doors, and already they could hear a crowd of boys on the sidewalk, as they jostled and pushed in their efforts to enter before the managers were ready to receive them.

Mopsey, excited at this clamoring of the public, drove his company upstairs, and hurried Mrs. Green to such an extent that she concluded to let her house-work go until after the performance, and went down to open the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAMPING OUT.

CAMP NEEDS AND COMFORTS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

THE next evening Captain Archer found his nephews waiting for him, and comparing the notes that each had taken the evening before.

"Oh, Uncle Harry," began small Bob, "we have all made a note of the two-inch space between the muslin roof and the green bough roof of the camp shanty; but none of us can think what it is for."

"I hoped you would ask that question, for I want you to understand these camping-out talks, so that you will be able to act intelligently upon the information you receive."

"The space left between the two roofs is to prevent any of the boughs or projecting points of the upper roof from resting on the cloth roof, and thus causing it to leak in wet weather. Remember that any tent roof will leak if rubbed, or even touched, either on the outside or inside, when it is wet."

"Oh!" said Bob.

"Now for 'Camp Needs and Comforts,'" continued the Captain. "I have made out a list for you. You may take it and look it over carefully. Then any questions you may like to ask will be in order."

The list read as follows:

Bedding, Clothing, etc.—For bedding, each should have two double woollen blankets and an India rubber poncho. This is merely a square blanket, having a slit in the middle through which the head may be thrust. It thus forms a cloak for rainy weather.

For clothing, you will need two gray flannel shirts, three under-shirts, three pairs each of drawers and stockings, a pair of strong laced boots (not too heavy), one silk and two linen handkerchiefs, and any old discarded suit of clothes you may happen to have, a soft felt hat, white or gray.

In your knapsacks each must carry a brush, comb, tooth-brush, cake of soap, and two towels; and one must carry pins, needles, thread, scissors, and buttons. Another should take charge of the few simple medicines which your mother will prepare for you, besides sticking-plaster, salve, and a piece of soft old linen. The third should carry a paper of tacks, a few assorted nails, a ball of twine, a roll of light wire, a pair of pliers, a light axe, a file, and a tack hammer.

Provisions.—A few pounds of the very best coffee, burned and ground, in a tin box with a screw top; tea in a glass jar; brown sugar, prepared flour, corn-meal, rice, beans, and dried fruits, in strong linen bags provided with tie strings sewed on to them, and strong loops of tape to hang them up by; a bottle of syrup, one of pickles, and one of olive or cotton-seed oil; a box of salt and one of pepper; a tightly corked bottle of matches, a box of crackers, a peck of potatoes, a fitch of English breakfast bacon, a couple of pounds of fat salt pork, a few good sperm candles, and a cake of yellow soap for dish washing.

Cooking Utensils.—A tin coffee-pot, having a nose instead of a spout; a small iron griddle; a long-handled granite-ware frying-pan; three tin pails with covers, the largest of which should hold a gallon, and the smallest a quart, to be used instead of iron pots for boiling purposes; a large granite-ware water-pail, inside which other utensils can be packed; two deep tin pans; an iron spoon, a long iron fork, and six pieces of strong wire eighteen inches long, to be used in making a broiler.

For your table service carry four china cups, four china plates, six forks, six tea-spoons, four table-knives, and two table-spoons.

The boys read the list carefully. Then Bob asked:

"How are we to carry all our things to camp?"

"Pack everything into three trunks, and have them checked to the point where you procure your boat. When you leave your trunks pack into them your white shirts, and the clothes in which you have travelled."

"How shall we carry our extra clothing after we have left the trunks?" asked Aleck.

"You will carry it, and all other small personal effects, in light water-proof knapsacks, which you can buy at any place where sportsmen's goods are sold."

"But, Uncle Harry," interrupted Aleck, "I don't understand this list of provisions; I thought that in camping out everybody carried lots of nice things to eat in the way of canned goods."

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"So did I," said Ben. "We will live mostly on game, fish, and canned things; won't we, Uncle Harry?"

"I sincerely hope not, my boy," replied his uncle, laughing. "It is possible that you may get some game, if not of your own shooting, from the surplus in other camps; and I hope you will catch plenty of fish. As to canned things, my advice is, do not carry anything of the kind except condensed milk, and possibly a can or two of baked beans."

"Why," exclaimed Ben, in surprise, "I thought canned goods were just the thing for camping. What is your objection to them, Uncle Harry?"

"I have three distinct objections, of which the first is that they are heavy, bulky, and awkward to carry. The second is that most canned goods, especially canned meats, contain but little nourishment. The third and most important is, so many persons have been poisoned by eating canned food that I regard it all with grave suspicion."

"If you were going to camp near a farm-house or a store, you might get milk, butter, eggs, and fresh bread every day; but if you will go into the wilderness you must learn to do without many such luxuries, though I think you might carry one can of butter and a dozen or so of eggs with you."

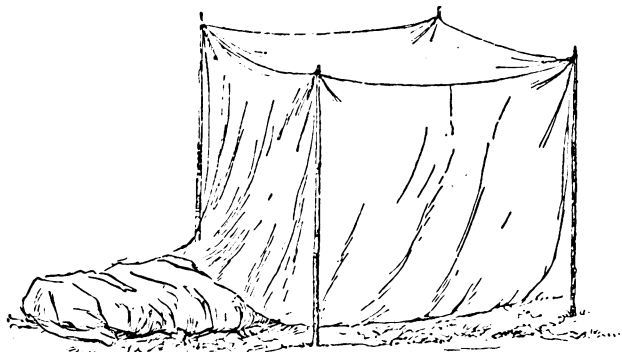
"Speaking of luxuries, Uncle Harry, I thought people camping out had to drink out of tin cups and eat off tin plates. You say we can have china dishes. Shall we carry cut-glass goblets too?" asked sturdy Bob, who seemed to think that the elements of luxury were being rather too freely introduced into his uncle's list of "Needs."

"No, Bob," replied his uncle, good-naturedly; "I think we will draw the line at cut glass, and for goblets substitute tin cups, of which each of you will hang one to his belt. Each will also need a common sheath-knife, and a long-bladed pocket-knife. For your table service most persons would say take nothing but tin and iron; but I much prefer coarse white china and plated ware, not only because they look better, but because much labor can be saved in cleaning them."

"It may be that some of the 'Needs' I put in your list should come under the head of comforts, but never mind. For real comfort you should each carry a pair of strong leather slippers, a muslin bag about half a yard wide and a yard long, a 'gnat proof,' as we call it on the plains, and among your stores should be included a few yards of unbleached muslin, from which you can tear dish towels as you need them."

"What is a gnat proof?" asked Ben.

"It is a covering for the upper half of your bed to protect you from insects. It is made of cheese-cloth, and is a yard wide, a yard long, and a yard high, fastened to four stakes driven into the ground beside your blankets, and ready for use, it looks like this:



'There, boys, I think that is enough for this time. Next time our talk will be of 'The Camp Fire and its Uses.'

THE GIRL CAPTAIN OF CASTLE DANGEROUS.

BY G. T. LANIGAN.

NOT far from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence River, lies the quiet little village of Verchères. It is this little village that was once the "Castle Dangerous" of Canada, and here it was that three children "held the fort" against a horde of howling Iroquois.

In October, 1692, M. De Verchères, a French officer, was with his regiment at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal. Their three children were at Verchères—Mary Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, and her brothers, Louis and Alexander, aged twelve and ten. With them at the fort were two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and some women and children.

The settlers were at work in the fields. Madeleine, with a hired man, was at the landing-place not far from the fort, when suddenly she heard firing from the fields, and at the same time the cry of her companion: "Run, made-moiselle, run—the Iroquois!" Turning her head, she saw fifty savages within pistol-shot, and commending herself to the protection of the Virgin, ran for the fort.

The Indians pursued her, but, when they found that they could not overtake the fleet-footed girl, halted and fired a volley: "The bullets," she says, "whistled about my ears, and made the road seem long." "To arms!" she shouted, as she neared the gate, but the two soldiers, panic-stricken, had fled along the covered way into the block-house, and nobody met her but two shrieking women who from the walls had just seen their husbands killed in the fields.

Madeleine was a soldier's daughter, and her mother had two years before stood a siege on the same ground, and with four men defeated the Indians. She drove the women in, shut the gate, and made them help her to replace the palisades that had fallen here and there. Then she proceeded to the block-house, where she found the two soldiers about to blow up the magazine, so as to escape capture and torture.

"Out of here, miserable cowards!" ordered the young commander, and then, as she tells us, "I threw off my bonnet, and after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my brothers: 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood in the service of God and the King!'"

Her brave words so encouraged the children and so shamed the soldiers that they opened fire from the loopholes upon the Indians with such effect that the savages withdrew to busy themselves killing and capturing the settlers in the fields. The girl Captain then ordered the women and children to cease their screaming lest it should encourage the Iroquois, and fired off the cannon of the fort to frighten the assailants, and warn some soldiers who were hunting in the woods.

The sound was heard by a settler, Pierre Fontaine, who paddled to the landing with his family. But there was danger that the Indians would fall upon them ere they could reach the fort, so she ordered the soldiers to sally out and protect them. This the soldiers were afraid to do; so, leaving the hired man with whom she had been when the first alarm was given, to guard the gate, she went alone to the river shore, thinking that the Indians would interpret her boldness as a ruse to draw them into some trap. She was right, and succeeded in helping the Fontaines to land, and marched them into the fort, which she was the last to enter.

"I now ordered," the young Captain says, "that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves;" and the fort of Verchères spoke sharply out until the sun set, and a cold wind, with squalls of snow and hail "told us we should have a terrible night." But the night had worse perils for the little garrison, and knowing



“LET US FIGHT TO THE DEATH.”

that the besiegers would surely attempt a surprise, she mustered her troops, seven men all told, between the ages of ten and eighty, and harangued them as follows:

“God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. For me, I want you to see that I am not afraid; I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty, and another who has never fired a gun. You, Pierre Fontaine, with our two soldiers, will go into the block-house with the women and children, because that is the strongest place. If I am taken, don’t surrender, not even if I am cut to pieces or burned before your eyes. They can not hurt you in the block-house if you make any show of fight whatever.”

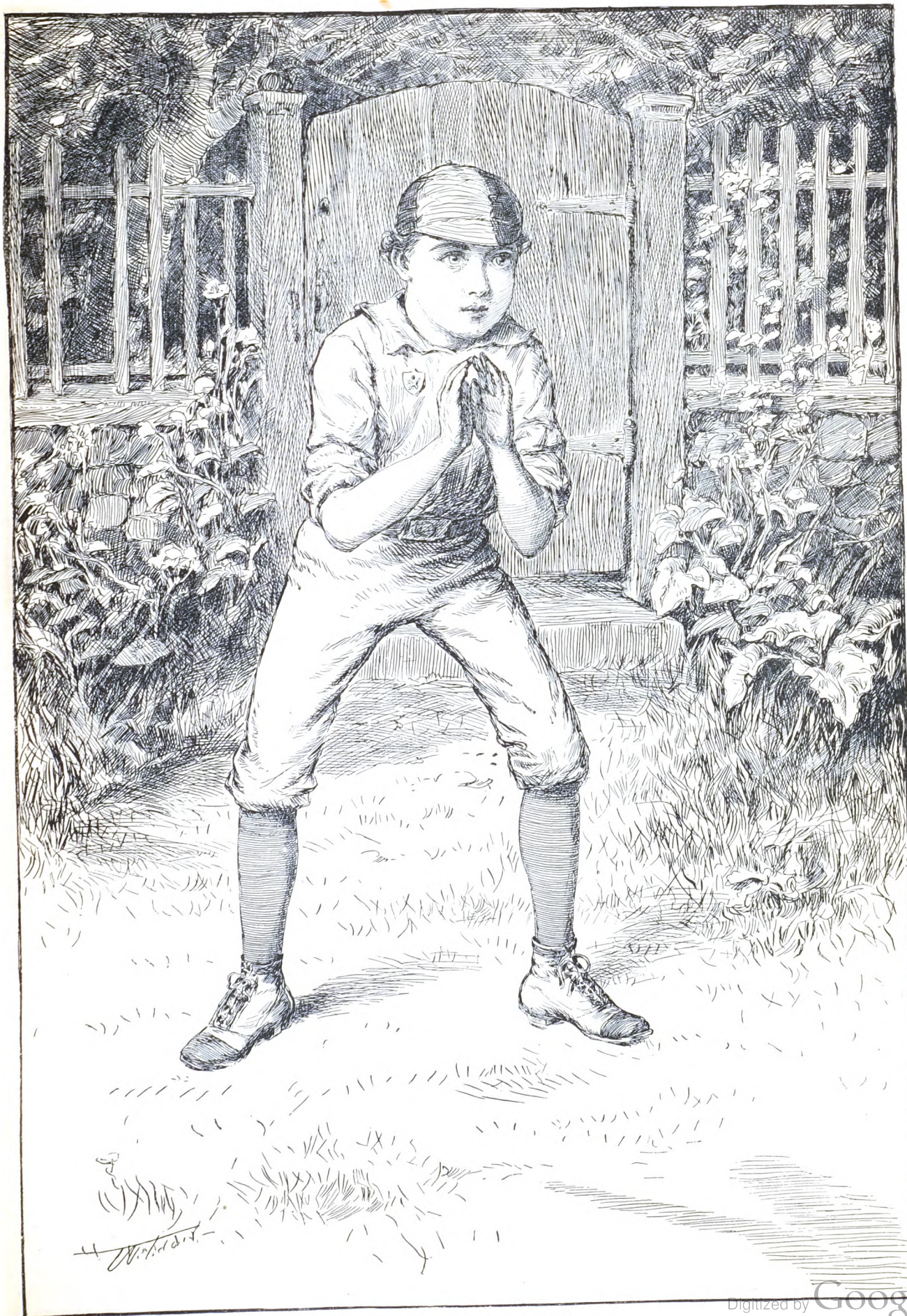
So all through the long October night the old man and the three children called from the four angles of the fort, “All’s well!” and the soldiers answered from the block-house, so that the Iroquois, thinking, as they afterward said, that both buildings were strongly garrisoned, gave up their intended night attack.

With the dawning day the spirits of the besieged rose, with the exception of Marguerite Fontaine, who, says our American girl, “was extremely timid, as all Parisian women are,” and implored her husband to take her to a safer fort. But Pierre Fontaine swore he would never leave Verchères while Miss Madeleine was there, and Miss Madeleine answered him, wisely and bravely, that “I would rather die than give the fort up to the enemy, and that it was of the greatest consequence that the Indians should never get possession of any French fort, because if they got one, they would think they could get others, and so become more presumptuous than ever.”

The Iroquois did not get possession of that fort, though they besieged it for a week. Not once did the young Captain enter her father’s house, but always kept on the bastion, or visited the block-house to encourage the women and children. For forty-eight hours she did not eat or sleep. She was, on the seventh night, dozing with her gun in her arms and her head resting on a table, when a sentinel came to say that he had heard a slight sound from the river, and had challenged it without reply. Madeleine went up to her bastion and hailed the darkness. “We are Frenchmen,” came the answer; “it is Lieutenant De la Monnerie who has come to your help.”

Fort Verchères was relieved by the royal troops, but the young commander did not neglect any precautions or formalities. “I caused the gate to be opened,” she writes, “placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river. As soon as I saw M. De la Monnerie I saluted him, and said, ‘Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you.’ He answered, gallantly, ‘Mademoiselle, they are in good hands.’ ‘In better hands than you think,’ I replied. He inspected the fort, and found everything in good order, and a sentinel on each bastion. ‘It is time to relieve them, monsieur,’ said I; ‘we have not been off our bastions for a week.’”

Close behind the French troops came a body of converted Indians who followed the Iroquois to Lake Champlain, beat them, and carried back twenty rescued settlers to Verchères. The girl Captain of Castle Dangerous was not forgotten, but received a life pension from the King, and lived many years to enjoy her fortune and her fame. One of her brothers was less fortunate, being killed in the attack of Haverhill in 1708.



THE CAPTAIN OF "OUR NINE."

THE KING AND THE SNAKE.

BY ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

IN an ancient city, whose walls are dust,
There reigned a King who was called the Just;
The light of his eyes was quenched in night,
But the eye of his mind was keen and bright.
A bell was hung, by the monarch's grace,
In a tower that fronted the market-place,
So lightly poised that a young child's hand
Might set it swinging to wake the land.
Whoever was wronged this bell might ring,
And he should have justice of the King.

Many a day, in sun and shower,
The bell hung silent up in the tower;
For the blind King's rule was firm and strong,
And few in his kingdom suffered wrong.
So moss grew green on the belfry stair,
And the birds of the air resorted there,
And creeping creatures, great and small,
Dwelt in the clefts of the ivied wall.

But a wavering peal rang out one day
From the rusty bell in the belfry gray;
And the King commanded, "Go and see
Who now is wronged and hath need of me."
His servants laughed as they came from their quest:
"A toad has stolen a serpent's nest;
And it is the serpent, strange to tell,
Which, wreathed in the bell-ropes, rings the bell.
Shall we kill her, then, that the din may cease,
And let your Majesty rest in peace?"
"Nay," said the King; "let the toad be slain,
And give the serpent her nest again."

That night, as the King in his palace slept,
Into his chamber a serpent crept.
Softly she glided over the floor,
And a marvellous stone in her mouth she bore;
No wisest jeweller on the earth
Could have told its name or guessed its worth.
It lighted the depths of the King's dark room
As the moon illumines the midnight's gloom.
Up to his pillow she wound her way,
Where deep asleep on his couch he lay;
She touched his eyes with the stone she bore,
And the King received his sight once more.
Then she slipped away, and he woke, alone,
In a room made bright by the luminous stone.

The gem was brought by the grateful King
To the fane of the gods for an offering.
It shone in the shades of the temple old
Like one great pearl in a sea cave cold,
Like one white rock in a darksome pass,
Like one white flower in a black morass,
Like the one clear star of a cloudy morn,
When the night is dead and the day unborn.
And long they guarded the serpent-stone,
Till the last of the good King's race was gone;
Then, they say, it vanished away,
And no man vieweth its like to-day.

KATINKA'S CANDY SCRAPE.

BY MARY DENSEL.

I.

THE sun peeped over the hill on Fourth of July morning. He found a pair of eyes staring back at him. The eyes belonged to John Stearns. John had longed to "be up and at it" by midnight, but his grandmother had pronounced a very distinct "No," and John was too honorable a boy to steal out at a back window, as did some of the village lads, that they might ding-dong the courthouse bell, thereby keeping the whole town awake, sick people and all.

But John was out of his bed at sunrise, and ready for the festivities of the day. There was to be a grand muster on Jones's Field. "The Smithtown Guards," "The Sarsfield Musketeers," "The Poland Light Infantry," "The Cornville Brass Band"—all were to be there. John must be on hand to make the most of the occasion.

"Trade's the word for me," announced John. "See the sights, and turn a penny too."

John was great for "turning pennies." The purpose of his "trade" was to provide himself with clothes—"to support myself," that was the way John expressed it. But it must be confessed there were sundry bats and "pig-skin" balls, many rowlocks and oars, much fishing-tackle also, in the shed, and grandma had been known to smile when John said much in regard to "supporting" himself.

However, John "turned pennies" sometimes by raising and selling vegetables; oftener by means of "shows" in the barn chamber. To-day it was molasses candy.

"It will sell like wild-fire," said John, cheerfully ignoring the fitness of the simile. "Where's the gallon jug? Katinka, you can help me a bit, if you like."

"I mustn't be late for the muster," began Katinka; but her brother was speeding to the store.

He came back with a clouded brow.

"Mr. Jenkyns won't charge the molasses. Not a cent have I got to my name. I told him I'd pay up to-night, but he said, 'Cash down.' Did you ever hear of such meanness?"

"I have eighty cents," suggested Katinka, hesitatingly.

John caught at her words. "Lend it to a fellow, won't you, Katinka?"

"I was keeping it for fire-crackers," said Katinka.

"Oh, very well," said John, in a lofty tone. "If you choose to burn out your eyes with powder, of course it's your own affair. I could clear a good round sum if I only had the molasses to start with. But you're only a girl, and don't care for trade."

Katinka's heart melted before the fire of John's wrath.

"I do care," cried she. "Here's the money, John."

Scarcely waiting for a "thank you," John was off and away. But a cheery, beaming boy was he when he brought the gallon jug home full of fresh molasses.

"You're a duck, Katinka," said he, giving her an approving pat. "Where's the concern to boil this in? Now be spry. The molasses only cost fifty cents, but I'll keep the rest to make change. Now when this begins to grow hot I must stir every minute, unless you've a mind to help, Katinka-tink-tink. You'll be in plenty of season for the muster. It doesn't begin till half past ten."

"I'll help stir," said she, gayly.

The kitchen began to be fragrant with the odor of the bubbling molasses. Both children stirred with a will, when—

"What's that?" cried John, pricking up his ears.

There was a distant sound of a fife and drum.

"As sure as you live that's the Cornville Band. Take the spoon, Katink. I'll be back—" And John had vanished out the door.

Katinka's feet were dancing up and down. She was on tiptoe for the music, but the moment she ran to the window, "S-s-sputter"—the molasses was boiling over. Using all her strength, Katinka moved the kettle to a cooler spot on the stove, and stirred vigorously.

"Tootle-tee-tootle! Rub-a-dub-dub!"

How could she bear not to rush forth to see and hear? How did she know but the Smithtown Guards and the Poland Light Infantry might be marching behind the Cornville Band?

"Tootle-tee-tootle! Rub-a-dub-dub! S-s-sputter!"

Katinka staid by the molasses and groaned in spirit. And here came John.

"It was magnificent!" exclaimed he. "You ought to have seen the brand-new uniforms, Katinka!"

"I had to stay and watch this molasses," said Katinka, sharply. "You left me all alone."

"Why, now, so I did," admitted John, regretfully.

"But, there, Katinka, don't you see the boys all thought it was queer I wasn't allowed to come out at midnight. If I hadn't been on hand when the soldiers came they'd have said grandma had tied me to her apron-string. I *had* to go, because I was a boy."

This argument was convincing. Katinka willingly ran for a glass of water that they might see if the molasses candied.

"A great deal is expected of a boy," continued John. "A boy has to do lots of things a girl never once thinks of. Let's put nuts into part of this candy. You skip over to the store—that's a good girl—and buy a quart. You don't happen to have— They cost, you know— Well, never mind. Here's some of the money I was keeping for change."

Perhaps it was not "expected of a boy" to leave his work in the middle to run for nuts. Bands and soldiers were a different affair.

Away hurried Katinka, and then was ready to blister her fingers in fashioning sticks of candy, which John was sure would tempt, if not the plumed warriors, yet certainly "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," who were arriving in wagons and chaises with "teams" of every description.

Never before had such a day dawned as this particular Fourth of July. Besides the uniforms of the "brave soldier boys," the town was gay with the blue knickerbockers, white shirts, and red caps of the Orantsoak Base-ball Nine that was to play the Eons at four o'clock; also the astonishing costumes of a cricket eleven; not to mention sundry scantily attired individuals who proposed to have "tub races" on the sparkling waters of Mulligan's Pond.

No wonder that Katinka grew more and more nervous as time flew by.

"Oh, John, I *must* go and change my dress," she pleaded.

And indeed she ought to have been ready, for here was Squire Allen's carriage at the gate to take grandma and Katinka to the muster. Kind Squire Allen always looked out for friends who needed an escort.

There was a hurry and a scurry. Flushed and heated, Katinka rushed upstairs and threw on her gown.

John looked at her reproachfully, but surely she had earned her holiday. So efficient had been her aid that the carryall had been barely a half-hour on the muster ground when Katinka spied her brother offering his wares.

But alas! few seemed hungry for candy. Lemonade and the vulgar pea-nut were preferred. Besides, the trumpets were sounding, militia companies were filing right and left, marching and counter-marching.

All this was vastly interesting, but bad for "trade."

II.

When Katinka and John met for dinner, the latter's face was like a thunder-cloud.

"I wanted to sell my candy before noon," said he, bitterly, "so I could meet Percy Allen and the rest of the fellows at two o'clock. We're goin' to get up a company—the Allen Fusileers. We must finish up our business lively, so as to be on hand for the base-ball game. I wouldn't miss seeing Judkins of the Eons, not for ten cents. They say he can knock a ball two inches farther than any living man, sir. And now I suppose I must stick to my candy, or I can't even pay my debt to you."

John was wofully dismal, and Katinka's eyes filled with sympathetic tears.

"If you were only a boy, you could help sell as well as stir and pull," grumbled John.

The children were alone. Grandma had gone to dine with Mrs. Allen, else had this story never been written.

"Suppose—suppose you—women often do trade, Katinka. What if you should—" blundered John.

"Oh, John, I *couldn't*!" cried Katinka, breathlessly.

"Con—sider," said John, laying down his fork. "I could be Lieutenant of the Fusileers if I could only be at the meeting. And you're so bright, Katink. Don't you remember, when I had the mumps, how you went to market and sold my pease and beans for me? Don't you

know you said it was such fun doing man's work that maybe you'd be Woman's Rights?"

"But Woman's Rights doesn't mean selling candy at a muster," urged Katinka, whose ideas on the subject were very vague.

"I suppose I should wear epaulets if I were Lieutenant," mused John. Then, suddenly: "I should think a girl would like to see her brother—her *only* brother—in epaulets."

A knock at the door interrupted; there stood Percy Allen.

John returned to the table, looking fiercer than ever.

"It's my only chance to be Lieutenant," said he. "My only chance, perhaps, for life."

There was a brief silence, and then John brought his fist down hard on the table.

"Candy or no candy, trade or no trade, I'm going to the meeting. Good-by, Katinka. You can do exactly as you choose. I should think you'd hate to waste all that molasses, though."

He was gone, and Katinka was left to her own distracting thoughts.

III.

Every one was ready now for the base-ball game; Jones's Field was cleared for the Orantsoaks and the Eons. Seats had been provided for the ladies, but the fences were lined with men and boys. Among the latter were Captain Allen and First Lieutenant Stearns of the Fusileers.

"Ha! ha! ha! Boys turning soldiers! We must look out for our laurels, Cap'n Googins."

It was good-natured Captain Sparks, of the Smithtown Guards, who spoke, and he shook his fat sides with laughing. You see, he knew all about the Fusileers, and had even agreed to "coach" their commander in military tactics. "Ha! ha! ha! Eh? Who's this now?"

Glancing down from his six feet of height, Captain Sparks became aware of a flower-like little face at his elbow. A pair of imploring eyes and a soft, trembling voice were suggesting, "Only a cent a stick, sir."

It would have taken a harder heart than that which beat in Captain Sparks's breast to refuse that wistful face.

"A cent a stick, eh?" he repeated. "I want to know! And I shouldn't wonder if you made it yourself, sissy. Just give me ten sticks before you can wink. Here, Cap'n Googins, Brown, Robinson, all of you, buy. Wait a minute, though, sissy. There's Judkins at the bat. Hold steady. Let's see what he'll say to Tom Size's pitching."

Katinka drew back to bide her time. Every eye was fixed on "Judkins of the Eons." Every one was alert to discover if Tom Size's peculiar "twist" would discompose the famous Judkins—a thin, wiry man, with small legs and huge biceps. There he stood, grasping his bat, but apparently meeting his match in Tom Size. If no one could knock like Judkins, no one could pitch more bewilderingly than Size.

One, two balls were allowed to pass, and at the third the umpire called, "Strike!" (Dear girl readers, ask your brothers to explain the meaning of that momentous word.) Another ball; another judgment: "Strike!"

The excitement became intense. Judkins was desperate. Reputation, honor, trembled in the balance. It was "now or never," "do or die."

There was a brief pause, a tremendous swing of the bat, a blow that Samson might have given. A shout rent the air. The ball flew as if sent from a cannon.

"Two inches farther than any living man!"

Ah! those fateful "two inches."

There came a little groan, a smothered "Heaven save us!" from Captain Sparks. Judkins was making his "home run"; but no one watched him now.

The crowd was surging, closing round the prostrate form of the little candy girl.

"Hit on the head!"

"Stunned? No; killed!"

The words ran from mouth to mouth. John Stearns heard them, and rushed toward the group at the extreme left of the field.

There lay his own Katinka, her hands still clutching an empty tray. The candy was scattered on the ground—the candy she had toiled so patiently to make—the candy she had forced herself to bring to this place, lest John should be disappointed of his gains.

"I have killed her; it's all my fault," John was crying out in a frenzy of distress. "Oh, Katinka, speak to me! Say you're not dead."

But no answer came.

They brought water to bathe the white face. John wrung his hands and sobbed.

"Keep up a brave heart," said Captain Sparks. But Katinka was not his sister.

Here was ammonia. Some one handed wine to the Captain, and he tried to force it between the closed lips. Did she swallow a drop? Some one thought she did. Where was a doctor? None here? Do run and call one. The minutes seemed like hours. The half-hour was an eternity. Then, as John bent over her, he fancied that her eyelids quivered.

"More ammonia. Oh, Captain Sparks, make her live! Katinka, just say one word."

Surely the lips were moving. There came the ghost of a whisper—

"Only—a—cent—a—stick,—sir."

"Bless her!" cried Captain Sparks—"bless her! she's coming to! 'A cent a stick?'" fumbling in his pockets. "Here's two dollars. Take 'em and welcome, sissy."

Katinka's fingers closed over the silver.

"John—will—be—glad," she said, faintly, and the deathly feeling seized her again.

More water—more ammonia. Then a doctor, who said, "Take her home."

In a darkened room Katinka lay for weeks, hovering between life and death.

It was a dreadful time to John.

So terrible had been the blow that August was nearly gone before all danger was past, and even in September it was almost a shadow of Katinka who was carried over to Squire Allen's the evening when the "Allen Fusileers" were to be presented with a gorgeous new flag.

But weak in body, Katinka was gay in spirit, for was not her Lieutenant John brave in grand new epaulets—epaulets which she had given him? For Katinka had insisted on his accepting every cent of Captain Sparks's two dollars.

"What's the use of being killed if you can't make a will?" argued Katinka. "That's my will. Two dollars to my brother John; and he sha'n't pay me back for the molasses."

John was eager enough for the epaulets, but his eyes were so very misty as he took the two dollars that he was obliged to retreat into the wood-shed, and court retirement for full ten minutes.

Then he emerged, blowing his nose with uncommon vigor.

"You're the best fellow I ever saw, Katinka-tink-tink," said he; and Katinka could not find it in her heart to regret that Judkins of the Eons could knock a ball "two inches farther than any living man, sir."



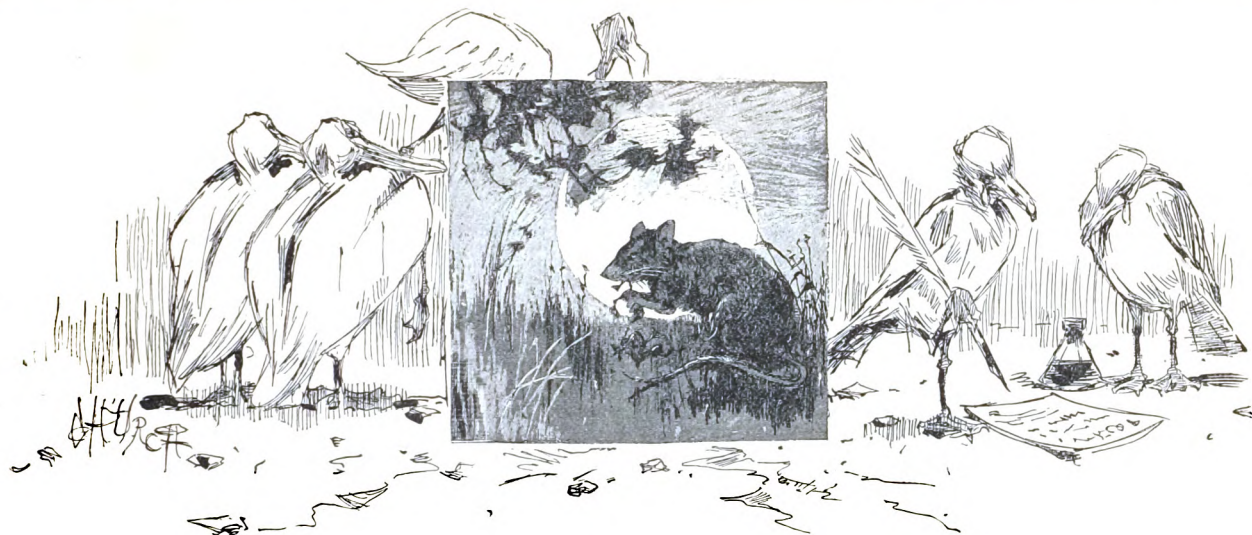
A SEA-GULL'S LETTER.

FROM MRS. LARUS SEA-GULL, IN CENTRAL PARK, TO MRS. KITTIWAKE, IN GREENLAND.

MY DEAREST KITT,—You will receive this from the wing of our cousin Xema, who has kindly offered to

carry it. Pray let me have an answer soon, for I am distracted with trouble.

First, let me tell you that I am a prisoner. Yes, your poor Larus is kept within a circle of iron bars, and has had her wings cut, so that flying is impossible. Your cousin Ridibundus is in the same woful state, but he takes



things easily, you know; I never could get him to see things as I do.

Picture to yourself, my dearest Kitt, that we have built our nest on the edge of a strange kind of pond called a tank, and have for our neighbors other prisoners—sea-lions, pelicans, and cranes—who are constantly disturbing us. You know how rude sea-lions always are; they snort and flop and make noises on purpose to worry us.

When we built our nest, some weeks ago, I wanted to put it in the quietest corner of this place, but Ridibundus insisted on building close to the water, as we did when we were free on Gull Island. So I began scratching a hole in the sand, and heaping up sand around me in a perfectly correct way, but one of the cranes came and walked right over the nest, pretending she could not see it. Then a sea-lion came out of the tank and laid himself down upon my nest. Of course it was all crushed, and I had to make it over, as soon as Ridibundus and I had chased the sea-lion off.

Ridibundus is really very little help; he stays away as far as he can, and I do assure you I have had to sharpen my bill twice a day in order to fight the pelicans and sea-lions. Even after my nest was finished (and really it is a very comfortable, well-made nest now), all the cranes and pelicans and sea-lions came and stood around me, poking at me, and saying impertinent things. And Ridibundus only laughed! You see, dear Kitt, how difficult it will be for me to bring up a family in this place; and though I have now three of the finest eggs I ever saw, I am in great doubt and trouble about them.

Please ask our fairy godmother the Ice Witch to send me some charm to keep sea-lions quiet, and stop them when they begin to flop water all over my precious eggs. I'm sure she must know some charm, for I heard she had charge of a number of little orphan sea-lions, whose parents had been killed, and no doubt she has forbidden them to flop. And please ask the mermaids to send me one of their prettiest songs, to make my little gulls sleep even while the cranes and pelicans are screaming. If the mermaid song is wrapped up in a pink shell, Cousin Xema can easily carry it under his wing with your answer to this letter. Happy Cousin Xema! He lives free as air; no one has caught and prisoned him as yet.

In a few days I expect my precious little gulls to come out of the eggs, and Cousin Xema will wait, so that I can tell you all about them. I shall name one after you, and one after Xema, and one after Ridibundus. The very first time you come south you must fly in and see us for a little while; you will find our place quite pleasant—for a visit, I mean. There are trees and bushes, good water, and plenty to eat, and I must show you my little gulls. Now I will put away my letter for a few days.

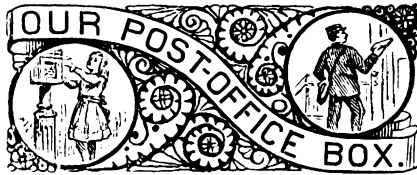
After a few days:

Oh, my dearest Kitt! three lovely little gulls came out yesterday, and now they are gone! A rat devoured them. Pity me, dearest Kittiwake, and tell the mermaids to mourn for me.

Your most unhappy

LARUS.





ROOM this week for the story-tellers, please. We will go out on the lawn or under the great oak-tree to read about

LITTLE FLORA AND THE FAIRIES.

Once upon a time there stood at the edge of a deep forest a large castle, and there an old woman and a beautiful little girl lived. She had long hair, which sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight. The child knew that she was beautiful, for the fairies had often told her so. The old woman was her godmother, and was very cruel to her.

At the foot of the forest was a stream, and she used to go down by the banks and sit and watch the little fish swim. One day when she went to her usual seat she heard the most beautiful music. She was frightened at it, for she had never heard any music before. She jumped up from where she sat, and was about to run away, when something caught her arm, and a voice said, in a very gentle tone, "Stay, my dear child; I am a good fairy, and I am going to deliver you out of the hands of your wicked godmother."

Just then a number of fairies appeared, and told little Flora all that they were going to do for her; and if she would leave her godmother and come and live with them that she should go to the stream every day if she wished, and play with a golden marble, and she should go with them and do whatever they did.

They told her to go home in the evening to her godmother as she had done before, and then in the morning she was to come again down to the stream. But in the evening when she went home the old godmother shut her up in a dismal tower, and gave her bread and water to eat. She had overheard the fairies' conversation with Flora.

In the top of the tower was a little window, and one evening, when Flora was sitting by the fire and crying aloud, she heard a voice say, "Cheer up, little Flora; we will have it all right." And the same good fairy appeared at the window, and she told Flora the only way for her to escape. She told her to raise the window, and take hold of the string that was fastened to it, and slide down to the ground, while her grandmother was asleep. As soon as she did that she must run as fast as she could down to the stream. If on her way she saw a furnished raven lying on the ground she must pick it up and bring it with her.

As soon as the fairy went away, Flora began to slide down the string, and soon reached the ground. She ran on as fast as she could, and as she ran she saw the raven lying in the road just as the fairy had said. She stopped and picked it up.

The fairy was waiting for her. She gave the raven to her, and she shook its feathers until out of its black plumes popped a beautiful little fairy. Flora went with this new friend to fairy-land, and there they lived happily ever after.

ETTA A. M.

And I hope she fed the raven.

COLD SPRING, NEW YORK.

I write to tell you about a fair my little friends and myself had, May 21st, for the benefit of the little one who occupies HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S Cot. We formed a committee last winter, and made fancy articles. Our parents furnished the refreshments. At the close of the entertainment we were both surprised and pleased to find the proceeds to be \$4.32. I would like the Postmistress to tell us where to send the amount.

NELLIE M. N.

Dear Nellie, I am very glad that your little companions and yourself were so well employed. Send your money to Sister Catherine, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, Nos. 407 and 409 West Thirty-fourth St., New York, and say that it is to be used for the inmate of our Cot.

GANGES, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl, and although I do not take your delightful paper myself, I have the pleasure of reading it, for my brother has taken it ever since it was published. As you said to tell about the most interesting thing on the farm, I will tell you that on ours it is a peach orchard, and in our former home there was no such thing. We live four miles from Lake Michigan, and in the summer my cousin and I have lots of fun wading in the water. I am going to school now, and like my teacher very much. I haven't missed a day thus far. Last year I sewed peach baskets for half a cent a basket; it seemed discouraging at first, but after awhile I got so I could sew them quite fast. The number I sewed was twenty-two hundred. For pets, we have a dog named Rover and a bird named Fritz. He

will lie on his back, peck your finger when you put it in the cage, and peck the looking-glass when he sees himself in there. I have got an organ, and have been taking music lessons, but my teacher had to stop.

GERTIE H. (10 years old).

A very industrious little girl.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

We are two little girls, who thought we would like to write a little letter to you, and also send you a true story. We live very near each other, and are great friends. We see each other almost every day, but when it is rainy or unpleasant we telephone. We are very fond of your paper, and enjoy reading it and the letters in the Post-office Box very much. We have never written to you before. The name of the story is

FRANK.

One morning a little boy named Henry went out in the front yard just in time to see a man in a carriage throw out a little dog. The dog ran into the yard, and Henry took him into the house and fed him. He limped when he walked, and so Henry's father examined his leg, and found he had hurt it very badly. He bandaged it up, and in a few days it was nearly well. Henry wanted to keep him, and his father said he might if nobody claimed him. He named him Frank. At the end of four months a man came to the house and said the dog was his. Henry had grown to love him, and so could not let him go. So his father bought him. It was afterward found out that the dog did not belong to the man at all, but he claimed him, as he knew Henry would want to keep him, and he would therefore receive money for him.

With much love to the Postmistress from her little friends,

VIOLET T. and REBECCA W.

ODE TO THE FIRE.

Fire! fire! the bells ring fire;
Through the bushes the flames go higher.
The corn fields burn, the people rush
Over the hills in the tall brush.
But yet the pine-trees crackle at last,
And the engines squirt so fast,
And the old house falls to the ground
With a dismal, dreadful sound.
Dozens of houses were burned that year,
And the engines blew for wood, my dear;
The tiger's roar was heard,
And the frightened scream of the poor little bird.
And now, my children, the story you have heard.

FRANK H. W.

Very good poetry for a boy of seven.

Last week I promised our Little Housekeepers that they should see in this week's Post-office Box the Arab receipts sent by Jennie E. P. all the way from Syria. Here they are, and perhaps some of you will try them. Jennie may send more receipts if she chooses.

ARAB DISHES.

RUZ B' SEMIN (RICE AND BUTTER).—Put a tablespoonful of butter in a pot; when melted, stir in a cup and a half of dry rice; when it has absorbed the butter, cover with water, add a little salt, boil half an hour, and then set where it will steam and dry for ten minutes. Eat as a vegetable.

MAHSHIEY (RICE AND GRAPE LEAVES).—A tablespoonful of butter or chopped fat meat, melted with a cup and a half of rice; take young tender grape leaves, and on the inner side lay a small quantity of the rice; fold up and lay in rows in a copper kettle; pack closely, and cover with salted water, to which add the juice of a lemon; boil half an hour; try one of the rolls, and if not done add a little more water and let it cook slowly.

MAHALABEYA (RICE-FLOUR BLANC-MANGE).—Thicken boiling milk with rice-flour, wet with a little cold milk; sometimes, to taste, flavor with orange-flower water; when cold, turn out of the mould and cover with blanched almonds. We eat it with jelly or preserves.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

I am seven years old. I have a little sister; she is five years old. This city suffered from the flood this spring, and many people lost their homes; but we did not, for we live on a hill. I liked "The Ice Queen," but I like Jimmy Brown's letters a little the best, because they are so funny. I have never been to school, but mamma teaches me at home.

D. P. W.

FORKSTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I see that so many of the little folks are writing letters to you that I think I will send one too. I am ten years old, and live on a farm. We have mountains all around us. I have two brothers, one older and one younger than I, but no sister. I have no particular pets, but we have horses, cattle, pigs, chickens, and cats. We have only one sheep, and he has to churn. We gather chestnuts, hickory-nuts, butternuts, and walnuts in the fall. We have nearly all kinds of berries on

our place except cranberries. We go up on the mountains in summer for whortleberries, and we think that is fun. I go to school; we have a good teacher, and I like to go very much. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE only a short time, but we like it very much.

MARY I. F.

I never before heard of a sheep that could churn.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—May I be one of your Little Housekeepers? Mamma sends her thanks to Mrs. Eytinge for her receipt for bread; we all like it so much, mamma isn't going to have it kneaded any more. I am a little girl eight years old, and have a big sister twelve years old, but I haven't any brother. My sister takes *St. Nicholas*, and I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much; I wish it came every day. We have a black-and-tan dog; I think he is real pretty. I can make him sit up on his hind-legs, stand up on them, shake hands with me, speak for his food, speak to go out or come in, and papa can make him roll over on his back and back again. Don't you think he is a pretty clever dog? I do. Sometimes he will roll over on his back and scratch his nose with his fore-paws; he looks real cunning when he does that. I have been sick with the whooping-cough for five weeks, but I hope I shall get back to school pretty soon. Good-by.

ALLIE E.

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

I am a little girl ten years old, and take YOUNG PEOPLE, but I have not had it a year yet. I have not seen any letters from Nova Scotia, and so I thought that you would like to hear from this part of the world. We had pretty cold weather in the winter, but the thermometer is seldom below zero. Yarmouth is a town with about six thousand inhabitants, and we have a great many visitors from the States in summer, as it is much cooler here than it is there. I have only one pet, and that is a kitten; her name is Muff, and when she wants anything she will sit up on her hind-paws so cunning. I have only two sisters. Bear-trace made some butter-scotch from a receipt in the Post-office Box.

DORA P. T. T.

NEW YORK CITY.

I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper ever published for children. I had long been wishing for it, so my sister had it sent for a year as a Christmas gift, and I like it, because I am very fond of reading. I am twelve years old, and in the third grade in the grammar school. I can hardly wait for Tuesday evening to come; I like the story called "The Ice Queen" and the Post-office department very much. This is the first letter I have ever written for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Please may I join the Little Housekeepers?

C. B. A.

Certainly.

I am a little girl twelve years old. My dear mamma and I live all alone. I have three little cousins, but they are far away from here; I miss them very much. I go to school here, and like it very much. Had I known that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was such a nice paper I would have persuaded my mamma to send for it sooner; it is a very nice book for children, and very interesting. I will try and encourage some of my little school-mates to subscribe for it. As this is my first letter, you must excuse it, hoping that my next may be better.

Your little friend,

ADA S.

XENIA, INDIANA.

I am nine years old. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, writing, geography, music, book-keeping, and composition. I am glad that summer has come, so I can fish. I caught more fish last summer than any of the boys, but ran a thorn in my foot; the doctor had to cut it out. I hope you will publish my letter. I never saw my name in print but once; then I took a horseback ride with my auntie, and they put it in the paper.

LOWRY E.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is my second letter I have written to you. I have two sisters and one brother. I have no pets. I am trying to write this well, and hope to find this letter in the Post-office Box.

BESSIE C.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a boy twelve years old who has been a constant reader of YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number. I go to a private school, and I have ten studies; I also take lessons on the piano. I wish Jimmy Brown would write oftener.

W. D. V.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I have read so many nice little letters from little girls of my age that I thought I would write a letter to tell you something about myself. I am twelve years old, and do not go to school, because my grandma teaches me and my brother at home. I have two brothers—one is eleven

and the other is seven years old, and will be eight in August. We have two cats and one kitten. Will you please send us a name for her, because she has not one yet? We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time; we like it very much, and my little brother Richard watches for it anxiously. Mamma and grandma like to read it nearly as well as we do. Please not to forget to name our kitten. MAY W.

Cherry, Fidget, Puff-ball—
Which will you choose?
I hope the little kittie
Purrs as well as mews.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl nine years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is a lovely paper. I am going to England this month, but I suppose the paper will be sent to me. I have twenty-five dolls and a little canary-bird; his name is Richard Montgomery. Please print this letter, for it is a secret from mamma and papa. C. GRIZEL B.

GIBRALTAR, LAKE ERIE.

In Nos. 238 and 239, there were articles about spiders and water-turtles. There are plenty of both here. The other day I found a lot of spiders' eggs all covered over with their spinning; they were pink. My cousin crushed them, as there were so many spiders here already we did not want any more. We have three turtles—two little ones and one big one. We caught them in a net. I have four sisters—Bessie, Kitty, Emily, and Laura. I am thirteen years old. We are not at home now. Our grandpa has an island in Lake Erie, and he brings us out to it once a year for four or five weeks. Have you ever been on Lake Erie, dear Postmistress?

DOROTHEA E. A. B.

Yes, several times.

HIGHLAND COTTAGE, STROUDSBURG.

I have written you before from Oswego, my home, but I thought you might like to hear from me in the mountains. We came on here ten days ago, when they had it so cold plants were touched with the frost, and to-day the thermometer is ninety in the shade. This is such a lovely place! Only four miles from the Delaware Water Gap. This cottage is situated on Godfrey's Ridge, and is kept so nicely, and by such very lovely people. The views are grand, and such beautiful walks and drives. When I am home I go to school, and study in the Fifth Reader, and spelling, arithmetic, English history, geography, and writing. We have school from nine until one o'clock, and a recess of twenty minutes, when we play tag, and other games; if it rains, we have wax-works. I have a dog named Fritz, two birds, a cat, and a calf called Marguerite. I hope you will publish this. L. W. M.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I read with interest the article in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about "Our Boy Soldiers." I am a boy soldier too; I belong to the Boston School Regiment, fifteen hundred strong. This regiment meets once a year. The different battalions of the regiment come from the Latin and High schools of the city, and all have drill halls of their own, in which they practice throughout the winter. Every May they all meet and parade for a day as the Boston School Regiment. All the papers say that our drilling is superior to that of the militia. Once a year each battalion has a prize drill of its own, like that of the Columbia Institute. We drill twice a week, one hour at a time.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first, and enjoy it hugely. A BOSTON BOY.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am thirteen years old. I saw your notice in the paper requesting us not to begin with our age, but I could not think of any other way. I go to a private school; my principal studies are Latin (in which I have just begun Virgil), Greek (which I have just begun), and algebra. I am going to the country to-morrow. We do not always stay in our house all summer long. My father and cousin and I go to Maine. Last summer we were twenty-nine miles from any habitation; we walked all the way. The forest there has never been cut, and it is like it was a hundred years ago. Deer, bears, and fish were abundant, as not many people have been there. We had two guides, one Indian and one American. EDWARD C.

Another story now.

HOW MAY EARNED HER FAIR MONEY.

One bright summer day May came home from school in great excitement. "Mamma," said she, "they are going to have a fair, a real sure-enough one, with lemonade and strawberries, and all kinds of things. Bessie Martin says her father is going to give her a dollar to spend, but Miss Grace says she thinks we ought to earn our own money, and I don't know what I can do, so please help me, mamma, and do you really think I can earn some?"

"Softly, dear," said Mrs. Daly, who had just got the baby to sleep. "Go put away your hat and books, and then we will talk about the fair."

And now, children, before she returns, I want to tell you something about her. She is ten years old, and quite a pretty little girl, with golden curls, big brown eyes, and rosy cheeks. She thinks herself quite a little woman, being the oldest of five children, and tries to help mamma and set the others a good example. She can remember when there were only two of them, and they lived in a lovely house with a garden and a swing, but that was when dear papa was rich, and had only mamma and herself to take care of. After a while Rob came, then the twin girls Dot and Dimple, who were so much alike they had to be told apart by pink and blue ribbons, and May was certain the ribbons had got changed, and Dot was Dimple. Papa lost his money, and they sold the big house with all the pretty things, and moved into the little white cottage just big enough to hold them all comfortably. But May was a thoughtful little girl, and she did not grumble when she had to lose all her pretty playthings, although her heart felt very sad when she kissed her dear pony for the last time. But she wiped away her tears, so as not to worry mamma, and asked God to let papa make some more money and buy Prince back again. Now she is just as happy as can be, and doesn't think it so bad to be poor, after all. But here she comes, and we will have to listen to what she and mamma are talking about, if we want to follow the story.

"Mamma, I have just thought and thought what I can do to earn some money, but there is not anything for a little girl to do," and the face that was usually so bright now looked cloudy and showed signs of rain.

Mamma took her on her lap and kissed the tears away. "Now, dear, you count twenty, and see if I don't think of something in that time."

It seems to me that mothers know how to do everything, for when May called out "Twenty," mamma said:

"All right; but I am not going to tell you just now. The fair is two weeks off, and there is plenty of time; so promise not to ask any questions, and I am sure you won't be disappointed."

May promised, and after kissing mamma and telling her how much she loved her, she ran out to play with Rob and the twins, who were making mud pies in the back yard.

That night, when papa came home, he and mamma had a long talk. A few days after, when May came home from school, papa handed her a small flat bundle. On opening it she found inside ten little paper-back books. "Norah's Tea Party. By May Daly. Price, 10 cents." What could it mean? "Why, don't you see, dear?" said mamma. "It is the little story you wrote for a composition. I remembered it, and thinking it very good for a little girl of your age, asked papa to have it published in ten copies, and now I am sure you can earn a dollar."

"Oh, you darling mother, this is just splendid!" said May. "I know Miss Grace will buy one, and Aunt Sophy, and oh, all the girls!" She was so excited that she could scarcely eat her supper, and went to bed an hour sooner, so as to make "to-morrow" come.

In the morning she was up bright and early, and it being Saturday, mamma let her start out right after breakfast. Of course Aunt Sophy took one, and so did Miss Grace, and before she knew it all the copies were gone, and she had ten bright ten-cent pieces. She hurried home to mamma, who gave her a bright new silver dollar for the small pieces.

Well, the fair-day came at last, and she went, and had a lovely time. You never saw such a wonderful dollar! Why, she had lemonade and strawberries, three grabs, and something to take home to everybody.

That night she was very thoughtful at supper, and when papa asked what was the matter she said she was thinking what a nice time she had, and how much nicer it was to think she had earned the money. FLOY.

Floy should have completed her story by telling to what good object the girls devoted the money they made at their fair. When HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S Cot was endowed, some of the children held fairs, and gave the treasurer of the fund the sums they thus raised for the Cot, and now a dear little cripple is more comfortable through their self-denial.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and live in Brooklyn with some very dear friends of papa's. Mamma and papa are in Florida, and I am here going to school. I lived in Florida two years, and while there I visited St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. There I saw the old Spanish Fort Marion. It is very old, and built of coquina, a rock-like substance formed of little bits of shells and fastened together with a natural clay. This fort is very interesting. It has a battery which long ago used to be covered with broken glass bottles, little pieces of which may be seen now, to keep the enemy off, and if they got over that there was a moat filled with water which they had to cross, and then a steep wall to scale, so it was pretty hard work; but now they have a draw-bridge over the moat. Inside the fort are numer-

ous rooms, and a dungeon in which the Spanish people used to put their captured enemies for life, but this was never known until one day some people working in the fort hit the wall, and it sounded hollow, and they dug out part of the wall and went in, and discovered two iron cages hanging on the wall, one containing the remains of a woman and the other those of a man. Just think what these poor people must have suffered!

DORA E. J.

FRENCH CAMPS, MISSISSIPPI.

I live in a little village called French Camps. It is a nice place of about three hundred people. It is noted for three things: 1st, its sobriety; 2d, the great number of pretty little girls; and 3d, the grand old forest trees. I think we have the finest trees in the State or out of it: beech, elm, ash, oak of five kinds, poplar, pine, catalpa, cottonwood, willow, sassafras, wild cherry, gum of three kinds, maple, and plum. And then we have white and red sulphur springs, iron or chalybeate water, and some wells that are mean enough to be salts or anything else. I have two sisters, Pearl and Ruby; one brother, Percy. I am nine years old, and go to school, and study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, and New Testament. MARY LEE B.

Kittie E. C.: My love to Ethel and Amy. Do not use pumice powder for your teeth; it will destroy the enamel. Use nothing but a soft brush and cold water, unless your dentist advises something else.—Frank C.: I think physiology a very interesting study. I wonder why you dislike it.—Emma K.: I am glad you like the paper.—N. F., Sammie L. J., Annie D., Agnes J. R., Edith M. P., Jennie L. W., Robbie M., Annie H. S., C. W. O., Nellie R. B., Lillie May M., Edith R. C., Jennie W., Elise K., Edna May M., Annie M., Jennie S. V., Lottie W., Laura S., Carl W., Sadie J., Hallie S. E., Sarah B., Spencer L. D., Mara F., Maud S. W., Lulu A. L., Gertrude E. C., F. A., Ollie W., Bertha B. B., Grace W., Celia M. G., Lillie K. M., Herbert W. B., E. Clarence D., J. C. and J. S., Lydia Wyckliffe K., and Lizzie S. will please accept thanks.—That is a droll parrot of yours, Mena W.—I too go to Sunday-school, Daisy Belle T.—I hope Harry N. is fortunate with his chickens.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

FOUR DIAMONDS.

1.—1. In apple. 2. To permit. 3. A jewel. 4. To attempt. 5. In apple.
2.—1. A letter. 2. Ancient. 3. To glare. 4. Arid. 5. A letter.
3.—1. In stroke. 2. Dread. 3. A kind of string. 4. Limit. 5. In stroke.
4.—1. A letter. 2. A Chinese plant. 3. Land at the mouth of a river. 4. Devoured. 5. A letter.

MABEL V. B.

No. 2.

TWO WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. A stone. 2. Similar. 3. Related by blood. 4. An abbreviation.
2.—1. A man. 2. Open surface. 3. Dregs. 4. Where the sun rises.

JOSEF R. BOLTON.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first is as light as a feather,
My second is tight as a drum.
Polly pulled out my first with my second;
My whole she then poised on her thumb.

LULU PECK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 241.

No. 1.— R A T I O N
A C O R N
T O N E
I R E
O N
N

No. 2.—North Pole. Polo. Let. Torn. Pet.
Thorn. The. Pole. Port. Top. Ether.
Perth. Leo. Rot.

No. 3.—Byron.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from E. Pluribus Unum, C. W. G., Lulu N. S., Flora, Edward H. Dunn, Margaret Sargent, Nellie Gassaway, Anna M. Green, A. D. Williams, Jun., Freddie A. Hodge, Harry Fleming, Gerlie Wilson, E. T. Nicholas, Charley Davis, G. E. F. Kingsley, Bezette and Laura, Mamie Williams, Maude M. Andras, Willie K. Cornwell, H. W. Potter, Robin Dyke, Paul B., Steele Penn, Dude, Navajo, L. M. Hoffman, R. E. W., and W. Young.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



CAPTAIN BOB.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

GO ahead, Capen Bob, wif yo' shootin';
 Sure as sure dis yere war-hoss won't bolt.
 Set up straight as a bean-pole, an' take a
 Good grab of my har, an' keep holt.
 Dar she goes—fizz! fizz! fizz! bang! bang! bang! bang!
 An' jes' look at de sparks how dey fly!
 Oh, wasn't he jolly, de man dat
 Invented de Fourth of July!

A SHIP IN DISTRESS.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE IN No. 243.

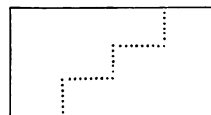


FIG. 1.

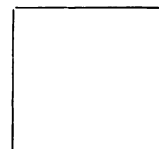


FIG. 2.

FIG. 1 is the piece of wood, and Fig. 2 is the gap to be filled up. The carpenter divided the plank as shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 1.

"NOT WORTH A PIN."

WE are accustomed to look upon pins as valueless, and the saying, "Not worth a pin," is common among us. But this expression would not have suited our great-grandmothers. They knew the worth of a pin.

Metal pins were first used by English ladies about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and they were so expensive that a lady was very glad to have one given her for a New-Year's gift. This is why a sum of money was settled upon ladies at their marriage for the toilet, and called "pin-money."

Fifty years ago it took twenty people to make a pin—one to draw out the wire, another to straighten it, a third to cut it, a fourth to point it, and a fifth to grind the top, and so on.

The pins of to-day are made by machinery; consequently they are cheaper than ever. The value of a pin is as nearly nothing now as anything can be. A noisy, rattling, snappy little machine turns out between two and three hundred pins every minute, so quickly that it is impossible to count them as they fall.

First the end of the wire is seized by this devouring little monster, drawn off the reel, and straightened as it travels on to be cut; then a pin's length is pushed in, and held fast by a kind of nipper, while an iron something snaps down with a rap, and leaves the pin's length with a neat little head; then away it slides off an incline into a tray, where its straight shank slips through a small slit, which allows it to hang by the head, in company with many others.

As they dangle here their blunt ends are sharpened by a revolving steel roller which bristles over with vicious file-like teeth. As each pin is pointed, it is pushed on and out of the way by others that want attending to. After this they have to be whitened and brightened, in order to be what we describe "clean as a new pin."

They are laid in a large copper vessel filled with alternate layers of pure-grain tin and pins; then they are covered with water, and sprinkled with cream of tartar, and slowly heated. The acid acting on the tin produces solution of tin, the property of which is to give them that pretty new look we know so well. After this they are washed, dried, and shaken about in a bag filled with bran to brighten them.

Who invented all this? Well, that I can not tell you; I expect, like Topsy, the process grew, and was improved upon by different people. Think of all this when you use the expression idly, "Not worth a pin."



EXTREMES MEET.

NOW come, my fellow-worker, your lesson you must learn.
 For you and I have but our wits, and a living we must earn.

The audience will wonder, both the little folk and big;
 They'll say, "The man has got no sense," and "What a knowing pig!"

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 245.

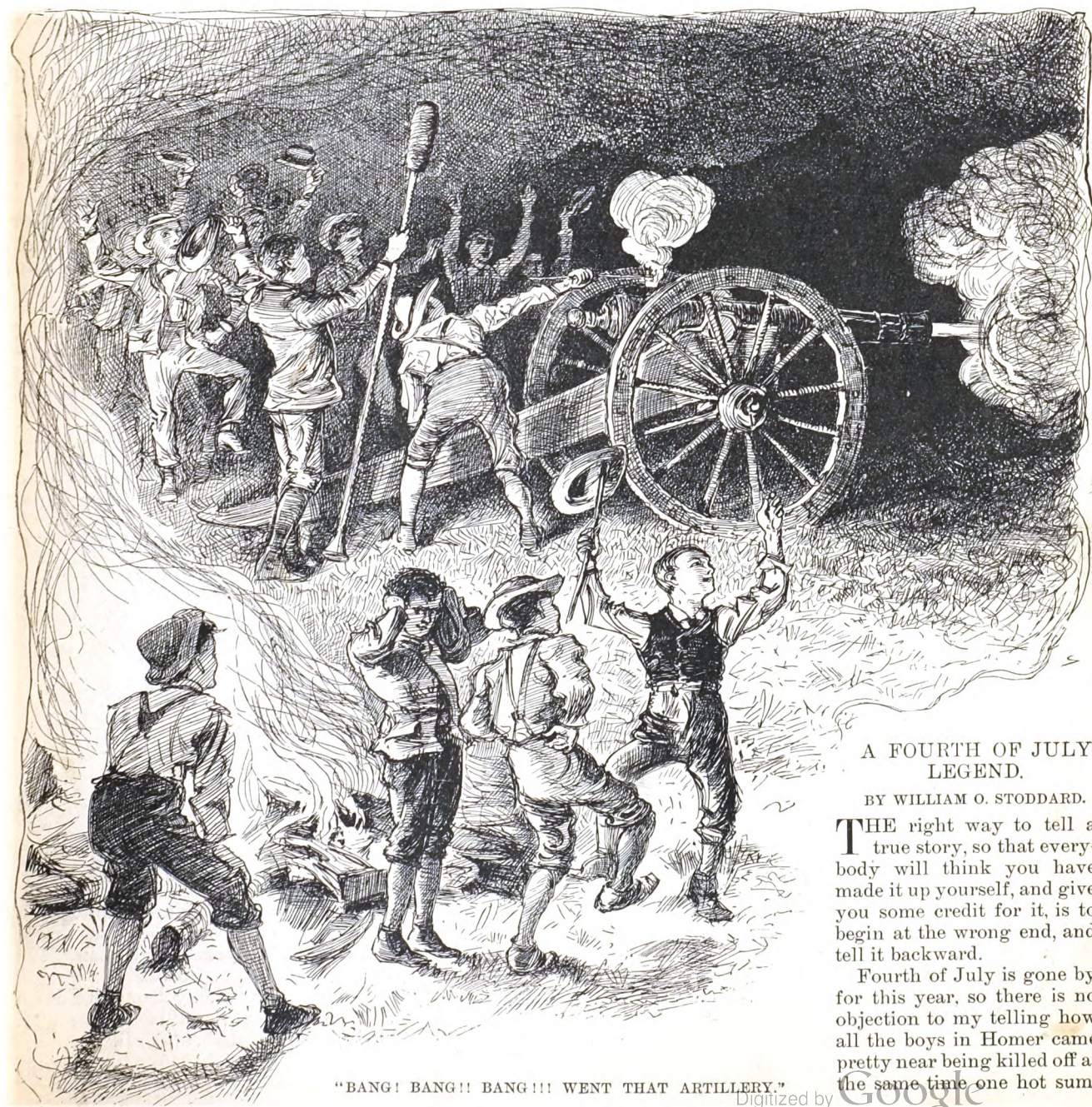
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



A FOURTH OF JULY LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THE right way to tell a true story, so that everybody will think you have made it up yourself, and give you some credit for it, is to begin at the wrong end, and tell it backward.

Fourth of July is gone by for this year, so there is no objection to my telling how all the boys in Homer came pretty near being killed off at the same time one hot sum-

"BANG! BANG!! BANG!!! WENT THAT ARTILLERY."

mer. One hundred and twenty-eight boys—and some believed there were one hundred and twenty-nine of them—had a big secret to keep for a whole fortnight, and they kept it without flinching, or else their Fourth of July would have been ruined.

But it almost killed them to do it. Sixteen times on an average—and that makes two thousand and forty-eight times—one fellow said to another fellow, "It makes me feel as if I was going to burst."

And the other fellow said, "I hope the old cannon won't, then."

All but Joe Slocum, and he grew redder and redder in the face all the while. He turned wonderfully red one evening when old Deacon Pettigrew came to his father's house just after dark, and he went right upstairs to bed, as if he had grown tired out all at once. He had only just time, before he went, to hear the Deacon say, "Mr. Slocum, it isn't there."

"What isn't there?"

"The cannon isn't; it's gone."

Joe did not hear another word, but his father responded, solemnly: "You don't say! We must see about that. I'll go right over with you."

They went in what looked like a hurry. They stopped on their way and called out Judge Keep and old Uncle Jedediah Barber, and they tried to get some more of the academy trustees, but couldn't do it, and all those four went to the old cannon-house on the green, away back of the row of meeting-houses.

Deacon Pettigrew had a lantern, and he showed them the whole inside of the cannon-house, and they all agreed that the cannon was not there. It had been a six-pounder when it was there, and had been captured with Burgoyne's army in the war of the Revolution, and it was a thing the village was proud of. It was a standing proof that the village had been in the Revolution, and had helped capture Burgoyne and his cannon. Now the proof was all gone, and nobody could guess where it had gone to.

Uncle Jed Barber was the richest man in Homer, and entitled to say a great deal, but he hardly uttered one word in the cannon-house. He only chuckled when Deacon Pettigrew remarked twice running:

"If you'd only ha' let me lock it up in my barn as I wanted to!"

Some said one thing, and some said another, and they voted with Judge Keep that, "It's only a week now to the Fourth of July, and we can search every barn in town, and we'll find it somewhere. You can't hide anything so big as that."

That was what everybody else was saying next morning. You couldn't put a six-pounder brass cannon, wheels and all, into a bottle and cork it up and hide it. Everybody looked for it everywhere, and the academy trustees even went away outside of the village, and were sure there was no kind of artillery in any barn for miles and miles. There were no woods around that could hide a thing like that, and it began to look as if it must have been buried somewhere. They looked into all the wells, and Uncle Jed said he had heard from all the meeting-houses. He met Joe Slocum away up-town, and when Joe stood still, and began to hold his breath hard, and grow red in the face, Uncle Jed grew pretty red himself, and breathed hard, and winked, and rattled his keys, and said:

"No! no! Keep still. Don't tell me a word. Not now. Mustn't know anything about it. We must all hold in till after the Fourth."

Something like a fortnight before that the trustees had held a meeting, and had decided that the cannon should not be fired on the Fourth of July. It was Deacon Petti-

grew's work, and it only passed by one majority, and Uncle Jed had said as much to Joe Slocum next morning, and he had added:

"Your father and I did our best, but we were outvoted. Sorry, my boy—sorry. Used to be a boy myself. The cannon-house 'll be locked up from you, Joe my boy, and the key's hanging behind the door now in my office back of the store, and old Pettigrew said he'd come and get it, and make sure it was all right, and have a watch kept, and there's no chance for you. Sorry."

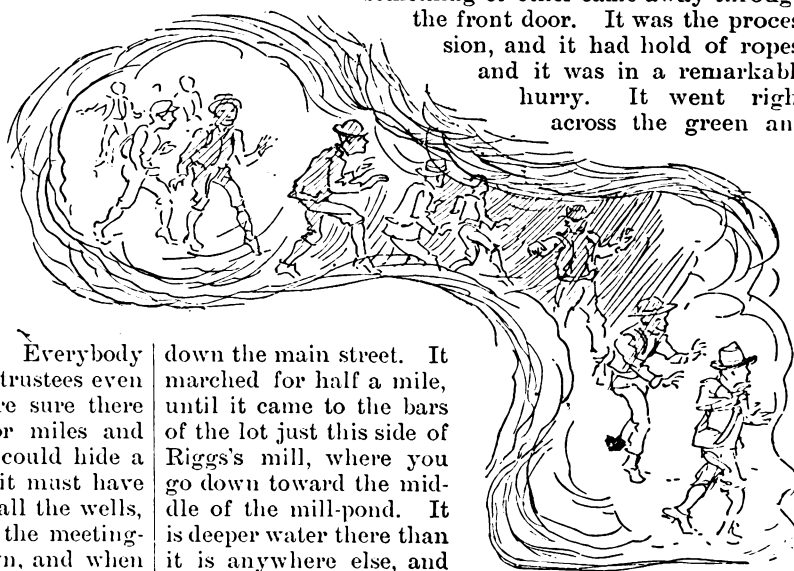
He looked as if he was, and Joe sympathized with him a good deal, and so did Ned Bright and George Keep and a lot of the other fellows, and it was not long before he had one hundred and twenty-eight sympathizers—maybe one hundred and twenty-nine—all boys.

When Deacon Pettigrew at last went to Barber's store for the key of the cannon-house, he found it in its old place behind the office door, just where it had hung for twenty years, or maybe thirty years, and Uncle Jedediah was tremendously busy with some customers, and only nodded, and said: "I wish you'd keep it and take care of it. Some of the boys might get it."

There was nothing double or dishonest about Uncle Jed. Everybody knew that. He was as simple as a child, unless he was buying or selling something, and neither he nor anybody else—that is, not anybody old enough for their age to tell on them—had been up to see a procession on the green one morning.

It was one morning about four days after the trustees voted not to let the cannon be fired, and the procession walked across the green at a little after three o'clock. The village itself—all except the procession—was pretty soundly asleep at that hour, and there was no kind of noise made to wake it up. If it had been a delegation of cats on their way to attend a convention of mice, it could not have been quieter. Bill Hitchcock all but choked himself to death trying not to cough.

The night was as dark as a pocket, but there was a light coming through the cracks of the cannon-house for a few minutes. Then the light went out, and a great deal of something or other came away through the front door. It was the procession, and it had hold of ropes, and it was in a remarkable hurry. It went right across the green and



down the main street. It marched for half a mile, until it came to the bars of the lot just this side of Riggs's mill, where you go down toward the middle of the mill-pond. It is deeper water there than it is anywhere else, and nobody ever goes there.

The procession halted at the very brink of the mill-pond.

"Bill, do you s'pose we can ever haul her out again?"

"Well, Ned, if we can't do it, a yoke of steers can. Let her run!"

Something on wheels went suddenly trundling down the steep bank, and disappeared in the mill-pond altogether.

"She didn't make much of a splash, after all."

"She'll make noise enough the night before the Fourth."

"It's more'n ten feet deep right where she's lying."

"They'll never dream of hunting for her in there."

"Back, now, boys. Take your brooms. Fix the grass so there won't be any wheel tracks. Play Indian now."

So they played Indian and hid that trail, and the whole procession went back to the green and broke up, and Joe Slocum was at Barber's store next morning buying something, and Uncle Jed came out of his office and walked away to the front. He wasn't in the office at all when Joe looked in and asked the book-keeper where he was.

There had not been so deep an interest taken in any Fourth of July in Homer for ever so long, and most of it centred about the cannon.

Of one thing the whole village was dead certain, and that was that the relic of Burgoyne's army was gone, and

could not be found, and everybody but the trustees believed that they had hidden it.

"There is a good deal of feeling about it against the trustees," said Mrs. Pettigrew at the Sewing Society; "but the boys are all wrong. The trustees have not hidden that cannon; they only passed a vote. They are all men of truth and veracity.



Besides, their own barns have been searched like other people's. Think of such a man as Jedediah Barber hiding a cannon! Think of it!"

He had not done it, neither had the other trustees; but before the Fourth of July came, all the people in that part of the county were telling each other, "The Homer trustees have hid away their cannon, so the boys can't make any noise with it on the Fourth."

There is a great deal of calumny and injustice in this world, and when Deacon Pettigrew said as much to old Mrs. Waterbury, she replied,

"Yes, Deacon, it's all calomel; but where could you have put it, so nobody could find it? Of course you can't tell, though, till after the Fourth, and meantime you've got to say you don't know. It can't be easy to say it the way you do, but it's your duty as a trustee."

Then he grew as red in the face as Joe Slocum, and acted as if he were trying to swallow something.

There never was so long a day as that third day of July, Wednesday. The sun seemed to have about made up his mind not to go down, but he gave it up at last, and there was an uncommon multiplicity of saying: "There, now, it'll be dark pretty soon. Don't I wish it was now?"

There was a great deal said about the cannon by the older inhabitants that evening, and most of them were glad that the trustees had succeeded in hiding it away from the boys this time, and that there would be a quieter night in consequence.

So the hours went by, with some fire-crackers and a bonfire on the green, till it was about eleven o'clock, and everybody said that the village was unusually still for such a time. Beyond a doubt it was so, and it was growing stiller all of a sudden, in spite of the fact that there was a sort of a procession going down the main street and out toward Riggs's mill-pond, with a team of horses and a log chain. Joe Slocum and two more were already down at the pond. They had a boat, and were in swimming, late as it was, and seemed to be grappling on the bottom for something with a garden rake.

"Got it, Joe!"

"Have you? Rope? Hurrah! They're a-coming. We're all right."

The horses were needed, and so were the boys, to pull that six-pounder out of the mill-pond; but the thing was done, and then the procession formed again. Neverthe-

less the village was wonderfully still until twelve o'clock precisely. Not a fire-cracker went off, for some reason.

In the last five minutes or so before midnight the bonfire on the green, which had been permitted to almost burn out, began to blaze up furiously with pine-wood and shavings, and all the boys of the village were around it, and most of them were hard at work.

"Got her sponged?"

"She's all right. Shove in the cartridge. Ram her down!"

"Shall I prime her now?"

"Yes. Now, boys, stand off. Keep away, there, all of you!"

Bang! And all the older people of the village of Homer suddenly sat up in bed and remarked: "I declare! If that isn't the cannon! The boys found it in spite of the trustees."

Bang! bang!! bang!!! went that artillery.

The young cannoneers were working with a royal goodwill, and before a single trustee could dress himself and get to the green they had used up a good part of their ammunition. The first one to come was Deacon Pettigrew, and he only took a look, to make sure it was the cannon maybe, and then went off to gather the others. By the time he had roused and consulted with the entire board, the powder was all gone, and Joe Slocum shouted:

"Now, boys, cut for home. Don't let 'em find one of us here."

"Hurrah! Hurrah for the Fourth of July! Tiger-r-r!" shouted some fellow out in the dark, and they all did it.

The bonfire was blazing up prodigiously when the Board of Trustees reached the green. It was redder in the face than even they were.

"There," said Uncle Jed—"there's the cannon."

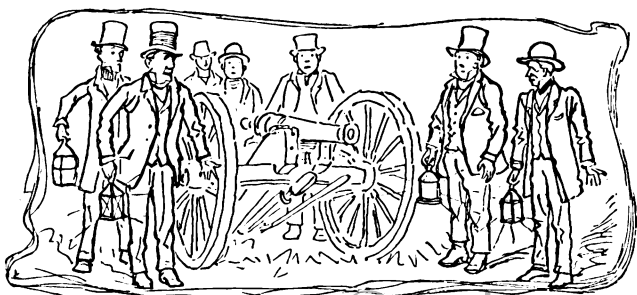
"But where are the boys? Where has it been all this time? Where—"

Deacon Pettigrew was a good man, and he had to stop right there and control his feelings. So he had to, the next day, a good many times, and especially when old Mrs. Waterbury said to him:

"So the boys was too much for ye. Some on ye must have talked it out. Men can't keep a secret. Hid it in the pond, did ye? Well, it was a good place, if you'd only have kept still about it and not let the boys know."

There was one hundred and twenty-eight fellows—maybe one hundred and twenty-nine—ready to tell the story on the Fourth of July, but somehow an impression went abroad, and became established history, that the key of the cannon-house was turned over to the boys by Deacon Pettigrew, and that he advised them about using the mill-pond for a hiding-place.

Nevertheless, this is the truth of the matter, and there is sure to be some truth at the bottom of any history, if men would only take the trouble to find it out and tell it.





NOON-TIDE.

"LEFT BEHIND,"*
Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST ACT.

THE noble company of actors stood in breathless expectancy behind the scenes of their theatre, waiting for the sound of tramping feet that should tell of the rush of the public to witness their genius as shown in this particular line of business.

The room was as near a scene of enchantment as tallow candles could make it. The twelve bottle foot-lights flickered as if they were conscious of the wonderful display of talent they were there to illumine, while the barrel-hoop chandeliers cast even a more brilliant light than one would have supposed.

At least fifteen minutes before the advertised time for the performance to begin every one of Dickey's board seats was filled with a noisy, perspiring crowd of boys, who found considerable amusement in swaying back and forth on the not very secure seats, until one of them would go down with a crash, which apparently afforded the greatest amount of amusement to those who were thus thrown to the floor.

Although it was not eight o'clock, the audience suddenly came to the conclusion that it was time for the performance to begin, and they announced that fact by piercing whistles, furious stamping of the feet, and such gentle admonitions to the managers as, "Hurry up, Mopsey," "Give it to us now, Shiner," as well as other words betokening extreme familiarity.

The managers of this theatre were not unmindful of the

fact that their audience must be obeyed, even if some of the rules were broken, and Ben and Paul were ordered by the author, who had taken upon himself the position of sole manager, to raise the curtain.

Then Nelly came out and sang a melody that all were familiar with, being assisted by the audience in the chorus, until Mrs. Green was obliged to cover her ears with her hands lest the great volume of music should give her the headache.

This portion of the entertainment was greeted with the wildest applause, and when Master Dowd, after Nelly had left the stage, attempted to appear in all the gorgeousness of his costume, he was plainly told to go back, and let Nelly sing again—a command which he obeyed at once, lest some of his audience should take it into their heads to force compliance.

After Nelly had sung the second time the applause died away, as if the audience were willing that the regular business of the evening should go on.

All the actors were standing where they could go on to the stage at a moment's notice, save Dickey, who was leaning against the wall, holding his sword straight out, at the imminent peril of hitting some one of his partners as they passed.

"Now be all ready, Dickey," said Mopsey, warningly, as he prepared to go on the stage.

"See here," whispered Johnny, "be kinder careful when you an' I fight, 'cause there's lots of pins in these pants."

Mopsey nodded his head, as much as to say that he would look out for such things, and in another instant he was before the foot-lights receiving a storm of applause, although he was at a loss to know whether it was directed to him personally or to the costume he wore.

So great was the enthusiasm manifested by his presence that it was some moments before he could speak, and during that time the few lines he knew of the part of Richard the Third had entirely escaped his memory.

* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

It was a trying moment both to him and his brother actors, who were watching him as he stood there with drawn sword, first on one foot and then on the other, waving his hand and then the weapon, as if he was about to speak, and yet making no sound.

"Go on, Mopsey—say something," whispered Ben, in a hoarse voice; and the audience, hearing him, suggested kindly, "Yes, give us somethin', old man."

Thus urged, Mopsey made one mighty effort, and shouted in his loudest tones, as he waved the sword still more frantically than ever,

"I've lost my hoss! I've lost my hoss, an' I want some one to tie up my head; but—but—but I'm a match for any feller 'round here, and—and—"

It was not only evident to the audience, but to Mopsey himself, that it was of no use for him to try to remember the words he should have spoken, and he waved his sword frantically for Johnny to come on, hoping to save his good name by the bloody combat, which could be prolonged until their patrons were in good-humor.

But just at this moment it was impossible for Johnny to be of any service. He had tried to alter the position of some of the pins in his trousers, so that they would not prick him so badly, and the consequence was that the entire work was undone, the one leg falling down over his foot in a manner that prevented him from stepping unless at the risk of tumbling flat on his face.

Ben did his best to repair the damage, while Mopsey stood waving his sword, whispering very loudly for Johnny not to mind the pins, but to come on, and the audience, in the loudest tones, coaxed Johnny to come out and take Mopsey away.

But Ben succeeded finally in getting the ill-costumed Othello arranged so that it was possible for him to walk, and he rushed on to the stage, the gun in one hand and the sword in the other, just as Mopsey was meditating a retreat from the freely expressed criticism of his audience.

The relief of the author-actor when he saw Othello was greater than could be expressed by words, and he resolved to regain the good opinion of the audience by the ferocity with which he would wage the combat.

It is probable that some such thought was expressed in his face when he rushed toward Johnny, for, startled by the furious bearing of his partner, Othello became frightened, and holding both weapons before him, he looked ready for instant flight.

It seemed as if this very timidity restored to the representative of the cruel Richard all his assurance, for now, suddenly remembering the words he should have spoken at Johnny's first appearance, he waved his sword still more furiously, and shouted, "It looks as if there was more than a dozen of this same feller, for I've killed four or five already, an' here's a lot more of him."

Johnny was a trifle alarmed at the words,

and looked almost timidly behind him to see if he was really there in several forms, or if it was only a portion of the play, when Mopsey struck his gun so severe a blow with the edge of his sword that it fell from his not over-strong grasp, striking directly on the toes of the blood-thirsty Richard.

There was a howl of pain as Mopsey dropped his sword with a clang, and appeared to be trying to gather his feet into his arms, where he could nurse them, while the shock of weapons on the frail stage caused such a motion of the foot-lights that two of them fell to the floor, smashing the bottles.

The audience in the reserved seats, anxious to prevent any disturbance of the performance, scrambled for the candles, and the two who succeeded in getting them before they were extinguished kindly held them in their hands during the remainder of the scene.

"Don't you know enough to fight when the time comes?" cried Mopsey, who, having given up the useless task of nursing his bruised feet, picked up his sword again, and advanced once more upon the timid Othello, who was trying to decide whether he should remain there or run away.

These words had the effect of spurring Johnny on to a more perfect acting of his part, more especially since some of his friends in the audience cried out in a friendly way, "Go for him, Shiner, an' give him fits."

Then Johnny did "go for" his adversary almost too strongly, for he refused to die, as Mopsey had told him he must, but continued to strike out wildly with his sword, hitting Mopsey's weapon a portion of the time, and when he failed in that, coming so near Richard's face that it seemed certain he would slice off one of his ears or his nose.

It was a furious combat truly, and the audience favored it with the most generous applause, some inciting Mopsey and others Johnny to renewed exertions, until Mrs. Green started up in alarm, fearing that a riot would ensue.

"Why don't you die?" whispered Mopsey, hoarsely, as



"HOLDING BOTH WEAPONS BEFORE HIM, HE LOOKED READY FOR INSTANT FLIGHT."

he panted from exertion, and believed that, in justice to the other performers, the battle should end.

But Johnny refused positively to die, and it is probable that he would have continued the fight as long as he had strength or breath left had he not been the victim of his own architectural short-comings.

He, the one who had built the stage, actually forgot the pitfalls in the form of spaces left uncovered because of lack of lumber, and in the excitement and fury of the battle, minding only the shouts of encouragement from the audience, he fell into one of these yawning pits. Thus it was that Richard had a chance to become himself once more.

With head down and heels up, the unfortunate Othello struggled in the prisoning space until each one of the bottle foot-lights had been displaced, and an even dozen of the audience seated themselves on the floor, holding the candles in their hands obligingly.

Ben had taken Dickey from his leaning-place against the wall, and brought him to the side from which he was to make his entrance, when Richard and Othello had first begun to fight, so that, when Johnny fell, he rushed on in a sidelong way, in order to present his sword-arm to the conqueror.

King Richard was so entirely exhausted from his long struggle that he had apparently forgotten the course he had marked out for the rest of his company, and was leaning on his sword, and gazing at the supposed-to-be-dead Othello, wondering whether he ought to help him to rise or not, when Ben launched Dickey full at him.

He had no time to parry the shock, nor Macbeth to check the force with which Ben had sent him, and the consequence was that Richard and Macbeth fell almost directly on top of the struggling Othello, with a thud that threatened to rend asunder each particular board of the frail stage.

Mrs. Green uttered a cry of horror as she realized that the cover of her new wash-boiler must have been injured; but that noise, as well as the terrified squeak from Othello, was drowned in the burst of applause that came from the spectators.

Mopsey sprang to his feet as quickly as possible, bowing his acknowledgments to the audience, as if he had planned the scene, while poor Dickey lay prone upon the almost suffocated Johnny, unable to rise, or even to move so that Othello might extricate himself.

As the audience continued to applaud, Mopsey felt that he was forced to remain before them bowing, almost expecting to be deluged with bouquets, and of course he was not aware that two members of his company needed his immediate assistance.

"Help Dickey! Why don't you help Dickey?" whispered Ben from the wings, thinking that it would not be seemly in the ghost of Hamlet's father to rush on the stage before his time.

But King Richard paid no attention to this call, if indeed he heard it, and after waiting some moments, Ben, with his ghostly covering still flung over his arm, was obliged to go to the assistance of the two warriors, thereby causing a fresh burst of applause.

He rolled Dickey over and over until Paul could drag him off by the shoulders, and then pulling Johnny out by the feet, he aided him in repairing the damages done to his costume by his descent through the stage.

It was now time that the dead Othello should do his song and dance, and in a very audible whisper he informed Mopsey that he had better get off, and give him the chance.

Some of the audience suggested the same thing, and, very reluctantly, Mopsey left the stage, while Johnny concluded the act in a highly successful manner by a dance that was considerably better executed than was his sword play.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOM BROWN'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY THOMAS OAKES CONANT.

TOM BROWN was an urchin just eight summers old, But the heart of the wee little man was as bold As if he were twice that age, And his muscles were strong and his blue eyes were bright, And his brave little heart was as merry and light As a bird let loose from its cage.

Now Tom had been reading, as every boy should, Of the glorious deeds of the brave and the good— Of Washington, Warren, and Lee; And the Fourth of July—it was now near at hand— Was the day the glad sound had rung out through the land, "We are free! we are free! we are free!"

Now Tom got to thinking how grand it would be, Like the patriot heroes he loved, to be free— 'Twas too bad to be kept so at home. There were lots of nice boys in the streets just below, And they had such good times! He did wish he could go And the wide world along with them roam.

Then all on a sudden, one morning in bed, A brilliant idea popped right into his head, And he laughed out aloud in his glee: On the Fourth of July, at the breaking of day, When Liberty triumphed, he'd up and away, To dwell independent and free.

And so Master Tommy, when no one was by, Slipped out through the gate on that Fourth of July. And thus was he "armed and equipped": Three packs of fire-crackers, a long stick of punk, A huge slice of gingerbread, plenty of "spunk," And a dime in his hand tightly gripped.

Our hero marched on through the din and the heat Till he entered at last, by mere chance, a side street, Where a crowd of rough boys were at play. 'Twas a tenement quarter, low, dirty, and mean, And the rabble of *gamins*, hard-featured and keen, Were keeping "the Fourth" in their way.

Ah, those sharp-witted Arabs! how quickly they knew What sort of boy Tom was! Around him they drew, And to chaff him began. "Hullo, Bub! Does yer mar know ye're out?" "Where'd ye git yer nice clo'es?" "Oh, ain't he a daisy!"—so the mocking talk goes— "Say! give us a hunk o' yer grub."

In a jiffy his packs of fire-crackers were grabbed, His pockets were rifled, his gingerbread "nabbed," And his clean clothes were all in a muss. Then they daubed him with mud till he looked like a fright, And shouted in glee at his pitiful plight, "Now, sonny, ye're like one of us."

But Tom had the "spirit of 'seventy-six," And finding himself in so sorry a fix, Struck out like a man, might and main. But the battle was sorely unequal; in spite Of his stout little fists and high courage, the fight Must have proved in the end all in vain.

Just then rose a cry, "Cop's a-comin'!" Away Sped the fleet-footed Arabs like night before day, And Tom stood alone in the street. "Look a-here, you young scamp— Oh! are you Tommy Brown? I'm in luck. Why, the whole force is scourin' the town, And here you are, right on my beat!"

Poor Tom! What a pitiful sight to behold Was he—not a bit like his "heroes of old"— As homeward he limped, sad and sore! His face was all swollen, his right arm was hurt, His jacket was torn and bespattered with dirt, And he'd ne'er felt so wretched before.

And when, a warm bath and a poultice applied, He lay in his bed, with dear mother beside, Tom drowsily said, "Now I see: It may have been good for the heroes of old To be free, for they were *men*, mighty and bold, But it isn't a good thing for me."

"No, Tom," said his mother; "mistaken again. True freedom is good both for boys and for men, As your heroes—and mine—clearly saw; But they knew—and the truth is worth learning, my boy— The freedom that's good for us all to enjoy Is *Liberty-governed by Law*."

THE LITTLE AITANGA.

A True Story.

BY A. M. FORD.



RAY and snow-charged hung the sky over Koljutsjin Bay and all around about it. Gray and snow-charged is the sky for most of the year in these desolate regions, where a tree is unknown, and where a few willow scrubs and some craneberry heath are the tallest growth the short though hot summer can produce.

The summer had gone, and now at the end of September had the sea already begun to make ice. But the season is so devoid of beauty and so unfruitful at the best that most of the people of this icy region await the coming of winter with calm indifference. Only the children lament, as children can, the departed summer.

One day there came a change to the dreariness of the scene. Far off in Koljutsjin Bay lay a large vessel imprisoned in the ice, and great was the commotion among the natives, who desired to go out to it to trade for the highly prized stores on board. But the ice so early in the season "neither bore nor broke."

At last a large skin boat was dragged out to a shore channel where the ice was but a crust, and away went the frail boat, full of men and women. All went well, however, and much had the returning Tshukshes to relate of the wonderful strangers they had met, who seemed not to be common traders or whalers.

Loudest in the praise of the new-comers was Tetsjorin, a lad of seventeen years, and his mother. The boy declared he had talked with their chief himself, and from him had received the clay pipe out of which he was then rolling huge volumes of smoke in such a man-like style.

Then his mother began to talk of the visitors, and prophesied that if the strange heroes from the West did not escape their ice prison in the next seven days, they would be detained there seven months, "and by that could our people profit," asserted she.

The little ten-year-old Aitanga listened attentively to what her mother and her brother had to relate, and fondly hoped in her childish heart the strangers would have to stay, for then there might be some relief to the long winter, with its ever-constant snow and seal-meat. Tetsjorin promised her that she should accompany him to the ship as soon as the ice would bear his dog team, and Aitanga shouted for very joy at the thought of this visit.

From that moment she did nothing else, awake or asleep, but dream of the strange heroes from the West. Finally the memorable day arrived when, with her brother on his sled, drawn by six dogs, she made her first visit to the *Vega*. She had much to talk about after she came home, and she told her mother she intended to go out to the ship every single day the strangers remained there, and if the dogs could not be spared to take her, she could well enough go on foot.

It was soon discovered by the officers of the ship that Aitanga was quite a smart child, and so patient too. It was by her aid a language was formed through which the natives and those on board could communicate better with each other—a gibberish, it was true, but a better method than making signs to one another only.

There was on the *Vega* one man whom Aitanga for a long time did not get acquainted with, and he was no less than the head man of the expedition himself. He seemed to go about absorbed in deep thought, and the quick-witted little girl soon decided that so great a man would take no notice of a little savage like her.

But one day, when she as usual was behind the door watching him, he caught a glimpse of her, and, with a friendly nod and smile, exclaimed: "Is it thou, little sweetheart? Come in."

Though quite taken aback, she timidly advanced and courtesied. Then the great man said to her:

"Good-morning, Aitanga. How pleasant to see you near to one! for I have heard much of the little sweetheart of us all."

He made her sit beside him. She could see how closely he examined many small stones, and how afterward, with a pointed peg he had dipped into a black liquid, he made a lot of strange marks on a paper. She watched him so intently, too, that he could not help laughing. This made her look up instantly, and then he said:

"This can not interest thee, dear child, so run up on deck and play with the other children."

But Aitanga explained that she would rather stay where she was, and this she was allowed to do, for, sitting there so quietly, she disturbed the wise man not the least.

From that hour scarcely a day passed that Aitanga did not spend some of the time in Professor Nordenskjöld's study, watching him perform his various duties. Many words were not exchanged, but it was clear that they got along well together, and it was often observed how the great traveller's features would relax and lose their severe look when the little girl entered.

One day, far advanced in that period we call summer, when even these regions began to display a delicate verdure, although the *Vega* still lay fast frozen in her winter harbor, Professor Nordenskjöld accidentally let something fall that Aitanga picked up and restored to him.

"Thanks! thanks!" said he, as he received it again.

Astonished, the girl looked at him so seriously with her great oblique eyes that he burst out laughing.

"It is even true, then," he said, "that the Tshukshes know not how to thank, and that there is no word to express it in your language."

"I can thank," answered she, in a low, earnest tone. "Thou hast taught me it, and I shall teach the others."

"That is proper," said he, half in jest; "but thou must also teach them greater honesty. For who was it tried to pass a flayed dog on me for a fox last winter?"

"That was just Tetsjorin," said the girl, sorrowfully; "but he was so ashamed when thou didst discover it, and mother and I afterward scolded him so, that I know he won't do it again. But," continued she, slowly and more thoughtfully, "how couldst thou know it? Art thou a god that knows everything?"

"No, my child; I am but a human being like thyself."

"No, that art thou not, then," said Aitanga, shaking her head. "An ordinary human art thou not, nor is any one of them thou hast with thee. They are all heroes."

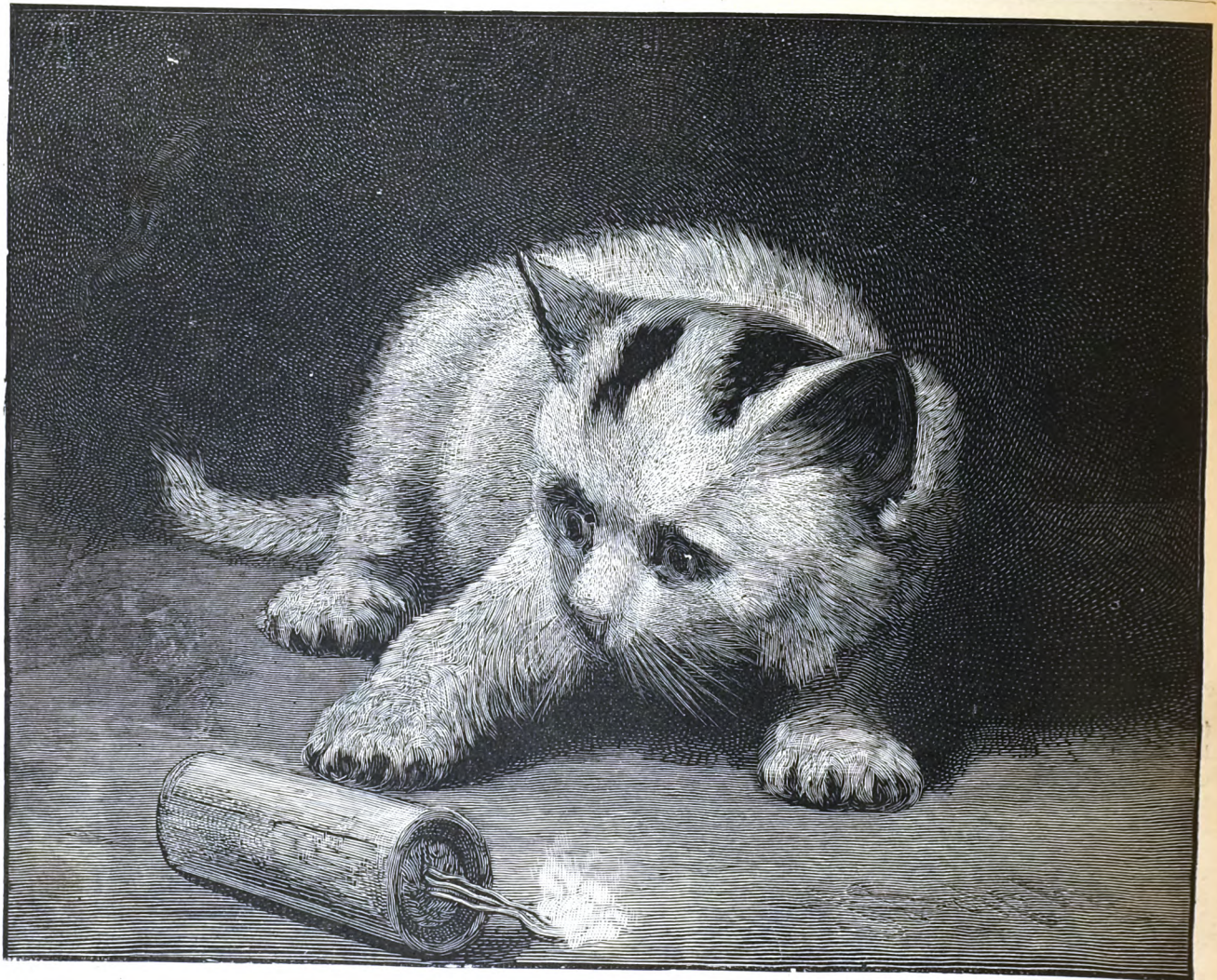
"Indeed! and how dost thou know that?"

"Why, a hero is seven times stronger and wiser than a human, but a god is seven times stronger and wiser than a hero, and, for that reason, art thou, as the leader of heroes, even a god."

"Well," continued the traveller, "if we do have more knowledge than you people, hardly are we stronger, and in no way am I stronger than my fellow-travellers."

"Why, why," exclaimed Aitanga, eagerly, "not one of our people has ever been able to make such a long voyage as thou hast made, nor has ever been able to lie frozen in here a whole long winter without coming to any harm or suffering any want."

"Well, yes, that canst thou certainly believe. For what



I and my companions have done, no one before us has succeeded in doing."

"But," burst out the girl, admiringly, "thou must surely be a god, nevertheless."

Now was there great humility in the wise man's voice as he answered her, with all seriousness:

"There is but one God, my child, and His power and wisdom can no one attain to: why, no one can gain even a slight knowledge of His powers. We can only feel His presence within us, but we can never see Him with our eyes."

After a long silence, said Aitanga, slowly and softly, "That do I believe, because thou sayest it." A little while afterward added she, "And that shall I teach to Tetsjorin and the rest of them."

The prophecy of Aitanga's mother that the stranger heroes should remain frozen up in Koljutsjin Bay for seven months proved true, except that it was for ten instead of seven months they remained there. The great exploit, the circumnavigation of Asia, by perseverance and exertion, has been accomplished, and consequently it can now be hoped a new and wide-extended field has been opened at last to Western civilization. A breath thereof, through intercourse with one of its most foremost bearers, has already wafted thither a seed which, although it has only taken root in a little ignorant girl's heart, still gives good promise of a future harvest.

Thankfulness for services or favors rendered, honesty in dealing, besides sensibility of God's power and goodness, are these seeds, which possess in themselves such growing power that not even in North Siberia's snow fields could they be sown in vain.

THEY BOTH WENT OFF.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

OH, Pussina White was as nice a young puss
As ever reposed on a mat,
But, like all of her mice-loving kindred, she
Was a very inquisitive cat—

Me-ow!—

A very inquisitive cat.

Through this fault it was that a sad fate she met;
For one summer morn on the ground
Something burning and smoking she saw, and at once
With her paw began rolling it round—

Me-ow!!!—

With her paw began rolling it round.

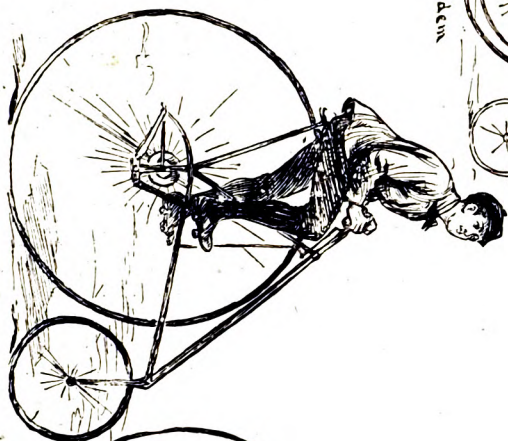
'Twas a big fire-cracker, and soon it went off,
And into small pieces it flew,
And that was the last of young Pussina White,
For that poor little cat went off too—

Me-ow!!!—

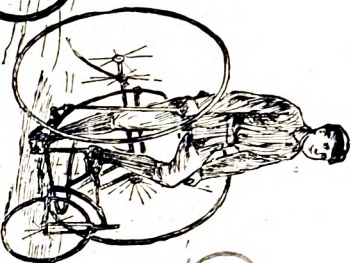
That poor little cat went off too.



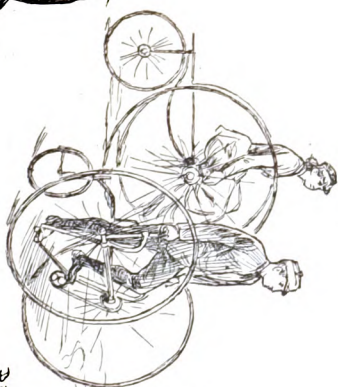
American Bicycle



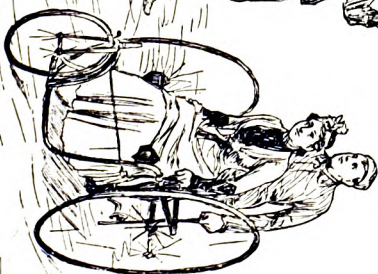
Tricycle



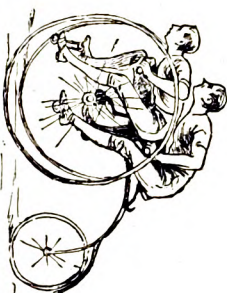
Balance act



Florrie and Charlie



Triplet Tandem



The Family Machine

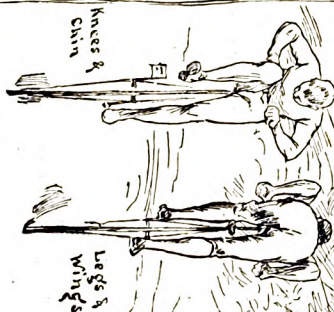


The Trustful Towel

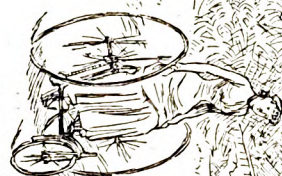
Follow your nose



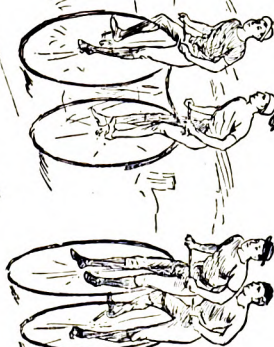
Knees & Chin



Legs & Wings



Tandem Race



BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

"PAUL! Paul! find John; tell him to saddle the horse and ride for his life for the doctor. The baby has swallowed a button, and I'm afraid will choke to death."

Almost before his mother had finished speaking, Paul had thrown down his book and started for the stable. He found John, delivered the message, and then, seized by a sudden impulse, sprang into the saddle of his bicycle, which stood in the front yard, and shot off down the hard road leading to the village, a mile away, like an arrow.

The road was one of the best in New Jersey, and there were no hills to be climbed. Five minutes later, as the flying wheel was turned into the street on which stood Dr. Brown's house, its rider saw the Doctor step into his sulky and start off in the opposite direction. In another minute the sulky had been overtaken by the wheel, the breathless message had been understood, and the Doctor was driving at full speed in the direction of Paul's home. As he left the village, the Doctor met John entering it.

When, a quarter of an hour later, Paul reached home, he found the dear little baby sister lying in her crib, white and exhausted, but out of danger. You may be sure that he was a very proud boy when the Doctor told him that he had arrived just in the nick of time, and when his mother threw her arms around him and said that he had saved his sister's life. Very proud, too, was he of his bicycle, which had carried him so swiftly to the village, and many a time since has he told the story of that ride to people who have sneered at his wheel as being only a boy's plaything, and a dangerous one at that.

In careless hands the bicycle is dangerous, as was shown only a few weeks ago in Pennsylvania. There a young man recklessly attempted to ride one down a steep and stony hill-side. Half-way down, his feet slipped from the pedals, and in trying to check his speed by applying the brake, he was thrown headlong and killed. Thus, you see, the bicycle is much like a spirited horse, and must be managed with the same amount of care and skill.

When, nearly five years ago, the first article on bicycles appeared in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but few of its readers had ever seen and much less ridden one, and the tricycle was almost unknown in this country. Now a small army of young people own and ride bicycles, and tricycles may be seen any day on the fine roads near the large cities, and occasionally on distant country roads.

At first the girls complained bitterly that the new sport was only for boys, and that there was no chance for them to enjoy it. They said that bicycling was a selfish and lonesome form of amusement, for only one person could ride at a time, and they did not believe there was much fun in it anyway. They said this; but away down in their hearts they confessed to themselves that it looked very fascinating, and they wished they too could ride the steely wheels. Now their wishes have come to pass. Everywhere girls are learning to ride tricycles, and are daily gaining health, strength, and beauty with the exercise.

The lonesomeness has been done away with, too. On page 569 you may see illustrations of tandem bicycles for the boys, and sociable tricycles for the girls, in which two may ride together. They are so arranged that each may do her share of the work, or one may do it all. There too you may see a picture of the four-wheeler, in which two ladies or girls may sit comfortably behind, while a strong man or boy in front does all the work, and wheels them merrily along the smooth road at a good pace.

Many boys have become so expert in the use of the bicycle that they can do as many tricks on it as a circus-rider can on his horse. It is now no uncommon thing to see a fancy rider vault off and on his machine while it is in motion, ride with his head in the saddle and his feet

up in the air, lift the small wheel from the ground and ride for long distances on one wheel only, and do a hundred different tricks, with apparent ease, that a few years ago would have been deemed impossible.

Many long journeys, some of them of thousands of miles, have been made on bicycles; but the longest of all, a journey around the world, is now being undertaken by a young man who started from San Francisco some months ago, and is now in the neighborhood of New York. Of course he will have to cross the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by steamer; but all the rest of this wonderful journey he proposes to accomplish on his bicycle.

Many boys are now preparing to spend their vacations in making bicycle journeys through interesting sections of the country, and jolly times they will have. They will dress in straw hats or helmets, flannel shirts, knee-breeches, long stockings, and low-cut canvas shoes. Their coats will be made into compact rolls and strapped to the handle-bars of their bicycles, and in M. I. P. (multum in parvo) bags, fastened to the backbone of the machine behind the saddle, they can carry toilet articles, a change of under-clothing, and many useful odds and ends. If they expect to be gone for any length of time, they will have travelling bags or small trunks forwarded from point to point, along their proposed routes, by express.

In the autumn these young travellers will return to their homes and schools tanned and strong, and possessed of a knowledge of the country over which they have ridden more intimate than they could have gained in any other way.

MY FIRST RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.

BY COLONEL THOMAS W. KNOX.

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST," ETC.

IT was at Benares, the "Holy City" of India, which every pious Hindoo hopes to see at least once in his lifetime, that I made my first promenade on the famous beast of burden. Through the politeness of the Maharajah of Viznagram, whose palace is just outside the city, I was provided with one of the elephants from his stables—a huge beast, almost rivalling Jumbo in size and strength.

At the hour appointed—six o'clock in the morning—it arrived at the door of the hotel, equipped with a magnificent howdah that was capable of seating four persons comfortably. The *mahout*, or driver, sat on the neck of the elephant, and the attendant who managed the ladder stood ready to assist us to mount to our places.

The companion of my travels, a German gentleman, had some hesitation about trusting himself on the back of an elephant, but his scruples vanished when he looked at the animal. We mounted the ladder with the pretense that we were anything but novices, and took the front seat of the howdah. Our guide then ascended to the rear seat, and as soon as we were settled into our places we gave the signal for starting.

At a word from the *mahout* the elephant moved off at a walking pace, but it was rapid enough to keep the attendant on a slow run, in order to maintain his place behind us. I judge that we made between four and five miles an hour when in motion, but this speed could not be maintained owing to the necessity of stopping frequently to make way for carts or wagons in the road. Oxen did not seem to fear us, but the most of the horses that we met showed an instinctive dread of the elephant, and sometimes were so restive that their drivers could not easily control them.

The motion of the howdah was not at all uncomfortable, but by the end of an hour or two I found that my back seemed to be separating at the joints. It was the same with my friend, but we agreed that it would be "nothing when one got used to it." There was a swaying motion which reminded me of the tossing of a small boat.

on the waves; we tried to adapt ourselves to it, but the effort was not at all successful.

The elephant obeyed the commands of the driver very promptly in nearly every instance. Whenever he hesitated even for a moment he was reminded of his duty by a prod of the goad in his neck or upon his ear, and the prodding was not at all gentle. All who are familiar with the elephant say he must be controlled by kindness and unrelenting firmness. "Never hurt him when he is doing his duty, and never allow him to disobey you in the least without punishment," is the motto of the elephant-driver.

We had a splendid view when seated in the howdah. We were on a level with the second stories of the buildings, and where the windows were open we could easily see inside the upper rooms. When riding through the country, we were above the fences and hedges, and saw a great deal that was invisible to us when riding in a carriage.

There was not the least feeling of dizziness at our elevation, but we could not fail to realize that we were at a goodly height, and a fall would be a serious matter. Before we left the hotel an Englishman with whom we had made acquaintance gave us a few words of caution.

"I have lived ten years in this country," said he, "and am familiar with elephants. The most deadly of them is liable to turn on you and try to kill you if you jump or fall from his back. Whenever you want to descend, call the attendant to place the ladder for you to go down in the usual way, and don't under any circumstances jump from the howdah to the ground."

His caution rung in our ears for a while as we rode along, but we soon forgot it in the excitement of our novel situation. By-and-by I observed that the howdah was turning to one side, and, what was especially interesting to me, it was turning on the side where I sat. I told the guide to sit over, so as to balance my weight with that of my friend, as he was much lighter than I; but it was of no use. At every step the howdah swayed more and more to my side, and the situation was getting very serious.

My friend suggested that we jump out and scramble to the ground before the howdah turned over and spilled us out.

"Don't you remember," said I, "what that Englishman told us at the hotel? We mustn't jump out under any circumstances."

"Stop the elephant! stop him!" I shouted to the guide. "Stop him, and tell the man to put up the ladder."

The guide was a stupid fellow, and didn't understand me until I repeated the order. We stopped close to a high wall, and just in time to save us from a fall. I put out my hand against the wall while the ladder was unfastened from the elephant's side and put in position for us to descend. We both came down that ladder much more quickly and with far less dignity than we had ascended.

The howdah was pushed into its proper position, the ropes and bands were tightened, and then we mounted again to our places, and the promenade was resumed. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we returned to the hotel, just in time for *hazree* (breakfast), and dismissed our ponderous beast and his conductors.

While we were at breakfast our English friend opened the *Allahabad Pioneer* of the day before, and read the account of the death of a gentleman, whom he had known for years, in consequence of falling from the back of an elephant. As he struck the ground, the animal turned and pierced him with his tusks, and was in so great a rage that he could not be controlled until his victim was dead.

Our informant was unable to give the reason for this action on the part of the elephant. It is well known that the animal is liable to sudden outbursts of rage, and sometimes the most docile of elephants will become suddenly unmanageable. Under the circumstances, the incident was likely to make a forcible impression on my German friend and myself, and in subsequent rides on elephants during our stay in India we kept it constantly in mind.

WALKING-CANES.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

I KNOW of a young man in Florida, not yet twenty-one years of age, who is paying his way through college by collecting and curing canes of the wild orange, on the handles of which he carves during his leisure time and vacations full-length figures of alligators, as shown in Fig. 1. I have examined several of these canes, and the entire work seems to be done with small chisels and a parting or V tool.

These canes are in constant demand with visitors and tourists to Florida, and have become known as "orange-wood 'gator canes." This fact may be suggestive to some of our ingenious farmer boys who are struggling to obtain a college course.

Walking-canes can be gathered at all seasons. The canes should be laid aside in a moderately dry and cool place, and should not be worked or the bark taken off till they are half dry. They are then most supple, and may be bent or straightened without injury. When laying by canes to dry, the knots and spurs should not be trimmed close; it is best to trim them only roughly, leaving the spurs of branches and roots on the stick fully an inch long.

To straighten or bend the canes, they should be steamed until they are supple, or buried in hot wet sand until they become soft; they must then, while still hot, be given

the form they are intended to keep, and kept in this form until they are cold. Straight sticks are tied firmly together in small bundles, and wound with a coil of rope from end to end; they are then suspended to a beam by their knob ends, and a heavy weight is attached to the ferrule ends. Crooks may be turned by soaking the end in boiling water for half an hour, then bending it to the desired form, and retaining it in its position by means of a tourniquet (as shown in Fig. 2) until the cane is cold.

The bark may then be taken off with a sharp knife, but care must be taken not to split or chip the wood. Knots may be trimmed at the same time, and the root knobs turned into grotesque shapes. There are no rules that can be given to guide one when carving the roots into handles, since their forms are governed by the outlines of the roots, these often being very suggestive of themselves. The group of heads shown at the beginning of the next page will illustrate what I mean. Figs. 3 and 4 show the rough stick, Figs. 5 and 6 the finished heads.

One or two points should receive considerable attention when designing the handles. If the stick is to be a fancy one to be carried and swung in the hand, the roots can be carved into grotesque or fancy forms. But if for use, the handle should be round and smooth, so as to fit comfortably in the hand. The head of a dog, or a swan or goose, forms an appropriate design for a stick that is to be held on the arm when

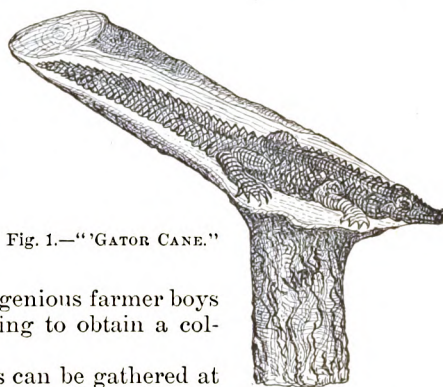
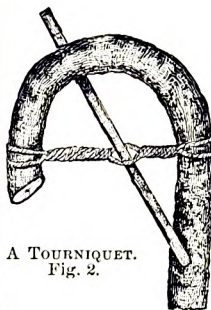


Fig. 1.—"GATOR CANE."



A TOURNIQUET.
Fig. 2.



Fig. 7.—HOCKEY STICK.



FIG. 3.

lighting a match, or when wishing to have both hands free. The crutch and hook are also comfortable forms.

Often when riding my cane hobby I have delighted my young friends by turning out many fancy varieties of hockey sticks. Regarding the form of the hockey stick there is much variety of opinion, some preferring the short round knob, as shown in Fig. 7, while others prefer a hooked handle, or a long hook more in the style of the polo crutch.

Wooden handles are given touches of rich brown by applying a red-hot iron to the parts to be colored.

All sticks with the rough bark left on should be neatly trimmed naked around the neck of the handle, and the whole lightly gone over with fine sand or emery paper. The cane should then receive several dressings of boiled linseed-oil, and be left to dry. When dry, a coat of shellac varnish is applied. Oak canes look best when carefully barked in hot water, the loose bark being removed by rubbing with coarse canvas, and the cane then dried, dressed with boiled linseed-oil, again dried, then polished and varnished with shellac or furniture varnish, and again polished.

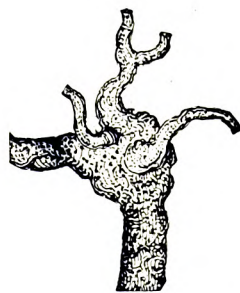


FIG. 8.

Dogwood and Osage-orange canes can be stained black by brushing them over with a hot and strong decoction of logwood and nut-galls. When this is thoroughly dried, brush them over with vinegar in which a few rusty nails have been steeped for two or three days. Some persons use ink for a black stain, others introduce "drop black" in the varnish; a brown or mahogany stain may be obtained by adding some "dragon's-blood" to the varnish. The lower ends of the sticks should be guarded from excessive wear by a neat brass ferrule; these are cheaper to purchase at a hardware store than to make, though I have often used brass thimbles and tailor's steel thimbles as a substitute. These can be fastened by means of hot shellac, or with a brass pin driven into a hole in the thimble and passing through the wood of the cane.

For fastening carved or rustic heads or handles on canes hot glue or thick shellac varnish is used. A good-sized hole is first bored into the handle, and a hole of similar size in the cane; a dowel is driven into the hole in the cane (using plenty of glue), after which the handle



FIG. 4.

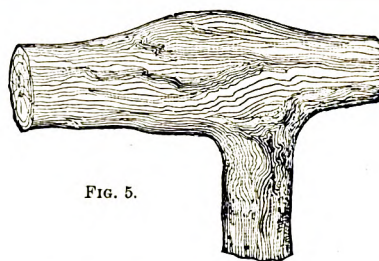


FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

is driven on to the dowel pin. Handles may be made of horn, which can be softened for bending by boiling in oil (not kerosene) or hot fat.

Hard woods that will take a polish, and vegetable ivory, which is very easy and pleasant to carve, are good materials to use for handles. For small canes, bone will be found an easy material to shape into handles.

With walking-cane manufacturers there are many styles of handles that are in constant demand, and that have trade and fashion names. As most of them are very easily made, I have given figures of them. The "crutch" and the "hook" cane handles are most popular with old people.

All the manufacturers of walking-canes and umbrella and parasol sticks state that the demand for native woods suitable for canes and sticks is constant all the year round, and that the sticks may be gathered at all seasons of the year and sent to market, both straight and crooked sticks being salable, also roots for handles.

The prices paid seem to me to be very encouraging, and were I a boy living in the country or on a farm, I feel positive that during vacation and the long winter months, instead of lounging about the "store," I'd be in the woods grubbing up roots and cutting sticks for walking-canes.

It must be borne in mind that the young growth of most of our trees and shrubs is destroyed in one way or another when clearing the land, meadows, and hedges. The roots of all the trees in the following list, which gives the prices paid per thousand, are always destroyed. This list of native woods, and the prices paid for them, was obtained from Lovibond & Co., No. 223 Grand Street, New York, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information on the subject of walking-canes:

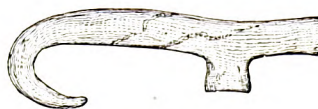
Dogwood sticks, one-inch diameter at base, and from thirty-six to forty-two inches in length, bark on, \$10 to \$12 per thousand; peeled, \$12 to \$18 per thousand. Young trees, roots on (Fig. 8), and those peeled six inches below the root, as shown in Fig. 9, \$20 per thousand. Sheep-berry (Sweet Viburnum, known to farmers as "Nanny-berry"), bark on, \$8 per thousand; peeled six inches below the root, \$20 per thousand. Hickory, \$20 to \$30 per thousand, bark on (*never peeled*). Birch (red), roots on, white birch ("silver birch"), bark on, \$12 per thousand. Oaks, with roots, \$20 per thousand; without roots, \$12 per thousand. Osage orange, \$10 per thousand. Small maples, bark on, \$10 per thousand. Cherry, apple, pear, \$12 per thousand, bark on. Red cedar, \$20 per thousand. Roots of dogwood, water-birch, sheep-berry trees, \$12 per thousand. Florida wild orange, \$10 per thousand; holly-stick, \$10 per thousand.



FIG. 9.



POLO CRUTCH.



SPORT HOOK.



OLD GENT'S FAVORITE.



PROFESSIONAL.

Charley loves good Sugar-Cake.



TO CHARLEY HAWKINS.

BY S. B. MILLS.

Allegro.

Char-ley loves good su - gar - cake, Char - ley loves good can - dy; Char-ley loves to kiss the girls When they are neat and han - dy.

Sempre legato.



Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross!

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SATANNAH, GEORGIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I think you are very kind to take so much trouble to please the children who write to the Post-office Box, and I've determined to write and let you know that there is still another child who loves you and appreciates your efforts to make us happy. I have not had time to write before, because I am kept very busy. I go to school, and study geography, grammar, arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, and dictation, and then I take drawing lessons and go to dancing-school. I was a long time learning to waltz, but I can waltz nicely now. I believe I love my drawing best of all my lessons, and my teacher is kind enough to say I have talent. I am very fond of reading, and one of my most beloved books is *The Young Marooners*, because my dear papa was one of the characters in it, and the book was written by his uncle. I am my mamma's only child, and since dear papa's death I have been her only companion, but I have two step-brothers and a lovely step-sister. My brothers are almost men, and I am very fond of them; they are so kind to me. I am not at all lonely, for I have books, toys, and my painting and drawing to amuse me; then kind aunts, cousins, and my uncle Ben. Oh, he is the best and most splendid uncle in the world. I must not forget to mention Pat, my canary. He sings—I should say so!—*all day*, and would keep on all night if we left a light in the room. I notice that nearly all the children tell how old they are, and say "I am a little boy," or girl. Now I want you to guess how old I am, and if I am a girl or boy, when I sign myself.

E. JETT II.

I fancy my correspondent is a little girl, and if I may judge of her age from the list of her studies, I think that twelve candles shone around her last birthday-cake. Am I right?

SHAKOPEE, MINNESOTA.

I am a little boy nine years old, and my only pets are a Maltese cat named Susan and a little black dog named Frank. I have no brothers nor sisters. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a little over a year, and like it very much, and I think the letters very interesting. I go to school; my studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, and grammar. This is my first letter to the Post-office Box, and I should be pleased to see it in print, as I have written it all by myself, and wish to surprise papa.

HOWARD A. S.

HILLSBORO, NORTH DAKOTA.

We live on Goose River. It runs into the Red River. No cultivated fruit grows here, but we have plenty of wild. We find gooseberries, raspberries, plums, and grapes in the woods. It is very beautiful here in summer. I have one sister and one brother, Jenny and Theodor. We have a nice dog; his name is Watch. He is twelve years old.

ANNA L. O.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school, and like it very much. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, and like it better than any other paper printed. Elmira is a very pretty place to live in. We have a great many pets. We have a tame crow, and his name is Snow; he is quite young now, and every one tells us that crows are very mischievous. He belongs to my little brother, who is six years old,

and they are great friends. Brother leads Snow around with a string. Then we have a pet canary that will play dead bird—lie on her back and draw up her feet, and stay there until we count three—peck sugar off your lips, kiss you, and go upstairs (we hold her on our forefinger, then put the other one in front of her, and she will hop from one to the other as long as we want her to). Dot belongs to Lillie, my little sister, who is eight years old. Then we had a cat-bird for nearly a year; it was like a little black chicken when it was given to us. It was a great pet with all of us, and did a great many cute things, but this summer papa took it to the woods and let it go, for it did not sing. Cricket belonged to my sister Helen; she is fourteen years old. I have a parrot for my pet, and she makes us all laugh. I am afraid my letter is getting too long to put in the Post-office Box.

EARLIE S. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have three white rats at home, which are very tame. One is an old one, and is getting quite lazy; he is separated from the others, and sleeps nearly all the time, but when I put him on the table with the little ones you would laugh to see him jump around and try to be as lively as they are. He is so large that he looks more like a kitten than a rat, and the little ones are so lively that I hardly know what to do with them. When my aunt is preparing things for dinner they run up to her and stand on their hind legs, and look up in her face, and when she is not looking they will take a little piece and run.

WALTER C. F. (ten years old).

I wrote you about my dog, Watch, and Thomas Grey, the cat. Perhaps you remember that Watch met with an accident, but he is well now. My brother Ollie got the shoe-polish, and painted streaks all over him, and it dried a greenish color; now he looks as queer as a dog without hair or a cat without a tail. The poor old fellow has been trying to get it off, but I guess we will have to scrub him. Ollie said he was going to make a tiger of him. I saw a dog without hair; it came from China. It was the ugliest dog I ever saw, and was about the color of Jumbo. It was winter, and it shivered with the cold. I hope you are getting along nicely with your letters and they do not bother you much.

BEULAH P.

They do not bother me in the least, thank you, but I am very much bothered about Ollie and the poor dog. Turn him into a tiger, indeed! How would Ollie like it himself?

DURANGO, COLORADO.

I am a little girl nine years old. My auntie sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I think I like "The Ice Queen" the best of all the stories I have heard read. My mamma reads it to me almost every evening. I go to school, and study geography, arithmetic, reading, and spelling. I like my teacher very much. I am not in school now, because I am sick. This town is not four years old yet, but we have a large school. My mamma is one of the teachers. I have no pets except a dear little boy baby that lives next door. Your little friend,

EDA M. B.

BELLE ISLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

I live in the Annapolis Valley. It is celebrated for its fine apples. The apple-trees were in bloom two weeks ago. The orchards looked lovely. The valley is called pretty. The Annapolis River flows through it, and there is a range of hills on the north and another on the south. The railroad is on the south side of the river. The river is very crooked. Schooners are sailing up or down the river all the time in summer. I live near where the scene of "Evangeline" was laid. I walk a mile and a half to school. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I commenced to take it January 1, 1884. I read the Post-office Box through in every paper. With love,

LOUISA W. (12 years old).

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have two brothers and one sister. My little brother is a year and a half old, and we think him the sweetest baby in the world. His name is Arthur, and if you ask him what his name is, he will say, "Artee." He can say quite a lot of other words, but if I should tell them it would make my letter too long. I am twelve years old, and my sister is ten. Good-by.

HELEN GERTRUDE B.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

In the Post-office Box of No. 241 I noticed a letter from Princeton, New Jersey, signed F. C. S. He is an old friend of mine, and I was glad to see his letter. I have been corresponding with him since he has been going to school in Princeton. I have been taking your splendid paper for about two years, and I like it very much. I have been

living in this State since 1875, and, like F. C. S., I enjoy living here very much. Jacksonville is situated on the St. John's River, twenty-five miles from the mouth; its population is about eleven thousand. All along the St. John's River are beautiful winter residences, orange groves, etc. There are a great many Northern visitors here in the winter. I would like to visit your city, and see where YOUNG PEOPLE is printed.

ST. ELMO B. C.

LAKE PARK, MINNESOTA.

My little brother and I live in a pretty little place on the Northern Pacific, which we like. Our mamma is sick, and is at the East; we have not seen her for seven months. We have no other brother or sister, but we stay with our governess, Miss H. Tony, my brother, does not like to take his lessons, but I do. I have been reading *The Swiss Family Robinson*, which is very nice. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will stop good-by. I hope my letter will be printed. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I like "The Ice Queen," "Raising the Pearl," "Dick and D," and all Mrs. Lillie's and Mr. Otis's stories and Jimmy Brown's. I send a story; do you think it is good enough to print?

RETA D'E. (10 years old next month).

ADA'S LESSON.

Little Ada Simpson stood one bright, sunny day looking at some pretty red flowers that grew high up on a rock.

"Oh, mamma, if I could only get those lovely flowers!"

"But, dear Ada," her mamma said, "they are too high for you or any one else to gather them; the rocks are very unsafe, and if any one were to make the attempt, he would probably be dashed to pieces."

But these flowers had a great fascination for Ada; she used to look up at them every time she passed them, and wish she could just have one. And this longing for the flowers brought poor Ada into a good deal of trouble, as you shall hear.

One day Ada and her mamma were taking a walk past these flowers, and having arrived just opposite, Mrs. Simpson remembered that she had forgotten to take with her a letter for the mail, and said to Ada, "We must return and get it, as it is important that it should be sent off to-day."

"Please, mamma, let me stay here and look at those flowers until you return."

Mrs. Simpson hesitated a moment, and then said, "Yes, you may; but be quite sure not to go away."

Ada stood watching the flowers, and wishing she could get only just one. Turning round, she saw an old woman, who said: "An' is it a pretty flower the sweet one would have? I know a path round there where we can get lots of those pretty flowers."

"Do you really? Would it take long to go and gather them?"

"Oh no, my sweet little lady—just a very little time. Won't you come?"

Ada thought she should have time to gather them and be back before her mamma returned; so she trotted off beside the old woman, who walked so very fast that Ada could not keep pace with her without running. When they had gone some distance, she inquired how much farther they had to go, as she must go back to her mamma, who would be waiting for her.

"A very little farther, and then we shall have those beauties of flowers."

Bravely on went Ada; but an inward feeling told her that she had done wrong in disobeying her mamma, and she began to feel very tired, and began to cry, which made the old woman angry, and she told Ada she must go on still faster. But the child said she could do nothing of the kind—she was too tired; and she began to scream. Just then she heard a dog bark, and then her own papa's voice calling to it.

You little boys and girls who are good can scarcely imagine how glad little Ada was to see her papa. Poor child! she was too tired to do anything but fall asleep on Jerry's back—that was the name of her papa's horse.

When Mr. Simpson got home, he found all confusion and excitement. When Mrs. Simpson did not find Ada on her return, she called her name loudly, without any reply. Becoming alarmed, she retraced her steps to see if she had gone to meet her, as Mrs. Simpson had taken a different and shorter road from the one she and Ada had started out on. Arriving at home, she could hear no tidings of her. She immediately sent servants in all directions, and also sent for neighbors to go in search; one of these met Mr. Simpson with Ada.

Her mamma was very, very glad to have her darling child again, and soon she was safe in her own little bed.

The next morning Ada's mamma asked her how she came to go away. And then Ada said: "Oh, mamma, I see it all now. I was very, very naughty to go away when you had told me to stay; but the old woman said it would not take many minutes to gather the flowers."

"But, Ada dear, you ought not to have believed the old woman."

"Don't old women speak truth, mamma?" said Ada. "I thought every one spoke the truth. You do, mamma, and papa does; and I know it."

...y wicked and naughty to say what is not
fes, darling; but there are in the world wick-
people who do not always speak the truth.
little girl must be content to do as her mam-
tells her, and then she will never be likely
to fall into the same trouble as the wishing
possess a pretty red flower brought her into."
The little boys and girls should bear in mind
it is very dangerous to go with any strange
or women who ask them to.

and all little children should remember that
are always safe when they obey their
rents.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

I am a little girl six years old. I have one sis-
ter named Katy, and two little brothers, Jack
and Gene. I have no pet of my own now, for
my little dog, Governor, is dead. He was beauti-
ful and I felt so sorry when I heard he was dead;
I did not see him die. My aunty has a blue-eyed
cat named Blossom; she keeps herself nice and
clean. Grandpapa has a little dog named Spur;
he is a black-and-tan, and is a pretty shape, and
keeps himself shiny and clean.

We have a little flower-garden, and I have a
rose-bush all to myself, and my sister Kate has
a too. We have a swing on the grass for all of
us, and we sometimes swing before breakfast.
My aunty and I pick roses for mamma and aunty
for our bushes. Your friend, EMMY W. G.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have a
cat, dog, and horse for pets. I have one hun-
dred and twenty-five books, twenty-five dolls,
and numerous games and other playthings. I
have two brothers. One is at Harvard College,
and is nineteen years old, and the other is seven-
teen years old. A little while ago I had an ulcer
on my eye, and the doctor thought I would be
blind, but I am not. I was kept in a dark room
six weeks, and have a scar on my eye now. I
take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and am very much
interested in it, but have never dared venture to
write till now. I am writing in our garden, and
I wish you could see our roses. I wish I could
send the Postmistress some. My cat and dog
are lying beside my chair; they are both very
handsome. My dog is a Newfoundland, and his
name is Nero; my cat's name is Beauty. In the
morning I always have a little gallop on my dear
little black horse, Gypsy. I am afraid I can not
stop to write any more, as my watch tells me it
is time for dinner. My governess says I am back-
ward in writing, but I sincerely hope you can
make this out. NELLIE T.

With perfect ease, dear.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I
wish you would print it. I am ten years old. I
like the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very
much. My little sister likes us to read to her.
The clover is growing very large, and there are
lots of wild flowers in bloom. One night we
found a pretty white dog on our door-step, and
it staid with us. GERTIE M. S.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and have
taken YOUNG PEOPLE a very long time, and I
think it is splendid. I have no pets except a
bird, and it is so tame that it will come and eat
from my lap, and it will also spend a long time
looking at itself in the glass; it is a canary. I
think that the best story that you ever had was
"Nan"; I think all Mrs. Lillie's stories are splen-
did. I have read all of Miss Alcott's books, and
reading is my favorite amusement. As this is
the first letter I have written to this paper, I do
hope you will print it, because I want to see how
it looks in print. ISABELLE D.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT.

I thought that I must write to you and tell you
how much I love the paper. I have taken YOUNG
PEOPLE ever since the first number, and love it
dearly. We have very nice schools and teachers
here. We go to school at nine o'clock, have fif-
teen minutes' recess at half past ten, and go home
at twelve. We come back at half past one o'clock
and go home at four. We have no recess in the
afternoon. I am very fond of study and reading,
and my favorite books are by Miss Alcott. I am
trying to get a great many nice books for a library.
I think I have a good start in four bound volumes
of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have many other
books, but I value these most highly. My pets
are a little dog called Niggle, a bird called Cher-
ry, and a dear little baby sister called Ottilie.
I have eight large dolls and a few little ones, but
I am too old to play with them. My little brother
Clinton and I have very nice times playing with
baby; she is only a year old, but she talks, and
walks all over the house. She has golden curls
and dark blue eyes, and we think that she is the
prettiest baby in the world. Mamma says that
most people think their own baby the nicest. I
have never been abroad, but I have travelled a
good deal at home. I am very fond of flowers,
painting, and music. I cannot play or paint very
well, but I love both arts. I want to thank
Robert J. M., of Matteawan, New York, for his

kindness, and tell him that mamma does not wish
me to exchange any more. With a kiss and much
love for the Postmistress, I remain her loving lit-
tle friend, BESSIE.

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

I want to tell you about my visit to Luray
Caves. Papa, mamma, and I went. When we
got off the cars we went to the inn; it is built in
Queen Anne style. Next morning we went to
the cave. It is nearly a mile away. We went in
a carriage. A house is built over the cave, and
we had to go down some steps. The first thing
we came to was the Flower Garden, which is made
of stones in the shape of flowers. Nothing in the
cave has been carved; it was all so when the
cave was discovered. The next is the Fish Mar-
ket; it looks like a real fish market. Then there
was a crouching camel and a lion; there was
the Hall of the Giants, with great stone pillars.
I can not tell you all the lovely and curious
things we saw there.

I am a little girl ten years old, and have never
been at school, but study at home with my young-
er brother. I study geography, spelling, writing,
reading, arithmetic, and I am going to commence
grammar in a few days. Brother and I take
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE together, and think it
is splendid. I like Jimmy Brown's stories and
Mrs. Lillie's best. I like geography best of all my
studies. The State-house is here, and I love to
go up on the dome; you can see all over the city
and a good way out in the country.

EDITH R. R.

A very good letter.

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

I wish all the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOP-
LE could visit this little city and enjoy its beau-
tiful river. The weather now is very warm, with
frequent showers, which do the groves and gar-
dens much good. May is, I think, our loveliest
month. The orange blossoms have all gone, and
the trees are full of small green oranges. We
have a grove in the country, and ride there often.
Not long ago we went blueberrying; the woods
were not as shady as those of New England, as
they contained pines and oak mostly, but in the
swamps are all kinds of trees. I have been on
the Ocklawaha River, which is very narrow and
winding most of the way, and its banks are cov-
ered with thick woods. Mr. B.'s grove, opposite
this place, contains a large Indian mound, in
which bones were found, supposed to be those
of a chief's child, also beads, paint, a bracelet,
and other articles. I read with interest the let-
ter in No. 241 about the building of the Kinder-
garten for the blind children, as I have often
visited the institution in South Boston, and hope
they will succeed. Your friend, ELLA.

CASS STATION, BARTOW COUNTY, GEORGIA.

Our school broke up last week, and will com-
mence again in two months and a half, but moth-
er says I can have vacation three months, be-
cause it is so hot. We have two little kittens;
one is white, and it is named Snow; the other is
spotted, and its name is Spot. I have a canary,
which my teacher gave me for good deportment.
I have a garden, in which I planted goobers and
pop-corn, and they are coming up very pretty. I
think all the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE are very
good. R. S.

Goobers I do not know, but I am familiar with
pop-corn.

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

The school that I go to here differs in some
ways from the one I went to in New York. Per-
haps you would like to hear about it. It begins
at eight and is dismissed at one o'clock. At ten
o'clock we have a recess of twenty minutes, dur-
ing which we walk two and two through the
school-rooms and eat our lunch. At the other
hours we have five minutes merely to change
classes. There are about ninety pupils and twen-
ty-three masters and lady teachers. The study
that I like very much is German history; there
are so many battles and brave people and deeds
in it. I have just got through with my examina-
tions, which are held publicly. After the promo-
tions are announced, the best girl in the class is
made head, and will be so till next Easter. I
had the best report in my class. With my
school studies and practicing on the piano, I am
occupied ten hours a day. I have been away
from America four years, more than three of
which I have spent in Germany. I can speak
German as well as English, and like it much bet-
ter. The other day I went to the market; it is
held on an open square called the Altmart. The
country people sell vegetables, flowers, fruit,
cheese, butter, bread, and eggs. I bought a pan-
sy-root with four open pansies and twenty buds
for only one cent. MARY M.

Minnie P., Kittie E. C., Frank C., Emma K.,
Katie S., Nellie L., Grace G. K., Jennie D., Minnie
May K., A. R. M., Sam J., Willie R. M., Alice P.,
Ollie S., John B. (the picture is very funny), Thim-
mie V. K., Eddie W. L., and An Older Sister will
please accept thanks for their favors.

Here are two stanzas by H. C. M., entitled

MARIE'S HAT.

There she stands, so neat and trim;
My! what a hat! what a great big brim!
There she is waiting—waiting for me;
I'll look at her hat, then we'll go in to tea.

I think she is pretty; I think she is sweet;
And you'd think so too if you chanced her to
meet.

Look at her eyes and look at her hair,
Look at her cheeks so dimpled and fair.

Very good, my little poetess.

F. H. H., Birdie F., and Benjamin D. McN.
pleased me very much by what they wrote.—The
dear child in South Carolina who sent me the
magnolia buds will please believe that I was
charmed with the attention.—Beatrice F. T. and
Louie L. T. have two white mice for pets, and
have taught the little creatures to act in a play,
which must have been a great trouble to both
the children and the mice.—Nattie Snow C.: Don't
let Puss discover that robin's nest.—F. H. L.: I
have my doubts about that pin story.—J. M. D.:
I am glad your illness is past.—Bessie W.: Write
again, dear.—Maude M. A.: I say the same to you.
—Frank L. K.: Which little reader will first in-
vite Susie H. C. where she may find the familiar
quotation, "Consistency, thou art a jewel"?—
Nellie and May: I hope you will enjoy your vaca-
tion.—Carrie T.: How very much I should have
enjoyed attending your party, but the invitation
did not even come to me in time for me to send
you a regret.—Anna E. C.: Thanks for your letter,
but it would not interest the little folk.—Thanks,
dear Nannie D., for your beautiful magnolias.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

An exercise in the alphabet consisting of six
letters; 6 letters make a celebrated river; 5,
a horse-collar; 4, something belonging to a ship; 3,
a kind of meat; 2, myself; 1, captain of a great
army; 5, something wrong; 5, a great power; 4,
the same; 4, a resting-place; 4, something to sew;
3, given to a cardinal; 3, down-trodden; 3, a rus-
tic's wife; 2, her husband; 3, a Chinese product.
MADAME CADMUS.

No. 2.

AN EASY ENIGMA.

The 2, 3 is a pronoun.
The 6 is in brown.
The 3, 5, 6 is a number.
The 5 is in blunder.
The 1, 2, 3, 5 is a toy and a bird.
The 7, 2, 4 is what nobody does uninvited in the
presence of Queen Victoria.
The whole are very frisky, and belong to the
old cat. HELEN.

No. 3.

TWO WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. Extended. 2. A moulding. 3. Not far off.
4. First principle.
2.—1. Level. 2. Solitary. 3. Before. 4. Fruit-
ful. CHARLIE DAVIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 242.

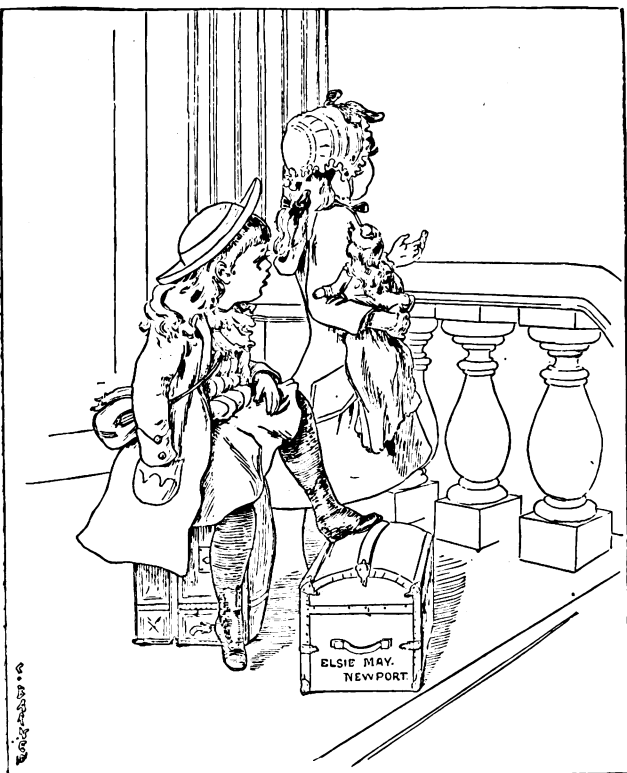
No. 1.—
C O W B
C A N O E C A N
C O N C O R D B A K E R
W O E R N E B
E R R R
D

No. 2.—
C H A R L A M P
H A L E A L O E
A L O E M O O N
R E E L P E N T
H A R E C O N E
A R I D O V I D
R I N D N I N E
E D D Y E D E N

No. 3.— Carpet.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received
from Jesse J. Smith, Navajo, George McNeill,
Frank G. Ward, Jamie Fisher, Robin Dyke,
George Myer, Frieda Friebehl, Lorena Adams, G.
H. Diehl, Jun., Charlie Davis, Parker Duke, Daisy
Stubbs, Willie Finzer, W. R. Amerman, Josie R.
Bolton, Mattie Simpson, Jean Archer, Dale Cart-
wright, Lulu Pearce, Tiny and Tony, Eleanor D.
G., Margie Allen, Emilie Husted, H. P. E., Mark
Winn.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"OFF FOR THE COUNTRY."

WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in Boston, in a house on Milk Street, nearly opposite the Old South Church, on the 17th of January, 1706, a little over one hundred and seventy-seven years ago. He was the youngest son. He had seventeen brothers and sisters. His father was a tallow-chandler.

His father intended him for the ministry, and planned to give him a college education.

He went to grammar school when he was eight years old. He staid there a year, then went to a school for writing and arithmetic. When he was ten years old he was taken home to assist his father. He disliked the work, and wanted to go to sea, but his father would not hear of it.

When he was twelve years old he was apprenticed to his half-brother, who was a printer. He was fond of writing poetry. His brother encouraged him, and had two of his ballads printed. He carried them around town and sold them. One was called "The Light-house Tragedy," and sold well.

About 1721 his brother started a paper, the fourth newspaper published in America at that time. He helped print the paper, and carried it around to the subscribers.

When he was fourteen he wrote some articles, and slipped them under the door of his brother's office. They were found, read, and were praised by the men who were in the habit of writing for the paper. No one knew who wrote them for some time. At last he told his brother. For some reason it displeased his brother, and then began the disagreements which led at last to his running off to New York, and from there to Philadelphia. When he reached the latter place he had neither friends nor money, except one shilling, part of which he spent for two loaves of bread.

He found work with a printer. Later, Sir William Keith offered to help him to start in business for himself. He went to London in 1724 to purchase material, but found he had been deceived, and returned home, after work-

ing there a year. After he returned to Philadelphia he was assisted by other friends to establish a business of his own.

In 1730 he married Deborah Reed, and soon after became proprietor of a paper called *The Gazette*.

His business was now in a prosperous condition. He was respected by all who knew him, and was placed in positions which called for a trusted man to fill them. Between 1736 and 1753 he was appointed to several offices. He devoted some of his time to inventing and to scientific research.

In 1757 he was sent to England on public business. He returned to America in 1775, and took part in the affairs of the Revolution. He was sent to France, and in the city of Paris, in 1782, signed his name to the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain.

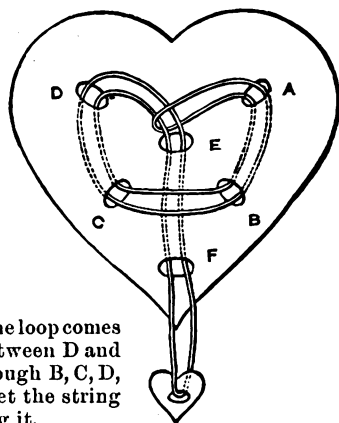
After his return he again filled offices of trust. In 1788 he retired to private life, and died two years later, on the 17th of April, 1790.

THE HEART AND STRING PUZZLE.

CUT a heart out of thin wood or very stont card-board, and bore six holes in it as shown in the diagram.

Double a piece of string so as to form a loop. Pass the ends downward through

A, upward through B, downward through C, upward through D, through the loop, downward through E, and upward through F. Tie the ends in a knot to a smaller heart or bead which is too large to go through the holes in the large heart. The dotted lines show where the string goes behind the board.



Pull the string from behind through A till the end of the loop comes in a straight line half-way between D and A. Finally pull the slack through B, C, D, E, and F. The puzzle is to get the string off without untying or cutting it.



LITTLE MAY. "See here, Harry, you must not poke at me in that way, because if you made a hole in me the *sawdust* would come out."

[Such an accident had happened to May's doll a few days before.]

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 246.

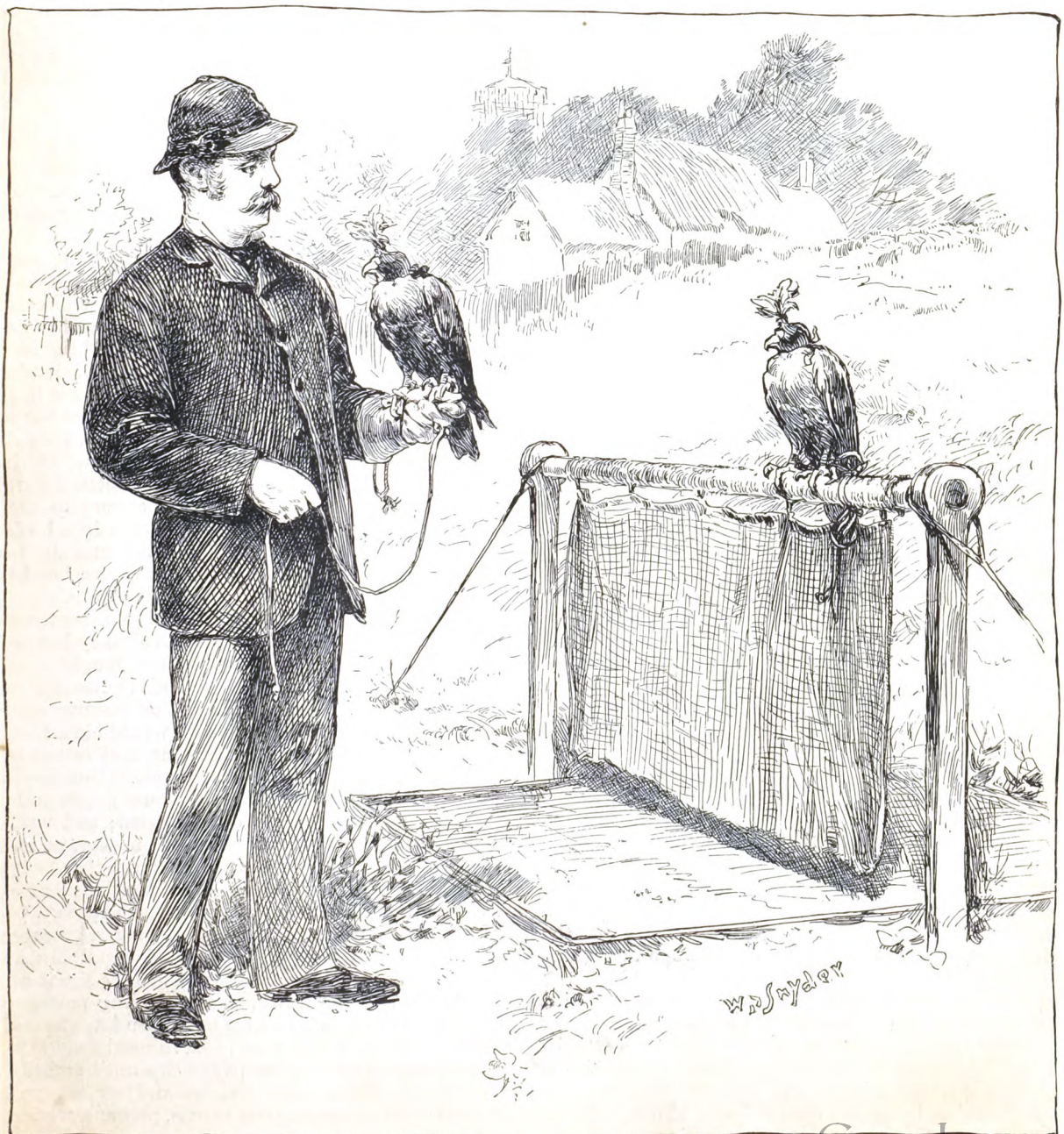
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



HAWKS AND FALCONS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

THE noble sport of hawking, or falconry, as it is often called, was formerly one in which, according to the earliest English treatise upon the subject, "gentill men and honest persons had greete delite." In this country it is almost unknown, and even in England and France, where up to a century ago it was in high favor, it is practiced by but a few enthusiasts.

To discover the origin of hawking one would have to go back beyond the beginning of history. An English explorer found among some ruins in Asia Minor a sculptured stone representing a falconer with a hawk perched upon his wrist, which must have been made about seventeen hundred years before the Christian era. In China, where almost everything seems to have been known thousands of years before we moderns discovered it, hawking was practiced as long ago as the year 2000 B.C. Some authorities say that our old friend Ulysses introduced the sport into Greece after the siege of Troy, and others hold that the Turks or the Arabs were the first in historical times to practice it.

Be that as it may, we know that Alfred the Great was fond of hawking, and indeed one of his biographers implies that skill in this sport was a divine gift, for he says of that monarch, "His skill in hunting and hawking, as well as in all the other gifts of God, was really incomparable." But to trace hawking through the long line of the English kings, or to relate one-tenth of the many interesting anecdotes connected with it, would be an almost endless story. Let us take its antiquity for granted, and see what it was and how it was done.

The words "falcon" and "hawk," though often used without distinction, really apply to two kinds of birds. Both are birds of prey, and both have characteristics very much alike. The falcons are the falcon proper, the merlin, and the hobby. The hawks are the goshawk and the sparrow-hawk. The principal distinction in form between the two—falcons and hawks—is that the former have long wings, which, when closed, reach to the end of the tail, while the hawks have short wings, beyond which the tail projects some distance. In their methods of taking their prey, too, there is a difference. The falcon descends upon the object of its pursuit from a great height and with great rapidity; but the hawk pursues its prey and clutches it as it flies, seldom dropping upon it, or "stooping," as it is called, from a height of more than a few feet.

Falcons and hawks are the only birds of prey that can be trained for hunting, and of these the merlin is the most readily tamed. Some falconers take the young birds from the nest, when they are called "eyesses"; others prefer grown birds, known as "passage hawks," from their being caught during their passage in their annual migration. The training in each case is much the same, for after the eyess has been allowed to fly "at back"—that is, at liberty—returning every day for food, as its habit is, it has already begun to learn its business by itself, and in tameness it will be far ahead of a passage hawk at the time when the actual training begins. Nevertheless, an old hawk will sooner provide sport for its trainer than one that has been handled from the nest, for during its period of freedom it has been obliged to develop its instinct for hunting, and it is this natural instinct that the falconer tries not to subdue, but to encourage and guide for his own purposes.

The first impulse of any one who has caught a bird alive is to put it into a cage; but in the case of a hawk this is never done. He is kept confined, but not by "prison bars." As soon as taken he is blindfolded with a "hood" made of soft leather, and fitting closely over the head, an opening being left for the beak. This is to render him quiet, for, being unable to see, he is not so likely

to fight for liberty. Then "jesses" (thin leather thongs) are fastened to his legs, jesses being used for the same purpose as the collar on a dog, while the "leash" (a strap about four feet long) corresponds to a dog's chain.

The hawk-house should be an airy though not a draughty room, and it should be quite dry. The accommodations for the bird are of two sorts—a block and a perch. The former is often made of turf, and is formed by placing two thick sods one upon the other, and passing a stick through them so that it projects a few inches on each side. To the projecting ends is fastened the "leash," thus securely confining the bird. The perch is generally about four feet long and three feet above the ground. It is strongly secured, for the weight of a hawk is considerable, and when it flutters off its perch it exercises no little force. A simple but ingenious arrangement is used to assist the hawk in regaining its position when it has fluttered off the perch. This is a curtain of coarse canvas hanging from the pole as from a curtain rod, up which the bird can climb to his place, and without which, having lost his hold, he would surely hang, head downward, until at last released by death.

But it must not be supposed that the noble falcon passes all his leisure time in-doors; on the contrary, it is necessary for his health that he should be out-of-doors as much as possible, and in a convenient place both block and perch are provided for his occupation in fine weather. When the bird has become tame enough to take his food regularly and freely, and has grown to know his master, the early stages of his training may be begun. His hood is then removed, in order that he may see the "quarry," though the jesses and leash will be required until he is sufficiently well trained to be allowed to fly at large.

When a hawk has learned to jump from the perch to the hand for a piece of meat, and from the perch down to the ground and back again, a trial with a live lure is generally given. A small bird, often a pigeon, is fastened down by a string to a peg in the ground, and the hawk is allowed to "stoop" to it from the length of the leash. If it kills the live bird it should be allowed to eat it, for it must be remembered that the hawk kills other birds, not out of wantonness, but for food. If it is not hungry, it will not seek to kill the "quarry." Hence a hawk is always taken out hungry both for training and actual hunting. It may be said that although it is necessary to use and kill live birds in the training of hawks, live birds are indeed the natural food of birds of prey, and the hawk, unlike the cat, does not play with its victim, but kills it instantly; hence the small bird suffers no pain.

The training of a "passage hawk" is shorter than that of an "eyess," because the former has already learned his business; indeed, when a bird has been taught to allow himself to be taken up after a flight, he is quite ready to be flown at large. One would think that having been set free from hood and leash, the hawk would bid a long last farewell to his late master and home, and return to the freedom of his native rocks and woods. But this is not the case. If his training has been at once gentle and thorough, he will have become domesticated; and while he may not show much attachment to his master, he will allow himself to be recaptured, for he knows that he is sure of a good home and good living—considerations that weigh heavily with other bipeds and many quadrupeds.

Hawks are flown in England at partridges, grouse, wild pigeons, rooks (a kind of crow), and small birds. Of these the rook gives the best sport, since his size is almost equal to that of the hawk, and his flying powers very great. Some wonderful flights have been known, and frequently a strong, well-grown rook, in good condition, has mounted higher and higher in the sky until both he and the pursuing falcon are lost to view—and lost forever, leaving their lives up among the clouds, perhaps, while their bodies fall to earth no one knows where.

WHAT BABY HAS.

BY V. J. K.

TEN little fingers and ten little toes;
 Two eyes and two ears and one little nose;
 Two little lips as red as a cherry;
 A laugh irresistible, hearty, and merry;
 Pretty bright roses on each little cheek;
 A glib little tongue trying so hard to speak;
 A warm little heart, and a sweet loving way;
 A kiss and a hug, any time in the day,
 For papa, or mamma, or sister, or me—
 Oh, such a bright darling I never did see.

THE HOTTENTOT'S MESSAGE.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

"I TELL you, Matu, that I saw it with my own eyes."
 "And I tell you, Klaas, that I won't believe it until I see it with mine. Your eyes see too much sometimes, you know. Don't you remember telling us how your boat had been upset by a sea-cow [hippopotamus], when it was only a log that struck it? or how you came scampering home saying that you'd been chased by a lion, and after all it was nothing but Mynheer Jansen's big yellow dog!"

A loud laugh arose from the other Hottentots, and poor Klaas (who certainly *was* given to telling wonderful stories) looked very foolish indeed.

The building in front of which the little black-faced, long-armed fellows were having their talk was a very good sample of the ordinary South African farm-house. It was a long, low, white-fronted building of one story, with a thatched roof that stuck out so far in front and came so low down over the windows that it quite reminded one of the huge white broad-brimmed hats worn by the Dutch and English farmers of those parts.

Just in front of the door grew one enormous tree, the spreading boughs of which had sheltered many a merry party. The stables and out-houses came straight out from the two ends of the building, so as to form three sides of a square. A wide, shady veranda ran along its front, while behind it lay a small garden patch, with a hedge of prickly-pear so thick and strong and armed with such terrible thorns that the boldest thief would hardly have tried to creep through it.

"Don't be too hard upon Klaas, lads," said another Hottentot, coming up at that moment. "You know that the white men are all workers of wonders, and that whoever goes among them sees many strange things. Come, brother Klaas, let us hear all about it."

And Klaas, a little encouraged by seeing that there was *one* man in the company who seemed inclined to believe him, began as follows:

"When I was with the Dutch Christimenshe [Christian] at Springboks Kloof [Antelope Gully], seven years ago, they were building a new stable, and wanted some long iron nails to finish it. So the Baas [master] told me to go and borrow some nails from the Englishman on the other side of the *spruit* [water-course]. I was just wondering how that was to be done—for I didn't know English, and I was pretty sure the English Christimenshe didn't know Hottentot—when the Baas made some scratches on a chip of wood with a burned stick, and told me to give that to the Englishman, and he would know what was wanted."

The listeners all looked at each other, as if hardly knowing whether to believe him or not.

"I thought he was laughing at me," continued Klaas, "and at first I didn't want to go; but the Baas was beginning to look angry, and there was a big *shambok* [whip of rhinoceros-skin] hanging behind the door, so

I thought I'd better start. And when I gave the chip to the Englishman—believe it or not as you like—he went and brought out the nails directly."

There was a pause when Klaas ended, and no one seemed to know what to say to his story.

"Well," observed at length the man who had just come up, "I have heard that the white men can do such things. Perhaps the Baas drew a picture of the nails on the wood."

"Well, I won't believe that till I see it," said Matu, a young Hottentot who had but lately left his own tribe, and was new to the ways of the white men.

"Matu," cried a voice from the veranda at that moment, "take this letter and these six cakes over to Mynheer Van Zeel."

"Aha!" cried Klaas, exultingly, as Matu came back with the letter in his hand and the cakes in a bag on his shoulder, "these are just the same kind of scratches that the Dutch Christimenshe made on that chip of wood. Now you'll see, brother Matu, whether I've been telling lies."

The words haunted Matu all the way across the bare stony plain that lay between him and Mynheer Van Zeel's farm-house. But something else haunted him still more, and that was the thought of the cakes which he was carrying. Like all Hottentots, he was fond of sweet things, and the temptation to eat one of them grew stronger every moment.

But how about the letter? According to Klaas, the scratches on the chip had told the story which they were meant to tell. If these scratches on the paper had the same power, it might be awkward for him.

All at once a bright idea struck him. He stopped short, thrust the letter under a huge stone, and having satisfied himself that it was quite out of sight (or rather that it had no chance of seeing what he was about) he pulled out and ate one of the cakes, took up the letter again, and then went merrily on his way, feeling quite sure that all was safe now.

The very first person he met on reaching the farm was Mynheer Van Zeel himself, who, with his broad-leaved hat pulled down over his hard brick-red face, his big silver-mounted pipe in his mouth, and a long knife stuck in the waistband of his close-fitting buckskin trousers, looked every inch a regular Boer farmer. He glanced through the letter, emptied the cakes out of the bag, and then turned suddenly upon Matu, and roared,

"You skellum [rogue], how dare you eat one of my cakes?"

"How do you know I ate it?" stammered the Hottentot, whose black face was almost gray with terror.

"This letter told me so," answered the Dutchman.

"What? even when I hid it under the stone before I began to eat?" shrieked Matu, with his eyes starting out of his head. "Can it see right through a stone, then?"

"So it would seem," replied Van Zeel, gravely, although he was almost bursting with suppressed laughter.

"Klaas was right," said the Hottentot, in tones of settled despair. "The white men can indeed do wonders."

He crouched down as he spoke, expecting to feel the Dutchman's whip whistling about his ears. But Mynheer Van Zeel, angry as he was, was a good man at heart, and began to pity the poor fellow on seeing him in such trouble.

"You really deserve a good flogging," said he, "but I will let you off this time, for I think you've had a good lesson."

Indeed, Matu had been so frightened that he was never known to steal again; and he always spoke with great reverence of letters or papers, calling them "the scratches that know everything."

THE ACCOMMODATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

A Tale of the Olden Time.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



I. T was on a bright afternoon, many, many years ago, that a young Baron stood on the stone steps that led down from the door of his ancestral home. That great castle was closed and untenanted, and the Baron was taking leave of it forever. His father, who was now dead, had been very unfortunate, and had been obliged to sell his castle and his lands. But he had made it a condition that the nobleman who bought the estate should allow the young Baron to occupy it until he was twenty-one years of age.

This period had now arrived, and although the purchaser, who did not need the castle, had told the Baron that he might remain there as long as he chose, the young man was too high-spirited to depend upon the charity of any one, and he determined to go forth and seek a fortune for himself. His purpose was to go to the town of the Prince of Zisk, a journey of a few days, and to offer to join an army which the Prince intended to lead against a formidable band of robbers which had set up a stronghold in his dominions. If he should distinguish himself in this army, the young Baron hoped that he might rise to an honorable position. At any rate, he would earn a livelihood for himself, and be dependent upon no one.

But it was a very sad thing for him to leave this home where he was born, and where he had spent most of his life. His parents were dead, he had no relatives, and now he was to leave the house which had been so dear to him. He stood with one foot upon the ground, and the other upon the bottom step, and looked up to the great hall door which he had shut and locked behind him, as if he were unwilling to make the movement which would finally separate him from the old place.

As he stood thus he heard some one approaching, and, turning, he saw an old woman and a young girl coming toward the castle. Each carried a small bundle, and, besides these, the young girl had a little leathern bag, which was fastened securely to her belt.

"Good sir," said the old woman, "can you tell me if we can rest for the night in this castle? My granddaughter and I have walked since early morning, and I am very tired. It is a long time since we have passed a house, and I fear we might not come to another one to-day."

The Baron hesitated for a moment. It was true that there was no other house for several miles, and the old woman looked as if she was not able to walk any farther. The castle was shut up and deserted, for he had discharged his few servants that morning, and he was just about to leave it himself; but, for all that, he could not find it in his heart to say that there was no refuge there for these two weary travellers. His family had always been generous and hospitable, and although there was very little that he could offer now, he felt that he must do what he could, and not send away an old woman and a young girl to perish on the road in the cold winter night which was approaching.

"The castle is a bare and empty place," he said, "but you can rest here for the night." And so saying he went up the steps, opened the door, and invited the travellers to enter.

Of course, if they staid there that night, he must do so also, for he could not leave the castle in the care of strangers, although these appeared to be very inoffensive people. And thus he very unexpectedly re-entered the home he thought he had left forever.

There was some wood by the fire-place in the great hall, and the Baron made a fire. He had left no provisions in the house, having given everything of the kind to the servants, but he had packed into his wallet a goodly store of bread, meat, and cheese, and with these he spread a meal for the wayfarers. When they had been strengthened by the food and warmed by the fire, the old woman told her story.

"You must not think, kind sir," she said, "that we are poor outcasts and wanderers. I have a very pleasant little home of my own, where my granddaughter and myself have lived very happily ever since she was a little baby, and now, as you see, she is quite grown up. But Litza—that is her name—has a godmother who is a very peculiar person, whom we are all obliged to obey, and she came to us yesterday and gave Litza a little iron box, which is in that leathern bag she carries, and charged her to start with me the next morning and take it to its destination."

In order to account for the condition of his house, the Baron then told his story. Litza and her grandmother were grieved to hear the account of the young nobleman's ill fortune, and the old woman said if they prevented his journey they might yet try to go on.

"Oh no," said the Baron. "I was starting too late anyway, for it had taken me so long to bid good-by to my old home. It will be just as well for me to go to-morrow. So you and your granddaughter shall have a room here to-night, and all will be well."

II.

The next morning, after a breakfast which quite finished



An old woman & a young girl coming towards the Castle.



Instantly there appeared before
her a strange being

the Baron's provisions, the three set out together, as their roads lay in the same direction. About noon the old woman became very tired and hungry. There was no house in sight, and the road seemed quite deserted.

"If I had known it would be so far," she said to herself, "we would not have come. I am too old to walk for two days. If I could only remember about the words, I would surely try them now. But I can not remember—I can not remember."

When this old woman was a little girl, she had lived with Litza's godmother, who was the daughter of a magician, and was now over a hundred years old. From this person she had learned five magical words, which when repeated would each bring up a different kind of goblin or spirit. In her youth Litza's grandmother had never used these words, for she was a timid girl; and now for years, although she remembered the words, she had entirely forgotten what sort of creature each one would call forth. Some of these beings were good, and some she knew were very bad, and so, for fear of repeating the wrong word, she had never used any one of them. But now she felt that if ever she needed the help of goblin or fairy, she needed it this day.

"I can walk no farther," she said, "and that young man can not carry me. If I do not use my words, I must perish here. I will try one of them, come what may." And so, with fear and trembling, she repeated aloud the third word.

Instantly there appeared before her a strange being. He was of a pale pea-green color, with great black eyes, and long arms and legs which seemed continually in motion. He jumped into the air, he snapped his fingers over his head, and suddenly taking from his pockets two empty bottles and an earthen jar, he began tossing them in the air, catching them dextrously as they fell.

"Who on earth are you?" said the old woman, much astonished.

"I am the green goblin of the third word," replied the other, still tossing up his jar and bottles; "but I am generally known as the Accommodating Circumstance."

"I don't know exactly what that may be," said the old woman, "but I wish that instead of a juggler with emp-

ty bottles and jars, you were a pastry-cook with a basket full of something to eat."

Instantly the goblin changed into a pastry-cook carrying a large basket filled with hot meat pies and buns. The old woman jumped to her feet with delight, and beckoned to the others, who had just turned round to see where she was.

"Come here," she cried. "Here is a pastry-cook who has arrived just in the nick of time."

The party now made a good meal, for which the old woman would not allow the Baron to pay anything, as it was a repast to which she had invited him. And then they moved on again, the pastry-cook following. But although the grandmother was refreshed by the food, she was still very tired. She fell back a little, and walked by the side of the pastry-cook.

"I wish," she said, "that you were a man with a chair on your back. Then you might carry me."

Instantly the pastry-cook changed into a stout man in a blue blouse, with a wooden arm-chair strapped to his back. He stooped down, and the old woman got into the chair. He then walked on, and soon overtook the Baron and Litza.

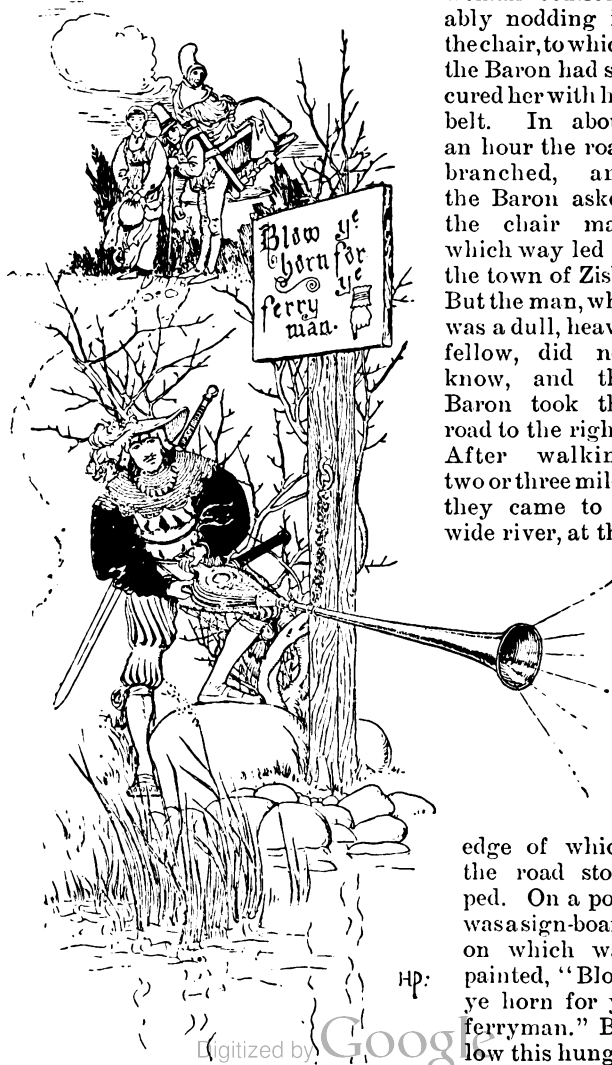
"Ah!" cried the old woman, "see what good fortune has befallen me! The pastry-cook has gone, and this man with his chair has just arrived. Now I can travel with ease and comfort."

"What wonderful good fortune!" cried Litza.

"Wonderful good fortune, indeed!" exclaimed the Baron, equally pleased.

The four now pursued their way, the old

woman comfortably nodding in the chair, to which the Baron had secured her with his belt. In about an hour the road branched, and the Baron asked the chair man which way led to the town of Zisk. But the man, who was a dull, heavy fellow, did not know, and the Baron took the road to the right. After walking two or three miles they came to a wide river, at the



edge of which the road stopped. On a post was a sign-board on which was painted, "Blow ye horn for ye ferryman." Below this hung a

large horn, with a small pair of bellows attached to the mouth-piece.

"That is a good idea," said the Baron. "One ought to be able to blow a horn very well with a pair of bellows. And so saying, he seized the handle of the bellows and blew a blast upon the horn that made Litza and her grandmother clap their hands to their ears. "I think that will bring the ferryman," said the Baron, as he helped the old woman to get out of her chair.

In a few minutes they heard the sound of oars, and a boat made its appearance from behind a point of land to the right. To their surprise it was rowed by a boy about fourteen years old. When the boat touched the shore they all got in.

"I am afraid you can not row so heavy a load," said the Baron to the boy; "but perhaps this good man will help you."

The boy, who was well dressed, and of a grave demeanor, looked sternly at the Baron. "Order must be kept in the boat," he said. "Sit down, all of you, and I will attend to the rowing." And he began to pull slowly but steadily from the shore. But instead of rowing directly across the river, he rounded the high point to the right, and then headed toward an island in the stream.

"Where are you taking us?" asked the Baron.

"This is the place to land," replied the boy, gruffly. And in a few strokes he ran the boat ashore at the island.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

DURING this month, girls, and the one that is just past, hundreds and thousands of you in all parts of our country have attended the Commencements of your various schools, and received the longed-for diploma, the result of your patient labor over your books for the last four or five years.

While you are rejoicing over the possession of this cherished bit of parchment, I want to call your attention to a document I found the other day in an old trunk. It was among a roll of papers quite faded and yellow with age—the school certificates of a young girl, who, if she is living still, is now an old lady with gray hair and grandchildren.

I was curious to read what this little grandmother's teachers had said about her when she was a school-girl. I read several of the notes, and I observed that they all said one thing specially:

"We commend Miss Emily for her cheerful disposition, and her pleasant habit of looking on the bright side."

This would seem a curious sentence, would it not, to be found nowadays in a diploma presented to young ladies about to leave a "Female College"?

Well advanced as we think ourselves in this age of the world, I am not sure but that we have something to learn from the school certificates of our grandmothers.

When you come down to breakfast, girls, on the morrow after having graduated, remember if you can to add to your attainments in Latin and mathematics the quality for which Miss Emily was so much commended. You may hold a diploma, but your place is still at home, and it is not the knowledge of Latin or logic that will affect the atmosphere there.

"My daughter is a perfect sunbeam." When you hear a father say that, you may know that he has a precious treasure in the house.

One of these days, when we get the perfect school of the future, we shall have, alongside the statements as to book-learning made in the diploma, the assurance that our girl graduates have fulfilled the requirements of the school course in regard to being "of a cheerful disposition."

PUTTING BACK.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

STANDING at the bark *Cuba's* wheel, on the first evening out of Havana, I became interested in a conversation between the captain and mate.

Mr. Raynor had been speaking of having seen the Spaniard with whom we traded beat a poor negro with a hoop-pole.

"A year or two ago," he added, "when I came out of Havana mate of the *Columbia*, we found a black fellow stowed away between-decks after we got to sea."

"What did you do with him?" asked Captain Baker.

"Oh, we just carried him along to New York, and let him shift for himself. He seemed to be a good, capable fellow."

"There's where your skipper did wrong," said the captain. "I should have put back. If a man expects to trade at a port, he must do the fair thing in such matters."

"But," said the mate, "we had been out twenty-four hours, with a fair breeze. You wouldn't have put back in that case, would you?"

"Yes, I would," replied the captain, warmly; "I would have put right about. If I were to find a runaway slave aboard of me, I'd put back if I had Barnegat Light bearing sou'west!"

It seems queer that the approach of an important incident, though with no apparent foreshadowing, should set people talking of things in that connection.

The very next morning, as one of our tars was coiling a rope near the main hatchway, which had been left open to give our oranges air, he heard a scrambling sound at his elbow. Turning, he saw the head and shoulders of a very large negro working out from under the deck, the black hands clawing at an orange crate to help the body along.

"Hello!" said Jack, "what's coming now?" And everybody on deck, except the man at the wheel, came to look at the poor stow-away, who straightened his cramped limbs and stood up with a submissive, pleading face, as if afraid that his troubles were not yet over.

Mr. Raynor hailed him in Spanish, and the two went on with questions and answers that the rest of us could not understand. The mate was irritated, and turning to the crew, said crossly:

"Now, men, I'm afraid we're in for it. I wish he'd known better than to bundle himself aboard of this bark! He belongs to Alvarado, that we had our cargo of. I've seen him about the mole. He's the same fellow I saw Alvarado fly at with a hoop-pole. I've got to let Captain Baker know what's up—there's no getting clear of that—but more likely than not he'll put back. Here he comes now."

The appearance of the captain from the cabin placed us all in expectation.

"What does this mean, Mr. Raynor? What have you got here?" he asked.

"This fellow just crawled out of the main hatchway," replied the mate. "Jack, here, thought the old Nick was coming."

Captain Baker looked fiercely at the poor black, with that searching, imperious glance which it is so hard to bear.

"Why," he said, turning to the mate, "he's one of Alvarado's negroes. I know him well enough. He's got me into a fine scrape, indeed!"

"Well," replied Mr. Raynor, "I know it's rather provoking; but 'tisn't our fault. Here we are on the high seas; and I, for one, wouldn't care if he belonged to the Captain-General. I'm sure I shouldn't think myself bound to—"

"See all hands called, Mr. Raynor!"

"I'm sure I shouldn't think myself bound to carry him back. He's—" Digitized by Google

"See all hands called, Mr. Raynor!"

"He's out of Spanish jurisdiction now, anyhow; and—"

"See all hands called, Mr. Raynor! Do you hear me, sir?"

"Captain Baker, I—"

The captain's pump sole struck the deck with a force which must have given him a pain in the foot.

"Mr. Raynor, are you first officer of this bark? and do you understand the English language? See all hands called, I say."

"Go forward, you, Jack, and call all hands," said the mate, with a sort of jerk.

"A-l-l hands, a-h-o-y!" roared Jack, at the deck-house door.

"Ready about!" was the command of Captain Baker, the moment the last man of the other watch appeared on deck.

"Can't be possible, sir," the mate interposed, "you—"

"H-a-r-d a-lee!"

Down went the wheel, and the bark began to luff up.

"Wind dead ahead, sir! We shall lose a week's time," said Mr. Raynor. "My advice—"

"Tacks and sheets!"

The fore and main tacks and sheets were let fly, and everything thrown slatting to the wind.

"It's entirely needless, sir. Why not take the man along to—"

"Maintopsail haul!"

With a heavy creak the mainyard swung around in its slings.

"Here we were, sir, with a good fair breeze, and might have been through the Florida Passage in—"

"Fore bo'lin' let go and haul!"

The head-yards were braced smartly around in obedience to the order.

"They'd never know how the fellow got away, sir. We ain't obliged to report him. And it seems to me—"

"All well your head braces! Belay everything! Steady your helm there!"

"Captain Baker, I'm only mate of this bark, but—"

"Keep her full-and-by! d'y'e hear? See the rigging laid up, Mr. Brockway!"

And Mr. Brockway, the second mate, grinning half in amusement and half in vexation at the scene between his two superiors, bestirred himself to clear the decks of the tangled coils of braces, bowlines, tacks, and sheets.

There was no help for it. The bark *Cuba* was beating up toward the island for which she was named; and Mr. Raynor was mad enough to have kicked a ring-bolt with bare toes. As to the captain, he was sullen and unapproachable.

The poor slave himself seemed to comprehend the turn of affairs, and his features expressed a wretchedness painful to look upon. I thought of Alvarado and his hoop-poles, and wondered how many of them he would spoil upon the back of this stout negro upon getting the victim once more into his hands.

The weather came on blowy, the wind being directly ahead, and our fellows predicted that we should be ten days in working back to Havana, from which we had come in twenty-four hours. We put in reefs and shook out reefs, we set studding-sails and took in studding-sails, and beat and box-hauled about until all hands were disgusted with the captain's obstinacy.

At length, however, after a whole week of this tedious battling with wind and tide, the Morro Castle was sighted from the top-gallant mast-head, and it being then early morning, there was a probability of our getting in before night.

We took first a long tack, and then a short one, and in the afternoon the great fortress loomed up only ten miles off.

But just then there rose over the land a heavy cloud, and a circle of blackness soon shut us in. The thunder, apparently no higher than the main-truck, was awful. Yet there was very little wind.

Manuel, as the slave was called, lay stretched on the foot of the bowsprit, where it reached inboard under the top-gallant fore-castle; the foremast hands were gathered in the waist, while the captain and his two mates stood just in front of the cabin, which was a house on deck.

The sharpness of the lightning surprised even the old salts, and at length a tremendous bolt appeared to burst like a shell upon the after part of the vessel.

It prostrated the whole crew, split the mizzenmast into three pieces, and completely wrecked the cabin.

For a few moments we lay in a stunned condition; then one after another of us began to revive. Yet it was only to realize our helplessness, for our limbs seemed partially or wholly "asleep."

Every one has experienced this sensation when his arm has been resting over a chair-top, or his lower limbs across the back of a settee.

Presently there was an outcry, denoting that there remained some one whose voice at least was not paralyzed. It came from the captain; and as two or three of us struggled to our feet we saw that he was wedged between the wreck of the mizzen-topmast and a broken portion of the cabin.

We got up, but fell down again. In our present condition it would be impossible to relieve him, though he seemed to be suffering greatly. All we could do was to pull ourselves along on the deck.

"It's squeezing me to death!" he said; "I can't live long in this way!" And, reaching him, we tried feebly to remove a large splinter that pressed his neck, while the main body of the topmast seemed to be crushing his knees. Our benumbed hands could not start the firmly wedged wood; and indeed every roll of the vessel made us totter like infants.

But all at once there was a splatter of bare feet close to us, and the six-foot figure of Manuel bent to the broken spar. He seemed, physically at least, to have been wholly unaffected by the lightning.

Yet even his strength could not in this way relieve the prisoner, and he ran for a capstan bar. In his great black arms this seemed the lever of Archimedes. The heavy topmast started, its foot slipping along the deck, and the captain moved his legs. Then the splinter at the neck was torn away, and the skipper of the bark *Cuba* was free.

The thunder-storm had been of only a few minutes' duration, and now there set in a dead calm.

During the succeeding night Mr. Raynor, Mr. Brockway, and all the foremast hands so far recovered that in the morning we were enabled to clear the wreck, the *Cuba* having been transformed from a bark to a brig. By this time the wind had sprung up, blowing a fresh breeze.

"Mr. Raynor," said the captain, who was still suffering greatly in his neck and knees, "fill the vessel away, get all sail on the two masts we have left, and make just as straight a wake as you can for Sandy Hook."

With what eagerness the order was obeyed!

"There's the Morro in plain sight," I heard the mate say to Mr. Brockway; "but I guess the old man has had a kind of phycis that has taken all such stuff out of him."

We had a short run to New York, during which Captain Baker was most carefully nursed by black Manuel, until a real affection appeared to grow up between the stern ship-master who recovered his health, and the simple slave who recovered his freedom.

Nor did either the captain himself or the owner of the vessel neglect the generous-hearted fugitive after our arrival. They are still among Manuel's best advisers and patrons.



THE LAUNCH OF THE SCHOONER "FLEETWING."

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LUDOVICO ANTONIO MURATORI.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

PROBABLY very few of my young readers have ever heard even the name of the subject of this little story. Yet for all students of ancient history, and more especially of Roman and Italian history, there are few names that deserve better to be known.

Ludovico Antonio Muratori was born on the 21st October, 1672, at Vignola, a small town near Modena. His parents, who were peasants, were not different from the rest of their class at that time. It never occurred to them that little Ludovic, although a bright, clever boy, ought to go to school. When he was about eight years old his father, a thrifty man, told him he must now be put to a trade, so as to be able to earn his own living. But the boy's ambition was not to be thwarted in this way.

On the ground-floor of a certain house in Vignola a grammar school was held. As the school-room window generally stood open, it occurred to our hero to place himself beneath it, close to the wall, so that he could hear all that the master said. One of the boys, looking by chance out of the window one day, saw him standing there as still and motionless as a log of wood. He whispered to the others who looked out also.

Perceiving an unusual movement among the boys, the master himself followed them, and saw the object of all his curiosity. Angry at what he considered the trick of an idle boy to distract his pupils from their work, he went outside and seized the child by the arm in order to chase him from the wall. Ludovic was frightened at first; but he soon took courage, and begging the master to listen to him, told him, humbly and frankly, that his object was to hear and not to be seen.

"What was it you wished to hear?" asked the master.

"Your instructions, sir," said the poor boy, humbly.

Then he told the master in a few words how his father was not rich enough to send him to school, that he must soon be put to a trade, and that he had meanwhile adopted this plan in order to learn a little grammar.

The master was pacified, and made him enter the school-room. In order to assure himself that the boy was speaking the truth, he asked him to repeat what he had been teaching that day. Ludovic, who had a wonderful memory, repeated the entire lesson without a single mistake.

The master, after having heard all this, was so touched by his patience and perseverance that he went to his parents and proposed to them, if they would only send the boy to him, to educate him for nothing. With such talents and industry as he already showed, he was very sure that he should be a great man some day.

The parents agreed. It is easy to imagine Ludovic's delight at this change of affairs.

The boy's talents were so extraordinary that it was not long before the master perceived that he could not teach him more. So he mentioned Ludovic's strong desire for learning to some rich and cultivated natives of Vignola, and persuaded them to subscribe money enough to maintain him at the high school of the city of Modena.

It would take too much time to tell all that followed. His published works might form an entire library. He thought and wrote with such rapidity that his *Annals of Italy* (still the best history of Italy extant), composed when he was sixty-seven years old, and contained in thirty large volumes, were commenced and finished in a single year—scarcely time enough to transcribe it.

None of you little folk will have the need, and few, perhaps, would have the courage, to imitate the little Muratori in conquering adverse fortune as he did. But who would not wish at least to resemble him in making a good use of his natural gifts, and in constant and willing study to improve them?



OUR CHIEF BATSMAN.

CAMPING OUT.

THE CAMP FIRE AND ITS USES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"WELL, boys," said Captain Archer, cheerily, as his three nephews gathered around him the next evening, "here we are again, and ready for another talk. Let us see. What is the subject for this evening?"

"Camp fires," shouted Bob.

"Right; and a very important subject it is, too. Next to a dry, well-constructed shanty, a well-built, well-attended fire is the most comfortable feature of a camp. Camp fires made by amateurs are almost always tremendous affairs, too large and too hot to sit near or to cook by, and involving a great waste of fuel and the labor necessary to collect it. An Indian as he crouches over his little fire of a few sticks laughs at the white man's great blaze which he can not approach for fear of being roasted.

"Now when you have built your shanty, and want to make it comfortable for the night by fire-light and warmth, remember that you are not trying to warm and light all out-doors, and construct your fire accordingly.

"About ten feet in front of the shanty drive two stout stakes firmly into the ground four feet apart, and leaning slightly backward. Against these pile three or four green logs six feet long, placing the largest at the bottom and the smallest on top. This forms the back of your fire-place. Cut a couple of short logs, and place them at right angles to the back for andirons, and on these build a fire of light stuff and small logs exactly as you would in the fire-place at home. With such an arrangement both light and heat will be reflected into the shanty.

"For night wood, with which to replenish your fire when it burns low and the shanty grows cold, cut and drag to camp a good supply of birch or ash saplings, and a quantity of dry hemlock bark.

"Perhaps this rough drawing will give you an idea



THE CAMP FIRE.

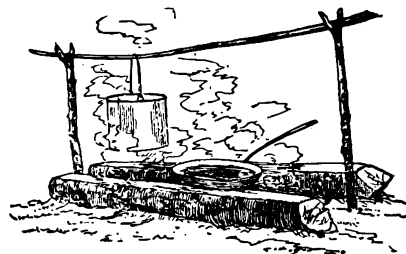
of how to build your fire-place, and show you its position relative to the shanty. Great care must be taken to prevent your fire from spreading, and not only destroying your camp, but quantities of valuable timber besides."

"But how are we to cook over such a fire as that, Uncle Henry?" asked Ben.

"If I were you, I wouldn't try, for it is not your cooking fire. It is only intended to light and warm the interior of the shanty, and should not be lighted until after sunset. Your cooking-stove will be an entirely different affair, and should be built as soon as you have erected the frame of your shanty and stretched the muslin roof. To construct it, cut two green logs of a good size and six feet long; drag them to the place you have selected for your kitchen, lay them side by side about a foot apart at one end and six inches apart at the other; imbed them firmly in the earth, and hew their upper surfaces until you have reduced them to a level that will afford a firm resting-place for your various pans and pots. At each end

drive a stout forked stake, and in the forks lay a slender pole on which to hang your kettles. When the stove is finished it will look like this." Here Uncle Harry drew "The Kitchen Stove."

"In this stove you must burn chips, knots, bits of bark, and split stove wood, always remembering that what you



THE KITCHEN STOVE.

need is a hot fire, but not a large one. A bed of glowing coals is the best kind of a fire for cooking purposes.

"On the plains, and in many other places where logs are scarce, I have found a light iron stove a very nice thing to have. No, Bob, I don't mean

a range nor a kitchen stove, nor one of those sheet-iron abominations known as 'portable camp stoves.' I mean a simple arrangement of six light iron rods such as any blacksmith can make for you in a few minutes. To make it take two four-foot rods of light iron—one-quarter or three-eighths inch will do; bend down one foot of each end so that you have in each piece a top two feet long, and two legs, each a foot long. These are the side pieces of your stove. Set them a little less than two feet apart, and drive the legs a few inches into the ground. Across the top lay four light iron rods two feet long and your stove is complete and ready for use. When finished it looks like this. By scooping the earth from out the inside of this stove and banking it along the sides you save both fuel and heat.



AN IRON STOVE.

"For both your camp fires, but especially your stove, always keep an abundant supply of dry wood on hand, and stow away in the shanty, where it will be safe from a wetting by the hardest rain, enough to cook at least one meal by.

"That is all for to-night, boys. Early to-morrow morning I want you to come with me out into the back yard, and let me see whether you know how to handle an axe or not; for if you do not, it is one of the very first things you must learn. Our talk to-morrow evening will be on the subject of 'Camp Cookery.'"

"LEFT BEHIND;"

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

SURELY if noise was any proof that the audience was satisfied with the performance given by Mopsey's company, then all should have been highly delighted, for such confusion was probably never heard in that house before as when the curtain fell on the first act of this new edition of Shakespeare's plays.

Mopsey was so delighted at the success that his gigantic brain conceived a startling idea for the entrance of the ghost, which was neither more nor less than for Ben to crouch under the stage, in the very hole where Johnny

had come to grief, and at the proper time to rise up in a ghostly fashion, which must surely be very effective.

Ben was disposed to object to thus hiding under the flooring, more especially since he would be enveloped in the sheet, and would doubtless be uncomfortably warm; but all his objections were overruled by the author and company, and he gave a very unwilling assent to the proposition.

In order that the audience might not be kept waiting until their patience was exhausted, or their good-humor began to evaporate, the curtain was raised as soon as the ghost could be tucked away in his hiding-place, and Paul made his first appearance on any stage.

Mopsey had explained to him the part which he was to assume, and in a well-thumbed copy of Shakespeare's works belonging to Mrs. Green he had found the lines which Hamlet is supposed to speak after he sees the ghost.

These he had committed to memory, although he had little idea of the meaning of them, and when he came upon the stage he addressed the audience as if in them he saw the ghost of his murdered father.

Now Ben had seen the play of *Hamlet* several times, and he knew enough about it to know that the speech Paul was delivering should be addressed to him.

In his anxiety to have the scene played properly, he marred the effect of his own entrance somewhat by popping his head out of the hole and whispering, hoarsely, "Turn around this way, Polly; turn round to me."

Paul heard the advice, and he turned his back to the audience; and Ben, seeing that his suggestion had been carried out, ducked his head again, very much to Hamlet's perplexity.

Mopsey had stated particularly that as soon as he saw the ghost he must run away in alarm, and yet Ben would persist in keeping out of sight, even though he had attracted his attention.

Paul repeated all of the speech he had committed to memory, and then waited for the ghostly visitant. Ben, who had not known that there was so much speaking in Hamlet's part, was rather confused, and did not know whether it was time for him to come out and strike terror to the heart of his supposed son or not.

He popped out his head two or three times; but Paul was not standing in such a position as he fancied would be best suited for the reception of a ghost, and he went back again out of sight, delighting the audience with his agility, and confusing Hamlet.

Paul knew that it was not the proper thing for him to stand there silent, and fearing lest he might not have said enough, he began to repeat the same speech over again.

Ben realized that it was but a repetition that doomed him still to remain in hiding, and believing it to be a mistake on Paul's part, he whispered, loudly, "You've said that before; say something else."

Paul was perfectly well aware that he had repeated those words before, and he was doing so for the very good reason that he did not know what else to say; but the ghost's command confused him, and he stood silent and motionless, resolved to remain quiet rather than make a mistake.

By this time Mopsey had discovered that there was something the matter with the two actors who were supposed to be delighting the audience, and he found that it was the ghost who was delaying the progress of the play.

"Come out of there, Ben," he whispered, loudly. And some of the audience hearing him, they called in pleasant tones,

"Yes, come out, Ben, and show yourself."

Thus urged, the ghost could do no less than make his appearance, and he arose from his place of partial concealment as majestically as he could, considering the fact that the sheet had been caught upon a nail, and he was obliged to stoop two or three times to unfasten it.

The sheet which covered his head also prevented him from rising as quickly as he would have liked, and while

he was trying to disengage himself from it, Paul, realizing that he should run away, did so by leaping over the prostrate ghost, to the great delight of the patrons.

The shock of Ben's fall and Paul's leap so shook the frail structure which Johnny had built that the curtain came down with a thud, tearing away from its fastenings above, and the poor ghost was made doubly a prisoner by this additional covering.

"Don't tear it, Ben," shouted Johnny, fearing lest his artistic labors in the way of the "Wild Indian" would be ruined, and then he and Mopsey sprang on the stage, rescuing the curtain from the frantic clutch of the ghost, and leaving that worthy to get to his feet as best he might.

Of course the audience enjoyed all this highly, and while they hooted and yelled in the excess of their delight Ben succeeded in escaping from the rather awkward mantle.

"I can dance, if I don't do the ghost very well," he shouted, almost angrily, to the noisy audience; and then he began to prove the truth of his words with a force that threatened the immediate destruction of the entire theatrical surroundings.

And the audience seemed to realize that Ben could dance, for they insisted on his continuing that portion of his duties until he was bathed in perspiration, and he was so tired that he could hardly move.

Of course, now that the curtain had been wrecked, there was no opportunity for dividing the acts, and after the applause which Ben's efforts had produced died away, Mopsey sent Nelly on to sing again.

The audience greeted her kindly, and, as before, not only insisted on joining in the chorus, but demanded more than she had intended to give. They were evidently determined to get the full value of their money, and suspecting that she would appear no more that evening, dictated to her such songs as they wanted to hear.

It was of no use for her to refuse, for they insisted upon their demands being complied with so noisily that the performance could not proceed until they were ready.

She stood there singing until she was hoarse, while the entire company waited, in battle array, for the time to come when they should make their last appearance in the great combat.

It was nearly half an hour before she was allowed to go, and as soon as she was clear of the stage, the waiting forces rushed on, displaying the most wonderful skill with their swords.

It would not be exactly correct to say that all of the company rushed on, for Dickey made his appearance very carefully. Of course he was obliged to come sideways, and he moved with great caution, lest he should fall down again, thus working more damage to the covers of Mrs. Green's wash-boilers.

But he got on with the others, even if he was slower in his movements, and soon was in the very midst of the mimic battle, apparently the most wounded one there, judging from the blows that were rained upon his armor.

The combatants had soon found out that their stage was hardly large enough for the movements of an army of five with such long swords, and that the greatest caution must be used to prevent serious injury to some of them. Therefore, when Mopsey hit a resounding blow on the front piece of Dickey's armor with the back of his sword, all saw that the din of battle could be represented in that way much better and with less danger than by clashing their swords together.

And thus it happened that poor Dickey found himself amid a blood-thirsty crowd, while each one pounded him on the chest or back, and he unable to parry the attack save when some one incautiously moved toward his sword-arm.

He cried for mercy at the full force of his lungs, while Mrs. Green shouted the same request, because of her tin-



"DICKY FOUND HIMSELF AMID A BLOOD-THIRSTY CROWD."

ware. The audience were equally divided in opinion as to whether Macbeth had been punished enough; and still the blows were delivered with such force and noise that one would have thought that an army of tinsmiths were at work.

How long this unequal combat might have gone on it is impossible to say had not Mopsey happened to remember that the very one whom they had been using so roughly was the one upon whom they depended to close the performance.

When the self-elected manager thought of this, he called to Ben to help him set the vanquished Macbeth on his feet, and get him in dancing condition.

It was quite an easy matter to get the tin-incased hero on his feet, but quite another matter to bolster him up so that he could dance. Dickey was wearied with long standing, sore from the effects of the pounding, and so thoroughly cured of his desire to wear an armor, that all he thought of or wanted was to get where he could take off the trappings of war, and become a humble boot-blackening citizen once more.

In fact, he utterly refused to dance, which would really have been an impossibility, unless he had been relieved from the embarrassment of the boiler-covers, and Ben and Johnny went on in a double clog to give a proper finish to the performance as agreed upon.

Inasmuch as there was no curtain, it was found necessary for Mopsey to go forward and announce that the evening's entertainment was finished—an announcement which the audience was not inclined to accept as a fact. They utterly refused to leave their seats, and it was not until Nelly had appeared and sung three more songs that they left the theatre.

Then, although they drew some comparisons between that theatre and others which they had attended, which were certainly not very favorable to Mopsey, they departed, apparently very well satisfied that they had received the worth of their money.

The entertainment had lasted fully two hours, and every

one of the performers, especially Dickey, was greatly pleased when the last one of the audience passed out of the door.

It would be stating it all too mildly to say that Mrs. Green was relieved when they had gone. The good woman had been in a deplorable condition of fear since the time the first hearty applause had been given, and she had been seriously afraid that they would go through the floor of her attic in some of their more vigorous manifestations of pleasure.

Before the last one of their patrons had left the hall, Dickey had asked Paul to help him cast aside the uncomfortable costume of Macbeth, and when that was done, Master Spry stated most emphatically that when he acted again it would be in some part where the use of armor was entirely forbidden.

As a matter of course, the first thing the partners were anxious about, after their patrons had departed, was as to how large their profits were from that evening's excessive labor, and without waiting to change their costumes, save as has been related in the case of Dickey, they gathered around Mrs. Green.

She and Paul counted the money she had in her apron, and the amount was found to be three dollars and five cents. There was already in Treasurer Paul's hands eight dollars and sixty cents, and when it was announced that the evening's performance had netted them the very handsome amount of eleven dollars and sixty-five cents, the joy of the partners showed itself in many extravagant ways.

Ben proposed, and the boys agreed to it willingly, that one dollar of that amount be paid to Mrs. Green for the use of the attic, which, being so much more than she had expected, caused her to look upon the theatrical enterprise as a gigantic success.

Then quite a discussion arose as to what should be done with the funds on hand. Mopsey was in favor of making an immediate division. Dickey proposed that a certain sum be set aside as working capital, and the balance divided among them all.

This appeared satisfactory to the majority of the party, and would probably have been done, if Ben, who had taken no part in the discussion, but appeared to be thinking deeply of something, had not said:

"I've got a plan that I reckon you'll all agree to; but I don't want to tell what it is yet awhile. Now I say let's let Paul keep it till Monday night, and it won't spoil if we don't divide it till then."

Since there was no good reason why this request should not be granted, and since Ben seemed so anxious to have it left that way, the remainder of the partners agreed quite willingly.

Then the tired company of actors crept off to bed, proud in the belief that their venture had been a success, but anxious to rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Three Fortunes.

A merry young shoemaker,
And a tailor, and a baker,
Went to seek their fortunes, for they had been told,
Where a rainbow touched the ground,
(If it only could be found),
Was a purse that should be always full of gold.

So they traveled day by day,
In a jolly, jocund way
Till the shoemaker a pretty lass espied;
When quoth he, "It seems to me,
There can never, never be,
Better luck than this in all the world beside."

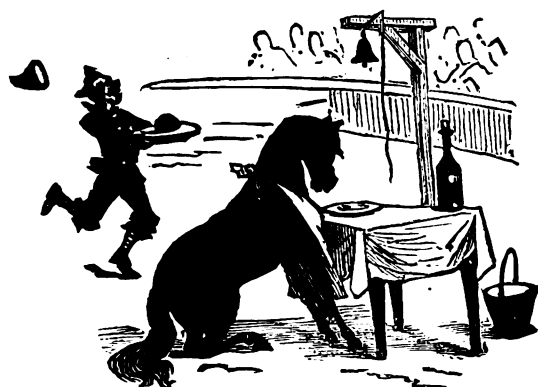
So the others said good-bye,
And went on, till by-and-by
They espied a shady inn beside the way;
Where the Hostess fair, - a widow -
In a lone seclusion hid; "Oh,
Here is luck!" the tailor said; "and here I'll stay."

So the baker jogged along,
All alone, with ne'er a song,
Ora jest; and nothing tempted him to stay.
But he went from bad to worse,
For he never found the purse,
And for all I know he's wandering to this day.

It is better, on the whole,
For an ordinary soul,
(So I gather from this song I've tried to sing,)
For to take the luck that may
Chance to fall within his way,
Than to toil for an imaginary thing.



H. Pyle.



Where is my buttered toast?

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE mother of the little correspondent whose letter follows this paragraph sends a suggestion which may be agreeable to some of our youthful readers. She says:

"Like all mammas, I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the best paper for young people, and old people too, that I ever saw. I wonder what the little subscribers do with their papers after they have read them? If they do not save the numbers for binding, I would advise that they send them to some hospital or children's home, or lend them to poorer children. When not bound, it is usually the fate of even the best papers to be destroyed."

The Postmistress thinks it well for children to preserve their numbers with care, and have them bound at the close of the year. The expense of binding is a trifle, and a bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a precious possession in a family. In fact, the beauty of the illustrations, the variety of the contents, and the charm of the stories and poetry, are best seen in the large, bright, and elegant book which is made by a year's papers when arranged in a volume.

Though you may have read every number, you will find yourself re-reading the pages with delight when the binder sends them home. Then, if some little friend happen to be ill or crippled, what a pleasure to cheer the hours of weariness by lending your treasure! and if illness enter the nursery at home, little convalescents will greatly enjoy the pictures and bits of fun.

But if you do not wish to bind and keep your papers, by all means put them in some safe place each week, and at the end of the month or quarter send them to the nearest asylum or hospital for children; or ask your pastor to give you the name of a home missionary, whose little cabin in the far West has very few conveniences or luxuries, and send your old papers to his children. You might, if you preferred, send them far over the sea to some foreign mission station, where natives of India or Japan would peer into them with curious eyes, and learn to read English from their tempting columns.

Old papers, dear children, should never be dog-eared, or soiled, or torn, or mutilated by the careless dropping out of some of their leaves. Take the very daintiest care of this lovely HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, as indeed you ought to of your school-books, and of everything printed.

CLIFTON, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live near the city of Cincinnati, and last spring from our second-story windows we could see part of the flooded district. I drove down with my aunt to the part of the city called Cumminsville, and it was a sad sight, for the greater part of it was under water, and we saw houses and stables on their sides. A lady mamma knows had to come some distance in a skiff, as the railroad track was so covered with water that the trains could not get through. As she was being rowed along they suddenly stopped, and the skiff scraped on something, and very nearly upset. They were very much frightened, of course, and on looking found they had scraped on the roof of a small wooden building. I am a little girl seven and a half years old. I wrote this letter myself, but mamma told me how to spell some of the words. I hope you will print this, as I have a little uncle and aunt a few years older than myself, and they will be surprised to see my letter in print.

Your little friend, LIZZIE W. W.

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND.

Would you like to hear about my pets? I have a pet calf named Dora. We had three pigeons, but now we have only two, because an owl killed one. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I live on a farm, and am twelve and a half years old. My sister and I have a garden this summer. I study reading, spelling, writing, grammar, geography, history, and arithmetic. I like to draw animals. We have a great many bantams, and they lay a great many eggs.

LAVINIA C. B.

ALSTEAD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I live among the granite hills of New Hampshire, in the village of Alstead. It is very pleasant here in summer-time. The village nestles in a valley surrounded by hills, with a river flowing through, which is nice, I think. The river is sometimes very high, and I can hear its roar from my room. I am thirteen years old. I attend the grammar school, and study arithmetic, algebra, reading, spelling, physiology, grammar, and Latin, also take music lessons. I have two little brothers, Robert, nine, and Aldis, four, who are very fond of looking at the pictures in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have no pets, but my books take their place; I love to read, and have read a great many books. I have not taken YOUNG PEOPLE a great while, but I like it very much. This is a sugar country, and in the season we enjoy the sweets. In the winter we had splendid times coasting and skating, but summer brings other out-door sports and amusements, of which I am very fond. I have a flower bed of my own this summer, and tend and weed it myself.

M. FLORENCE L.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have not ever written to the Post-office Box before. The little girls who live around me are having a club, and I belong to it, and its name is H. P. C. We have one big cat and three little kittens and one bird, and they all agree. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a year; I like it very much. I take music lessons, and like them very much too.

ETHEL W.

H. P. C.—what can those letters mean? Happy Playing Circle, perhaps.

JOSEPH, OREGON.

My father and mother came across the country from Colorado to Oregon in a wagon. I like to read the letters and stories in this paper. We had a kind lady take charge of our mail while we were travelling, and when she mailed it it came all right, but some numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE got lost. I was so sorry I could have cried, but I did not. This valley is not a very good place to come to. I think Mother was sick very nearly half of the way here. I wish Aunt Edna would write about Young People's Cot again. I have a large wax doll; her name is Grace.

MINA S.

I hope you have become so well acquainted with your new home by this time that you like it; and probably, now that you are settled, your papers will reach you in safety.

This pretty story is sent by a young contributor, whose home is in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ROBBIE.

"I wonder what is the matter with Robbie today. He seems so silent and sad."

This was said by Prue Hackett to her twin brother. They were speaking of a tame robin that was sitting with downcast head in his large cage. It was one of those bright days in spring when the birds come back from the South, and the trees and bushes begin to bud and grow green. The happy birds were chirping to their mates, or helping them to build their snug houses. Perhaps it was this that made Robbie sad. At least Jack thought so, as he said, "I think he is pining for a companion and the fresh air. Let's take him out." Prue opened the cage, and gave him the bird, while she ran to the kitchen to get fresh bird-seed and a lump of sugar. While she is gone I will tell how Robbie came to the Hackett family.

One autumn afternoon, the year before, Jack and Prue were strolling through the woods, and, being tired, sat down on a large stump to rest. Pretty soon Jack spied a young robin, stained with blood and fluttering along the ground, uttering plaintive sounds. Jack easily caught the bird, and found that his wing was broken. They carried him home, and put him in a little basket full of cotton. Their mother wrapped him up in flannel, and fed him on all manner of dainty things. His wings grew better, but he never showed a disposition to get away. The children taught him to hop on their finger at a given call, to eat from their lips, and other cunning tricks.

When Prue opened the door again this morning she uttered a cry of amazement, for the bird was just flying out of the window, while Jack stared after him with wide-open eyes and mouth.

"Oh, Jack, how could you let him go!" she exclaimed.

"Oh dear! dear! I had him on my finger, and just took him to the window, when he flew away. Oh dear!"

Prue tried hard not to feel angry, but it was very hard. She asked him to go out in the garden to look for him. They ran out, and called and searched until they were tired, but Robbie was nowhere to be seen. Then they ran into the kitchen again, where their mother was baking biscuits. She told the children that she was very sorry, but she had intended to set him free pretty soon anyway, so it didn't matter much.

About a week after Robbie had flown away, Prue and Baby Nell were starting to take a walk. As they reached the veranda they both noticed two robin-redbreasts hopping along the gravel-walk, and picking up crumbs or seeds. Baby called out, "Oh, sister, see, there's Wobble! there's Wobble!"

Baby was right. The larger bird popped up his head at the sound of the children's voices, and with a loud chirp flew toward them. Prue coaxingly held out her finger, upon which he immediately perched. After a few chirps and wise nods he flew to the other bird, and seemed to tell it something. After a good deal of what looked like coaxing, the other bird, evidently his mate, flew back with him, but only to a bush near by. Robbie perched himself on her finger again, and let Nell and Prue stroke his smooth back. Just as Prue was telling Nell to run to the kitchen for some bird-seed, he suddenly flew away again, followed by his mate. They alighted on a neighboring lilac-tree, and, in spite of all the coaxing the children bestowed upon them, remained there.

A short time after the children noticed a cunning little nest in the lilac-bush, almost hidden from sight. They were very sure that it belonged to Robbie. Next week Jack spied three tiny blue eggs in the nest. In a little while three hungry robins stretched out their funny heads, almost fighting as to which should get a worm first. The busy parents had all they could do to feed these hungry mites. Their only trouble was the cat. As soon as she noticed that a nest was in this bush she was always prowling around, trying to get at it in some way. To avoid this, Jack brought his dog to the tree, and kept him chained to his kennel all the time.

Robbie often came to the house, and even into the dining-room if the window was open; but his mate never overcame her natural shyness. She generally accompanied him to a bush near the house, and if the children were gone would timidly pick up the crumbs they had scattered.

When autumn came, and all the sweet singers were gone, Prue took the nest out of the bush and placed it on her bureau among her other precious keepsakes. Mr. Hackett bought a lovely canary-bird to beguile the children's time, and I hope he learned to love his mistress and master as Robbie did.

The next is the work of one of our boy readers, whose letter shall tell who he is.

COLUMBUS BARRACKS, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I send you a story, hoping that you will think it worth publishing. It is the first story I ever tried to write. I am thirteen years old. My father is an officer in the army, and was stationed at Fort Keogh, Montana, five or six years. There were sometimes two or three hundred Indians on the reservation, and I used to ride out to the camp very often. I write about what I saw, except the story about the soldier, who told it to me himself when I was throwing a stone at an Indian. It is a true story.

A STORY ABOUT INDIANS.

It is quite remarkable that Indians never forget a kindness. I remember among the Indians in Montana that a soldier was out riding on horseback, when he saw an Indian lying sick in the road. The soldier pitied him, and told him to get on behind. He took him to his camp, and then went back to the fort and did not think any more about it. One day he was riding out in the woods, when some Indians jumped out, captured him, told him that he was their prisoner, and that he would have to go to Canada with them. It happened that the very same Indian that he rescued was in this tribe. When they got to their journey's end they gave him a "teepee" (tent) to sleep in, and they put a guard over him. Before long this Indian whom he rescued came to guard him. When he came up to the "teepee" he told him to take one of the ponies and he would help him to escape. That night, when it was dark, they rode away, and before the Indian left him to return to camp, he said, "Indians no forget." So the soldier was repaid for his kindness.

Indians have a strange way of carrying their papposes. They strap them to a board with a buffalo-skin over them; the squaws put them on their back, and when they rest they hang them to a tree. When the Indians go to war they paint their faces. Boys of eleven and twelve and squaws also fight when surprised in camp. The squaws used to cook, work in the gardens, and

get the wood, while the men looked on; but now most of the Indians are getting civilized, and the men do the work in the gardens while the squaws build the fires and cook the meals. It is quite funny to see two squaws on a pony, one behind the other. They have a strange way of carrying their packs; they put them on a "travois." This is the way they make the "travois"; they take two long poles, with branches woven on them, and then fasten them to a pony; then they put all they have on this, and when they get tired of carrying the papposes on their backs, they put them on the "travois." When Indians go to war they never stand out in open ground like white men; they hide behind trees, rocks, and hills. The Indians can shoot from their ponies while going on a fast gallop; they throw themselves on the side of the pony, and fire over the saddle. They will fight till the last for their children. The Crows and Cheyennes hate one another, and at night, when all are asleep, the Crows sneak down and steal three or four ponies, and early in the morning the Cheyennes get their rifles, mount a pony, and go and hunt them. When a child dies, the squaws cut their hair, and cut a hole through their skin and pass a rope through it. All the relations gather together, and put a pot of water on the fire, and let it get so hot that it will take the skin off your hand, and they all stick their hands in it and go yelling around the camp. They think that the child will go to the "happy hunting ground" if they do this. Indians usually carry a knife or weapon of some kind with them. The Cheyennes talk by signs, and one can very soon learn to talk to them in this way. The Sioux and Cheyennes who were in Custer's massacre, and who were captured by General Miles, have been at Fort Keogh ever since, and some of them have been employed by the government as scouts against other tribes, are paid the same as white soldiers, and have proved very faithful.

FOURNOY C.

MILBANK, DAKOTA.

I am a little girl in Dakota. I have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE all ready to be bound: only one number is missing. We live in the centre of Dakota, in Grant County. Grant County is getting pretty well settled up now, but when we came here there was only one house to be seen, in which my uncle lived; and I am so thankful that we have such a nice house now, though we had a pretty hard time when we came up here. I have three brothers, and no sister; is it not too bad? My brother who is fifteen years old goes to Carleton College, but it is vacation now, and my other two brothers are babies only a year apart, and as full of mischief as they can be. I am ten years old. We live on a farm, and our house is built along a creek. We have ten horses. I hope that my letter is worthy to print in the Post-office Box. Good-by. NELLIE S. E.

MILFORD CENTRE, OHIO.

I am almost certain the readers of the Post-office Box would like to know about my trip to the Soldiers' Home. It lies near Dayton, Ohio, and is about fifty miles from here. It contains nine hundred acres, but I was only over about three hundred. I went with my brother and a friend. In about half an hour after we left home we arrived at the depot; we bought our tickets, and then found seats in the cars. We arrived at the Home in three hours. When we got off we saw a man standing on a box; he told us the leaving time, and then said, "Now make yourselves happy," and everybody obeyed him. The first things I remember seeing were some white fawns wading in the water of an artificial lake, and monkeys running about the grounds loose. I saw a sacred ox which the heathen worshipped; its back is something like a camel's back. At noon we ate our lunch near a fountain, where we quenched our thirst. There were two more fountains, one of which had a lion made of stone, with water coming out of its mouth and falling into a large basin which had gold-fish in it. Then we came to two large artificial lakes; one of them had a ship in the centre, and it was anchored, and the other one had boat riding, and there was where I took my first sail.

MAURICE M.

What a pleasant excursion! Did you see the soldiers too?

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl twelve years old. We live in the country in the summer, and in New York in the winter. I have no pets except a little white kitten. I did have a bird, but a strange cat killed him, and I felt very sorry. I have one sister, but no brothers.

LOUISE M.

SAN MIGUEL, CALIFORNIA.

As all the little girls write to you, I will do the same. I was twelve years old my last birthday, and weigh nearly eighty-seven pounds. I have two sisters and one brother; one of my sisters is married, and the other is teaching school; my brother is away, going to school at Santa Rita. My married sister has two little girls; I am an aunt to them. I can cook quite well. Last night I made some ginger-drops. The receipt is, one cup of lard, one of molasses, and one of sugar

one table-spoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of boiling water, one table-spoonful of ginger, five cups of flour, and bake quickly in a hot oven, and they are very nice. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years; I wait eagerly for it to come. I have a little dog named Jip; he will sit up, shake hands, and walk for a piece of bread. Our big dog got poisoned. I have some tiger-lilies.

LIZZIE J.

NEILLVILLE, WISCONSIN.

I have never seen a letter from this place in the Post-office Box, so I thought I would write one. I am a little girl ten years old. I was ten on Queen Victoria's birthday. I will let some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE who live in the United States tell when that was. Neillville is quite a nice little city. We have a nice graded school; there are six grades besides the Kindergarten. I go to school every day. I have a sister Bessie seven years old, and she goes to school too. I have no brother, and no pets except a bird. His name is Dick; he is a lovely singer, and is quite tame. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. My papa has taken it from the first number, and now Bessie and I are taking it. We have lovely flowers in the woods, and have nice bouquets all the time.

GRACIE M. J.

MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS.

I do love your paper so much! I have taken it ever since 1881. I have three bound volumes of it. My school was out on last Thursday, a week ago. My sister Katie graduated; she was the only girl, with four boys. The boys of the class gave her a handsome album with their pictures in it. She received other nice presents too; one was a white moss-rose bush. My papa is the postmaster here. I have two little pet kittens; their names are Fluffy and Brownie. My mamma paints; she has painted two lovely landscapes, and other things. I am taking lessons on the piano; I like to play. I do hope Jimmy Brown will soon write. I think "The Ice Queen" was just splendid. I guess my letter is long enough, so good-by.

LENA B. W. (13 years old).

Your sister was something like a moss-rose bud herself, was she not?

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I thought I would write a letter to the Post-office Box. I belong to a society called the Pioneer Band, which during the winter season meets every two weeks. Each girl has to pay twenty-five cents to belong, and five every time she is absent. We dress dolls and make scrap-books to be sent to India as prizes for the little Hindoo girls; each doll has a note sewed to its dress, supposed to be written by the doll to its mamma in India. The rhyme that I send I made up myself about my little cousin; I also drew the little picture.

HATTIE C. M. (aged 13).

The picture and verses are very pretty.

Fred, James, and Harry: Thanks for your little story, though I can not make room for it.—Just think of it—at Olive H.'s they have twelve calves and two colts! Her home is in Kansas.—**Mary L. P.,** another **Laura B. R.,** **Nellie S.,** and **Lizzie T.** have written very good letters.—**Lettie L. W.** sends a rhyme about

"Five little pups in a corner,
As sleepy as sleepy can be."

—**Ellie C.:** I can publish only one stanza of your poetry:

"Is there still one more song
For me to sing to my pet,
When I have been singing so long
About the little cricket?
Well, he is a gay little creature,
Who chirps through the long night,
Enjoying the beauties of nature
And singing with all his might."

—**T. W. F.,** Hopewell, Nova Scotia: Your exchange, as sent, is incomplete, and can not appear. Specify what you desire in return for your coins.

—**Annie May K.:** Birds' eggs are never allowed as articles of exchange in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

—Where do you find your pretty note-paper, **Laura B. R.,** and why do you dislike to practice?

—I think **Herbert S. K.** has given his cat a funny name—Impudence. I would change it, for if she finds out what it means it will surely hurt her feelings. Cats and other pets know more than we imagine.—Don't they, **Annie H. C.?** Nobody would guess *your* cat's name, so I'll tell it—Ahasuerus.—**Charlie D.,** though a boy, and, owing to a fall when a little fellow, not strong, can amuse himself with "erocet-work, toy-making, drawing, and painting, and he has sent some very clever puzzles, too, to Our Young Contributors' column.—**S. B. F.,** **Ellie McC.,** and **Beth De W.** will please accept a great deal of love.—**Millie H.:** I thank you for the pretty pressed flowers.—

Grace E. E., Zetta H., Florence S., Lettie M. H., and **Bertie R.** will please write again when vacation shall be over.—I hope all the children are enjoying their summer recess.

The Postmistress thinks it quite wonderful, and very beautiful too, that a great author like Charles Kingsley should have written this lovely poem to please some little girl:

THE LOST DOLL.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I could not find where she lay.
I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day:
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears;
For her paint is all washed away.
And her arm's trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled:
Yet, for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in purr, but not in mew.
My second is in say, but not in do.
My third is in rose, but not in phlox.
My fourth is in lion, but not in fox.
My fifth is in sword, but not in lance.
My whole is a beautiful city in France.
EDITH R. RILEY (10 years old).
- 2.—My first is in meal, but not in fish.
My second is in plate, but not in dish.
My third is in please, but not in grace.
My fourth is in leg, but not in face.
My fifth is in fiddle and also in flute.
And my whole is a very delicious fruit.
ETTIE KRAKER.
- 3.—My first is in fast and also in slow.
My second is in ship, but not in tow.
My third is in part, but not in whole.
My fourth is in stick, but not in pole.
My fifth is in cardinal, but not in pope.
My whole is on the map of Europe. T. B.

No. 2.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A mist. 3. Used for dyeing. 4. A clumsy person. 5. Hats. 6. Relating to a certain eminent physician. 7. Noting a certain acid. 8. A bird. 9. A letter. NAVAJO.

No. 3.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. A garment. 2. To view with a side glance. 3. Gifts to the poor. 4. A critical trial. BESSIE S. BIRCH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 243.

No. 1.— Washington. Garfield.

No. 2.—

C	A	R	E	D
C	A	P	A	I
S	A	R	A	N
D	E	I	A	T
D	E	I	N	S
E	D	S		

C	U	T	E
M	A	T	E
C	A	J	O
A	U	T	O
B	E	L	A
S	E	T	E
D	I	D	
C			

No. 3.—

B	A	D
A	L	E
D	E	N

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Willie Frazer, Parker Duke, Nellie Sparks, Laura Miller, Maud B., Justus R. Holme, Jun., Mabel Gibson, Dela H. Maris, C. L. Holt, N. Remsen, Mabel K. Lewis, Philip and Ralph, George A. Lowe, G. H. Diehl, Jun., Jesse S. Godne, Laura Beardsley, Kittle N. Tomkins, Esther G. Mills, Navajo, P. Kok, H. Rochester, M. R. Ens, H. C. N., P. D. M. and R. C. J., Louise Sands, Millicent Page, Arthur Leeds, Genevieve Dayton, John Suydam, E. O. Moulton, and Alice C. Smith.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THREE LITTLE MAIDENS.—By MARGARET JOHNSON.

THREE doleful little maidens
Started off for school each day;
Three weeping little maidens went
At recess out to play;
Three heavy-hearted maidens
Fretted sore against their lot—
The road was rough, the stones were hard,
The sun was very hot.
They had such dreadful headaches,
And their lessons were so long,
Their hands were cold, their feet were tired,
And all the world was wrong.
Three little covered baskets
Held these little maidens' lunch,

And when the noon-time recess came
They all began to munch—
Very wretched little maidens,
Tears in all their little eyes,
They ate and ate their pickles, cake, and pies.

Three sorry little maidens
Instituted a reform.
Their little cheeks grew round and pink,
Their little fingers warm;
They laughed from morn till evening,

And they laughed in school and out;
At recess, gayest of the gay,
They skipped and pranced about;
For they filled their little baskets
Now with sandwiches and fruit,
And nothing else, they all declared,
Their appetites would suit.
Three smiling little maidens
Started off for school each day,
And when the noon-time recess came,
Their lessons put away—
Very happy little maidens,
Joy in all their beaming eyes,
They ate their little luncheons, and were wise.

THE COUNTER GAME.

PLACE on a table a heap of thirty-one counters.
There are two players. Each draws from the heap alternately one, two, three, or four counters. The one who last draws from the heap wins the game.

If you begin, draw one counter. Afterward draw four to your opponent's one, three to his two, two to his three, or one to his four (making five at each two drawings), and you must win. If he begins, and plays in the same way, he must

win. But if he draws otherwise, take the first opportunity of making the total number of counters drawn 6, 16, or 26, or 11, 21. Having obtained one of these numbers, contrive to subtract five from the heap at each two drawings, as previously explained.

Any number of counters can be used, provided it leaves a remainder of one after being divided by five.

The game may be varied by compelling your opponent to take the last counter. In this case he draws first, and you always make the number taken in two drawings 5, 10, 15, 20, and so on.



A WALKING HAT.



A JOKING CAT.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 247.

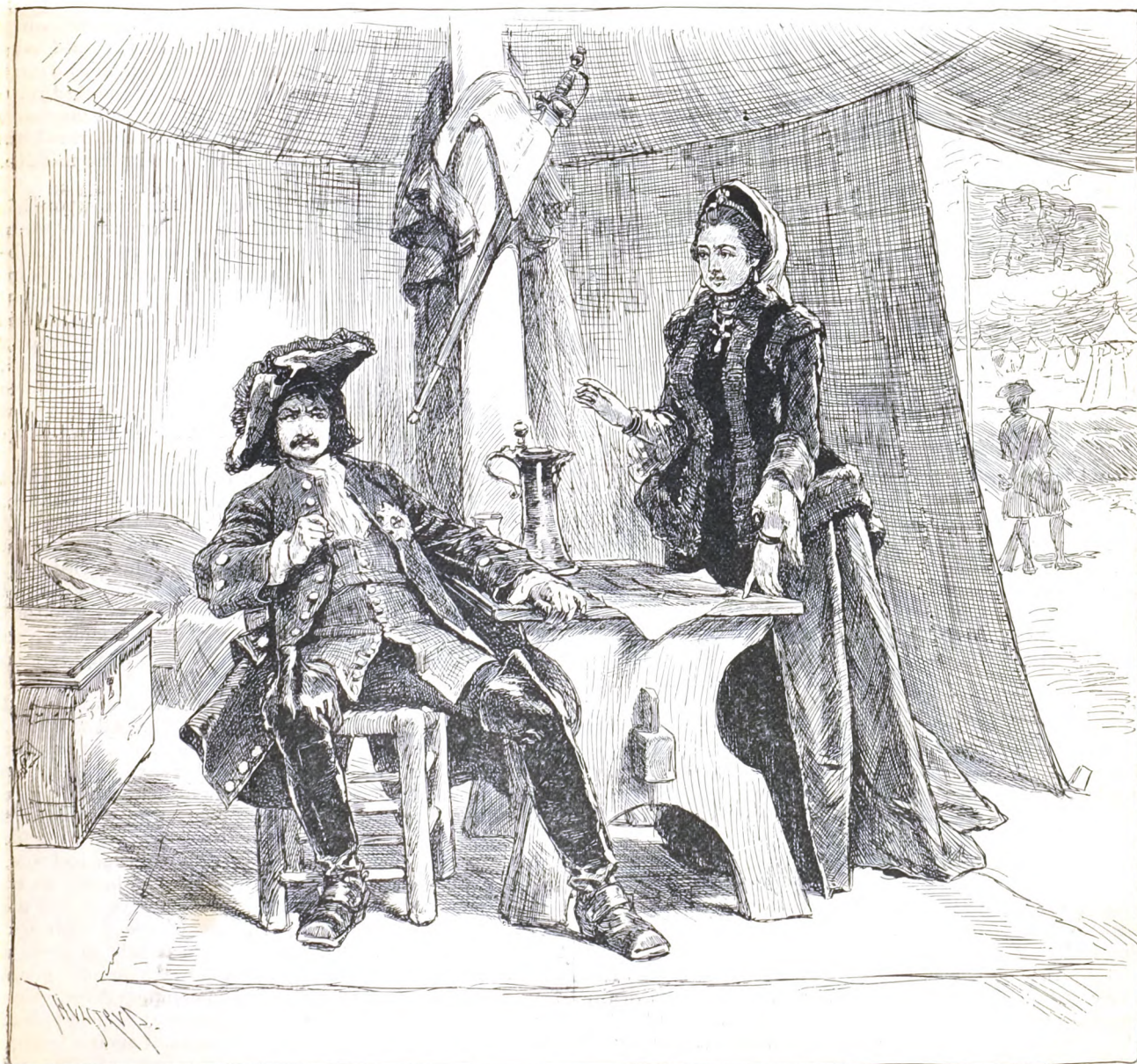
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE STORY OF CATHERINE.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

PETER THE GREAT, the Emperor who in a few years changed Russia from a country of half-savage tribes into a great European nation, was one day visiting one of his officers, and saw in his house a young girl who attracted his attention by her beauty and her graceful manners. This girl was a prisoner named Martha, and she was living as a sort of servant and housekeeper in the family of the Russian officer. She had been taken prisoner when the town she lived in was captured. Nobody knows even to this day exactly who she was, except that she was a poor orphan girl who had been brought up by a village clergyman; but it is generally believed that her father was a Livonian peasant.

Martha's beauty and the brightness of her mind pleased the Emperor so much that after a while he made up his mind to marry her, in spite of her humble origin. Peter was in the habit of doing pretty much as he pleased, whether his nobles liked it or not, but even he dared not make a captive peasant girl the Empress of Russia. He therefore married her privately, in the presence of a few of his nearest friends, who were charged to keep the secret. Before the marriage took place he had Martha baptized in the Russian Church, and changed her name to Catherine.

Now Peter had a bad habit of losing his temper, and getting so angry that he fell into fits. As he was an absolute monarch and could do whatever he liked, it was very dangerous for anybody to go near him when he was angry. He could have a head chopped off as easily as he could order his breakfast. But he was very fond of Catherine, and she was the only person who was not in the least afraid of him. She soon learned how to manage him, and even in his worst fits she could soothe and quiet the old bear.

Peter was nearly always at war, and in spite of the hardships and dangers of the camp and battle-field Catherine always marched with him at the head of the army. The soldiers wondered at her bravery, and learned to like her more than anybody else. If food was scarce, the roads rough, and the marches long, they remembered that Catherine was with them, and were ashamed to grumble. If she could stand the hardships and face the dangers, they thought rough soldiers ought not to complain.

Catherine was a wise woman as well as a brave one. She soon learned as much of the art of war as Peter knew, and in every time of doubt or difficulty her advice was asked, and her opinion counted for as much as if she had been one of the generals. After she had thus shown how able a woman she was, and had won the friendship of everybody about her by her good temper and her pleasant ways, Peter publicly announced his marriage, and declared Catherine to be his wife and Czarina. But still he did not crown her.

This was in the year 1711, and immediately afterward Peter marched into the Turkish country at the head of 40,000 men. This army was not nearly large enough to meet the Turks, but Peter had other armies in different places, and had ordered all of them to meet him on the march. For various reasons all these armies failed to join him, and he found himself in a Turkish province with a very small number of troops. The danger was so great that he ordered Catherine and all the other women to go back to a place of safety. But Catherine would not go. She had made up her mind to stay with Peter at the head of the army, and was so obstinate about it that at last Peter gave her leave to remain. Then the wives of the generals, and finally of the lower officers, wanted to stay also. She persuaded Peter to let them do so, and the end of it was that the women all staid with the army.

Everything went against Peter on this march. The weather was very dry. Swarms of locusts were in the

country, eating every green thing. There was no food for the horses, and many of them starved to death. It was hard for the Russians to go forward or to go backward, and harder still to stay where they were.

At last the soldiers in front reported that the Turks were coming, and Peter soon saw a great army of 200,000 fierce Moslems in front of his little force, which counted up only 38,000 men. Seeing the odds against him, he gave the order to retreat, and the army began its backward march. As it neared the river Pruth a new danger showed itself. The advance-guard brought word that a great force of savage Crim Tartars held the other bank of the river, completely cutting off Peter's retreat.

The state of things seemed hopeless. With 200,000 Turks on one side, and a strong force of Crim Tartars holding a river on the other, Peter's little army was completely hemmed in. There was no water in the camp, and when the soldiers went to the river for it, the Tartars on the other shore kept up a fierce fight with them. A great horde of Turkish cavalry tried hard to cut off the supply entirely by pushing themselves between Peter's camp and the river, but the Russians managed to keep them back by hard fighting, and to keep a road open to the river.

Peter knew now that unless help should come to him in some shape, and that very quickly, he must lose not only his army, but his empire also, for if the Turks could take him prisoner, it was certain that his many enemies would soon conquer Russia, and divide the country among themselves. He saw no chance of help coming, but he made up his mind to fight as long as he could. He formed his men in a hollow square, with the women in the middle, and faced his enemies.

The Turks flung themselves in great masses upon his lines, trying to crush the little force of Russians by mere numbers. But Peter's brave men remembered that Catherine was inside their hollow square, and they stood firmly at their posts, driving back the Turks with frightful slaughter. Again and again and again they fell upon his lines in heavy masses, and again and again and again they were driven back, leaving the field black with their dead.

This could not go on forever, of course, and both sides saw what the end must be. As the Turks had many times more men than Peter, it was plain that they would at last win by destroying all the Russians.

For three days and nights the terrible slaughter went on. Peter's men beat back the Turks at every charge, but every hour their line grew thinner. At the end of the third day, 16,000 of their brave comrades lay dead upon the field, and only 22,000 remained to face the enemy.

Toward night on the third day a terrible rumor spread through their camp. A whisper ran along the line that *the ammunition was giving out*. A few more shots from each soldier's gun, and there would be nothing left to fight with.

Then Peter fell into the sulks. As long as he could fight he had kept up his spirits, but now that all was lost, and his great career seemed near its end, he grew angry, and went to his tent to have one of his savage fits. He gave orders that nobody should come near him, and there was no officer or soldier in all the army who would have dared enter the tent where he lay in his dangerous mood.

But if Peter had given up in despair, Catherine had not. In spite of Peter's order and his anger, she boldly went into his tent, and asked him to give her leave to put an end to the war by making a treaty of peace with the Turks if she could. It seemed absurd to talk of such a thing, or to expect the Turks to make peace on any terms when they had so good a chance to conquer Peter, once for all, and to make him their prisoner. Nobody but Catherine, perhaps, would have thought of such a thing, but Catherine was a woman born for great affairs, and she had no thought of giving up any chance there might be to save Peter and the empire.

Her first difficulty was with Peter himself. She could not offer terms of peace to the Turks until Peter gave her leave, and promised to fulfill whatever bargain she might make with them. She managed this part of the matter, and then set to work at the greater task of dealing with the Turks.

She knew that the Turkish army was under the command of the Grand Vizier, and she knew something of the ways of Grand Viziers. It was not worth while to send any kind of messenger to a Turkish commander without sending him also a bribe in the shape of a present, and Catherine was sure that the bribe must be a very large one to buy the peace she wanted. But where was she to get the present? There was no money in Peter's army chest, and no way of getting any from Russia. Catherine was not discouraged by that fact. She first got together all her own jewels, and then went to all the officers' wives and asked each of them for whatever she had that was valuable—money, jewels, and plate. She gave each of them a receipt for what she took, and promised to pay them the value of their goods when she should get back to Moscow. She went in this way throughout the camp, and got together all the money, all the jewelry, and all the silver plate that were to be found in the army. No one person had much, of course; but when the things were collected together, they made a very rich present, or bribe, for the Grand Vizier.

With this for a beginning, Catherine soon convinced the Grand Vizier that it was better to make peace with Russia than to run the risk of having to fight the great armies already marching toward Turkey. After some bargaining she secured a treaty which allowed Peter to go back to Russia in safety, and thus she saved the Czar and the empire. A few years later Peter crowned her as Empress of Russia, and when he died he named her as the fittest person to be his successor on the throne.

Thus the peasant girl of Livonia, who was made a captive in war and a servant, rose by her genius and courage to be the sole ruler of a great empire—the first woman who ever reigned over Russia. It is a strange but true story.

THE ACCOMMODATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

A Tale of the Golden Time.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

III.

A LARGE house stood not far away from the water, and the Baron thought he would go there and make some inquiries, for he did not like the manner of the boy in the boat. He accordingly stepped ashore, and, followed by the rest of his party, approached the house. When they reached it they saw over the door, in large black letters, the words, "School for Men." Two boys, well dressed and sedate, came out to meet them, and ushered them in.

"What is this place?" asked the Baron, looking about him.

"It is a school," was the reply, "established by boys for the proper instruction and education of men. We have found that there are no human beings who need to be taught so much as men; and it is to supply this long-felt want that we have set up our school. By diverting the ferry from its original course we have obtained a good many scholars who would not otherwise have entered."

"What do you teach men?" asked the Baron.

"The principal thing we try to teach them," said the other, "is the proper treatment of boys. But you will know all about this in good time."

"What I wish most now to know," said the Baron, smiling, "is whether or not we can all obtain lodging here to-night. It is already growing dark."

"Did these two ladies come with you?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered the Baron.

"It was very good of them," said the boy. "Of course they can stay here all night. We always try to accommodate friends who come with scholars."

It was past supper-time at the school, but the Baron and his party were provided with a good meal, and Litza and her grandmother were shown to a guest-chamber on the ground-floor. One boy then took charge of the chair-carrier, while another conducted the Baron to a small chamber upstairs, where he found everything very comfortable and convenient.

"You can sit up and read for an hour or two," said the boy. "We don't put our scholars all into one great room like a barrack, and make them put out their lights and go to bed just at the time when other people begin to enjoy the evening."

When the Baron arose the next morning he was informed that the Principal wished to see him, and he was taken down-stairs into a room where there was a very solemn-looking boy sitting in an arm-chair before a fire. This was the Principal, and he arose and gravely shook hands with the Baron.

"I am glad to welcome you to our school," he said, "and I hope you will do honor to it."

"I have no intention of remaining here," said the Baron.

The Principal regarded him with a look of great severity. "Silence, sir!" he said. "It pains me to think of the sorrow which would fill the hearts of your children or your young relatives if they could hear you deliberately declare that you did not wish to avail yourself of the extraordinary educational opportunities which are offered to you here."

The Principal then rang a bell, and two of the largest scholars, who acted as monitors, entered the room. "Take this new pupil," he said to them, "to the school-rooms, and have him entered in the lowest class. He has much to learn."

The Baron saw that it would be useless to resist these two tall men, who conducted him from the room, and he peacefully followed them to the large school-room, where he was put in a class and given a lesson to learn.

The subject of the lesson was the folly of supposing that boys ought not to be trusted with horses, battle-axes, and all the arms used in war and the chase. There were twelve reasons proving that men were very wrong in denying these privileges to boys, and the Baron was obliged to learn them all by heart.

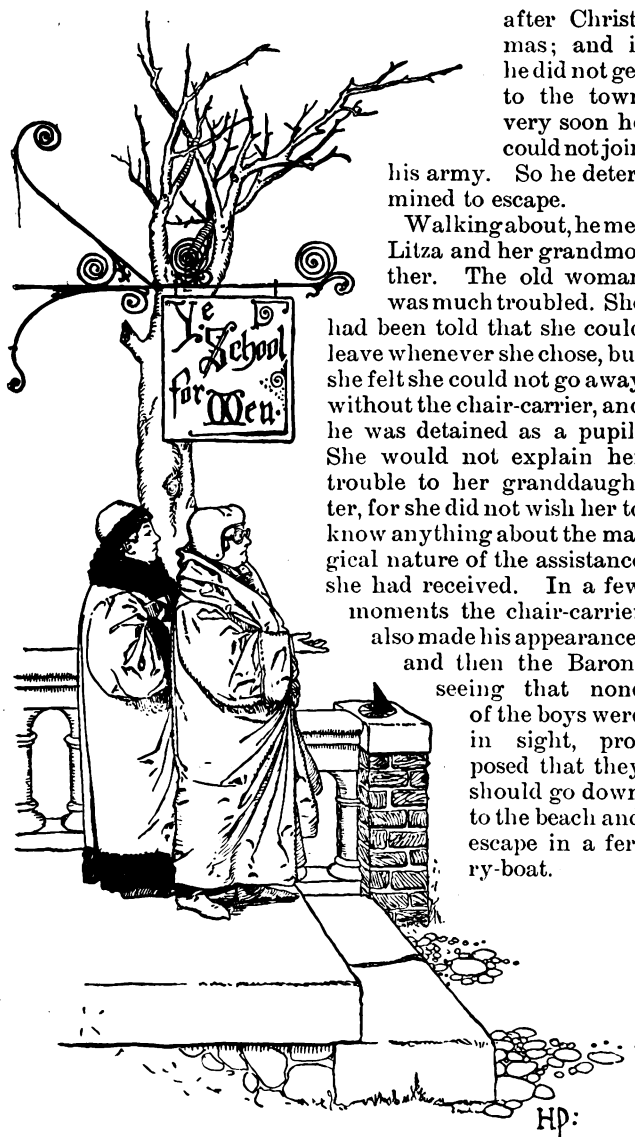
At the other end of the room he saw the chair-carrier, who was hard at work over a lesson on the wickedness of whipping boys. On the wall, at one end of the room, was the legend in large letters, "The Boy: Know Him, and You are Educated." At the other end were the words, "Respect your Youngers."

In the afternoon the Baron studied sixteen rules which proved that boys ought to be consulted in regard to the schools they were sent to, the number of their holidays, the style of their new clothes, and many other things which concerned them more than any one else. At the end of the afternoon session the Principal made a short address to the school, in which he said that in four days it would be Christmas, at which time the scholars would have a month's holiday.

"We believe," he said, "that scholars ought to have at least that much time at Christmas; and, besides, your instructors need relaxation. But," said he, with a severe look at the Baron, "disaffected new-comers must not suppose that they will be allowed this privilege. Such pupils will remain here during the holidays."

After this speech school was dismissed, and the scholars were allowed three hours to play.

The Baron was disturbed when he found that he would not be permitted to leave. He had heard that the Prince of Zisk intended to start on his expedition immediately



The boat was found there, with the oars, and they all jumped in. The Baron and the chair-carrier then each seized an oar and pushed off. They were not a dozen yards from the shore when several of the boys, accompanied by some of the larger pupils, came running down to the beach. The Baron could not help smiling when he saw them, and, resting on his oar, he made a little speech.

"My young friends," he said, "you seem to have forgotten, when you set up your school, that men, when they become scholars, are as likely to play truant as if they were boys."

To these remarks the boy teachers made no answer, but

after Christmas; and if he did not get to the town very soon he could not join his army. So he determined to escape.

Walking about, he met Litza and her grandmother. The old woman was much troubled. She had been told that she could leave whenever she chose, but she felt she could not go away without the chair-carrier, and he was detained as a pupil. She would not explain her trouble to her granddaughter, for she did not wish her to know anything about the magical nature of the assistance she had received. In a few moments the chair-carrier also made his appearance, and then the Baron, seeing that none of the boys were in sight, proposed that they should go down to the beach and escape in a ferry-boat.

the big scholars on shore looked at each other and grinned. Then they all stooped down and took hold of a long chain that lay coiled in the shallow water. They began to pull, and the Baron soon perceived that the other end of the chain was attached to the boat. He and the chair man pulled as hard as they could at the oars, but in spite of their efforts they were steadily drawn to shore. Litza and her grandmother were then sent to their room, while the Baron and the chair man were put to bed without their suppers.

IV.

The next day the old grandmother walked about by herself, more troubled than ever, for she was very anxious that Litza should fulfill her mission, and that they should get back home before Christmas. And yet she would not go away and leave her magical companion. Just then she saw the chair-carrier looking out of a second-story window, with a blanket wrapped around him.

"Come down here," she said.

"I can't," he answered. "They say I am to stay in bed all day, and they have taken away my clothes."

"You might as well be back with your goblin companions," said the old woman, "for all the use you are to me. I wish you were somebody who could set things straight here."

Instantly there stood by her side a School Trustee. He was a boy of grave and pompous demeanor, handsomely dressed, and carrying a large gold-headed cane.

"My good woman," he said, in a stately voice, "is there anything I can do to serve you?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My granddaughter and I," pointing to Litza, who just then came up, "wish to leave this place as soon as possible, and to pursue our journey."

"Of course you may do so," said he. "This is not a school for women."

"But, grandma," said Litza, "it would be a shame to go away without the poor Baron, who is as anxious to get on as we are."

"There is a gentleman here, sir," said the old woman, "who does not wish to stay."

"Did you bring him?" asked the Trustee.

"Yes, sir; he came with us."

"And you wish to take him away again?" said he.

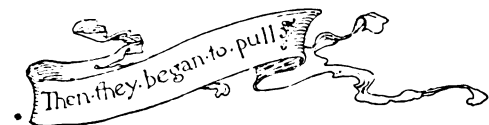
"Yes, sir; we do," said Litza.

"Very well, then," said the Trustee, severely, "he shall be dismissed. We will have no pupils here whose children or guardians desire their removal. I will give orders in regard to the matter."

In a few moments the Baron's clothes were brought to him, and he was told that he might get out of bed and leave the establishment. When he came down and joined Litza and her grandmother, he looked about him and said, "Where is the chair-carrier? I can not consent to go away and leave him here."

"Do not trouble yourself about that man," said the grandmother; "he has already taken himself away."

The party, accompanied by the Trustee, proceeded to the boat, where the boy ferryman was waiting for them. To the surprise of the Baron, the Trustee got in with them, and they were all rowed to the other side of the river, where they found the road that led to Zisk. The School Trustee walked with them, delivering his opinions in regard to the education of men. The Baron grew very tired of hearing this talk.



Instantly
there stood
by her side
a SCHOOL
TRUSTEE.



"I am much obliged to this person," he thought, "for having enabled me to get away from that queer school; but he certainly is a dreadful bore. I wish he were going on some other road."

Litza and her grandmother agreed with the Baron, and the old woman would gladly have changed the Trustee into a chair-carrier again, but she had no opportunity of doing so, for the pompous little fellow never fell back behind the rest of the party, where he could be transformed unobserved. So they all walked on together until they reached the middle of a great plain, when suddenly a large body of horsemen

appeared from behind a clump of trees at no great distance.

"It is a band of robbers!" said the Baron, stopping, and drawing his sword. "I know their flag. And they are coming directly toward us."

The grandmother and Litza were terribly frightened, and the Baron turned very pale, for what could his one sword do against all those savage horsemen? As for the School Trustee, he was glad to fall back now, and he crouched behind the Baron, nearly scared out of his wits. He even pushed the old woman aside, so as to better conceal himself.

"You wretched coward!" she exclaimed. "I wish you were somebody able to defend us against these robbers."

Instantly there was a great clank of steel, and in the place of the Trustee there stood an immense man, fully eight feet high, clothed in mail, and armed to the teeth. At his left side he carried a great sword, and on the other a heavy mace. In his hand he held a strong bow, higher than himself, his belt was filled with daggers and poniards, and at his back was an immense shield.

"Hold this in front of your party," he said to the Baron, setting the shield down before him, "and I will attend to these rascals."

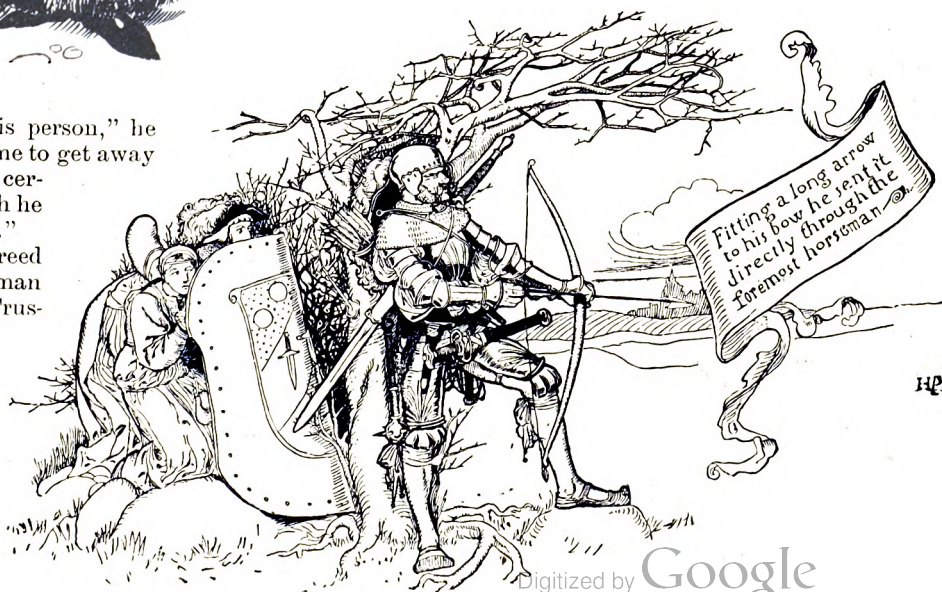
Quickly fitting a long arrow to his bow, he sent it directly through the foremost horseman, and killed a man behind him. Arrow after arrow flew through the air, until half the robbers lay dead on the field. The rest turned to fly, but the armed giant sprang in among them, his sword in one hand and his mace in the other, and in less than five minutes he had slain every one of them.

"Now, then," said he, returning, and taking up his bow and shield, "I think we may proceed without further fear."

The Baron and Litza were no less delighted at their deliverance than surprised at the appearance of this defender, and the old woman was obliged to explain the whole matter to them. "I did not want you to know anything about it," she said to Litza; "for a young girl's head should not be filled with notions of magic; but the case was very urgent, and I could not hesitate."

"I am very glad you did not hesitate," said the Baron, "for in a few minutes we should all have been killed. There was certainly never anything so useful as your Accommodating Circumstance."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



JACK.*

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"I DON'T know about sending such a hardened little chap as he is."

"That is the kind that need to go."

"But what if nobody'll take him?"

"Then I'll bring him back."

So said the Superintendent of one of the earliest companies of children sent out by the Fresh-air Fund, and so it came that Jack joined the eager little crowd drawn from alley and slum of the great city.

"He is a tough one," said the Superintendent to himself, watching Jack as he half carelessly, half willfully, tripped up one or two smaller boys in the rush which came when they were leaving the steamboat in order to take the cars.

"He don't look like the right sort," said one or two farmers.

"If they were the right sort, they wouldn't need our help," said a pleasant-faced woman who sat in a spring wagon. "Put him in here, please. Come, my boy, will you go home with me?"

Jack climbed into the wagon, but made little answer to the kindly attempts to draw him into conversation. His eyes were never raised toward her as he rode along in dogged silence, and Mrs. Lynn began to conclude that she had taken hold of a very hard case indeed.

But it was quickly seen that there were some things which Jack loved. Before night he had made friends with horses, cows, chickens, ducks, geese, and cats, and lying under a tree in rapt admiration of a pert jay which chattered above him, had almost succeeded in coaxing it to alight on his finger.

"Come with me, and I'll show you something more," said Mrs. Lynn, the next morning after breakfast. She put a pail of salt into his hand, and they walked up a little glen, then up a steep hill, when she called:

"Nan, nan, nan, nan, nan, nan—come, nan, come, nan; come, my pretties; come, come, my pretties."

A quiet little pattering was heard, and down along the path which led higher up Jack saw coming a line of soft-looking white things.

"What's their names?" he cried, in great interest.

"Sheep. There are a great many more up over the top of the hill, but they don't know me very well, so they don't come. We must go further."

Higher up they went to where a sunny pasture sloped more gently down the other side, and there were hundreds of the pretty creatures nipping the short grass or lying under the trees. They looked at the strangers with shy, gentle eyes, but gathered near as Mrs. Lynn repeated her call.

Jack laughed and whooped and rolled on the ground in the excess of his delight at first frightening them away. But he was soon in among them, winning them by his coaxing tones to taste the salt he held out to them. The boy's face seemed transformed as Mrs. Lynn got her first full glance at his eyes, and wondered at them. They were large and clear and soft as he laid his hand lovingly on the heads of some half-grown lambs, and presently tenderly lifted one which seemed a little lame.

"You may take that one to the house, if you like," said Mrs. Lynn, "and I will bind up its poor foot."

He did so, and when he carried it back to the flock he remained all day, only going to the house when called to dinner by the sound of the conch-shell. And every day afterward the most of his time was spent on the breezy hill-side, perhaps taking in the beauties of valley and

stream and woodland which lay below, but finding his fill of enjoyment in the sheep. He was little seen at the house, seeming not to care for any human society, but he took long walks at his will, from which he once brought home a bird with a broken wing, and again a stray starved kitten, both of which he carefully tended.

"Hear him!" said Mrs. Lynn, one day, when she had gone out into a meadow where her husband was at work. "I believe he knows every sheep there."

Jack's voice came ringing down the hill.

"Hiho! hiho! hiho! hiho-o-o-o-o! my beauties! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Tripsy-toes and Hippetyhop and Hobbledehoy. Hilla, hilla, ho! my Hop-and-skip and old Jump-the-fence! Come with yer patter-patter and yer wiggle-waggle, my beauties, oh! Where be you, Flax and Flinders and Foam? Come here, my jolly boys, and kick up yer heels on the grass in the mo-o-o-o-rning."

"He gets off some such rigmarole whenever he goes near them," she said; "and I'm sure every sheep knows him."

Jack staid for a month among his fleecy darlings, and when the time came for saying good-by to them, nobody was near to hear him say it. He allowed Mrs. Lynn to shake his hand as he stepped on board the train which was to bear him back to his home, or rather to his homelessness, but with little response to her kind farewells.

She had tried so faithfully to impress him with the idea that there are plenty in this wide world whose hearts the dear Lord has filled with tenderest pity and love toward those whose paths seem laid in shadowed places, that she felt keenly disappointed in fearing she might have entirely failed. However, she remembered with comfort that, just as the last car was passing the platform from which she watched it, she had indistinctly caught sight of a boy's face whose softened eyes seemed filled with tears as he strained his eyes to gain a last glance at her, and she believed in her heart it was Jack's face.

II.

"It is no use trying to get the matter righted," said Farmer Lynn to his wife, speaking in great vexation. "This man Green's a tricky knave. Ever since the day his sheep broke into my field and got mixed up with my flock the fellow has been claiming some twenty or so of my best Atwoods and Cotswolds, and now he's going to law to make me give them up."

"Well, if you're right, won't that be best for you?"

"Not with such a man as that. He's ready to swear the sheep are his, and there's the trouble. I'm morally sure I know my sheep, but when it comes to being pinned right down to swear to each one among so many, I can't do it."

She shook her head.

"No, you couldn't: sheep are too much alike, and you would run the risk of making a mistake. When is the trial to be?"

"Next Thursday week."

For the next few days Mrs. Lynn went about with a very sober face. She took two or three rides to the village, actually had an interview with Mr. Lynn's lawyer, wrote several letters, and one day the entire neighborhood was alarmed by a messenger inquiring his way with a telegram for Mrs. Lynn, it being the first thing of such an exciting nature that had ever happened in the township.

But after that everything went on very quietly until the morning of the day set for the trial.

"Well," said Mr. Lynn, "I s'pose Green 'll be out here this afternoon to swear my sheep are his. The lawyers are coming too."

The afternoon came, and with it came Green, the lawyers, and half the township besides.

They came, looked over the ground saw the two flocks feeding in adjoining fields, and how, the fence breaking,

* The incident upon which this story is based is strictly true. Reference to the occurrence was made in the Post-office Box of Young PEOPLE No. 205.

they had become mingled. Then little remained but for Mr. Green to declare which of his own sheep had remained in Mr. Lynn's flock.

But Mr. Lynn strongly protested against the wrong being done him, as a number of his choicest animals were picked out and put over the fence. His lawyer was restless, and seemed anxious to delay the proceedings, at length saying,

"I am looking for another witness."

"It won't do much good, I fancy," said Green, with a triumphant laugh.

Mrs. Lynn drove rapidly up in her spring wagon, and her husband looked eagerly to see who was with her.

"Jack!" he exclaimed. "But what good can he do, I'd like to know?"

Mr. Green's laugh took on a scornful tone as he saw the new witness.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Bright, is this your witness? A heavy weight, I must say. Who do you s'pose is going to take the testimony of a little scapegrace ragamuffin like that, hey? And against me!"

"I am not going to ask the boy to testify. I am going to let the sheep testify for themselves. Now, gentlemen, Mrs. Lynn believes that their sheep know the voice of this boy, and will come at his call, and it is my purpose to submit their testimony to the decision of the court. Mr. Green's sheep have only been lately pastured here. Now, my boy, stand on this fence, and let's see if the sheep will claim the honor of your acquaintance."

Jack leaped upon the fence which divided the two fields, and ran a little way along it. For a moment there was a huskiness in his throat and a dimness in his eyes as he turned to the pasture in which he had spent the only happy hours his life had ever known. He gave one look at his peaceful, white-fleeced pets, and then turning his face the other way, his voice rang out clear and distinct on the crisp air:

"Hiho, hiho, hiho, hiho-o-o-o-o-o, my beauties! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Tripsy-toes, and Hippetypop, and Hobbledohoy, come, Jack and Jill, and Clover and Buttercup. Hilla, hilla, hilla, ho-o-o-o-o-o, my Hop, Skip, and Jump, come with yer patterin' and yer wiggle-waggle tail, my woolly backs! Where be you, my jolly boys, kickin' up yer heels in the wind? Come, Snip and Snap, and Snorum and Flax, and Flinders and Foam."

At the first sound of his voice a few white heads were raised among the grazing flock in Mr. Lynn's field; then more, and then a commotion stirred the quiet creatures. Bleating, they ran to the fence where Jack stood, and crowded about him, almost clambering over each other in their efforts to reach him. But little heed was paid to them, for all were watching Mr. Green's sheep. There was a stir among them too, for nine-tenths of the flock, alarmed by the unknown voice cutting so sharply through the still air, had turned and fled, and were huddling in a white mass in a distant corner, while about twenty had bleated their recognition of a friend, and hurrying up with a run and a jump, were also gathering close about him. And Jack had sprung down among them, and with arms around the neck, and face buried in the fleecy back of one of his special favorites, was sobbing as if his heart were breaking.

Mr. Bright danced about like a school-boy, swung his hat, and pitched it high in the air.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for boys and sheep! They are the best witnesses I ever want. Mr. Lynn's case is the soundest one I ever carried before a court."

"Witnesses!" growled Green. "Are you such idiots as to think this will amount to anything in law?"

It did amount to something in law, however, as Mr. Green found out when the Judge's decision was given.

As soon as the men were gone, Mrs. Lynn bent over Jack, whose head was still bowed.

"Jack, my boy, don't cry so. Don't you know you have friends all around you?"

"Yes. Look at 'em." He looked about with a smile.

"Yes, the sheep, and plenty more, if you'll have them. Oh, Jack, we're all your friends. The loving Shepherd I told you of has sent us to try to do you good. He wants you to follow Him just as the sheep come at the sound of your voice, because they love you and you love them. Do you want to stay here and take care of them?"

"Stay here, with you and the sheep?" Jack's eyes, beaming with joy and gratitude, frankly met hers.

"I think we've found the soft place at last," said Mrs. Lynn to herself, as she went home, leaving him on the sunny hill-side.

WHICH DO YOU PITY?

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

VERY naturally you will say, "I am sorry for that poor ox, or whatever it is, which that savage old lion is tearing to death." But you may spare your pity; there is no occasion for it; the pair are well matched. It is very true that it looks now as though the lion had all the advantage. But just you wait a minute. As likely as not with the next movement a toss of that terrible head will come, and over will go the lion with a gash from that monstrous left horn up through his side—enough to let his life out. That is the way the fight sometimes ends.

Such a fight you will never see; that is to say, there is scarcely a possibility of it. Not many years ago you might have had the opportunity, for both these animals were abundant within the reach of white hunters. They are the African lion and the Cape buffalo, and you ought to study the picture well, for I do not know where I have ever seen more spirited and correct drawings of the two species.

The scene is, of course, in Africa, for it is only there that these animals live. There is an Asiatic lion, different from this, and there is another buffalo, called the Indian buffalo, which is also a native of Asia, and has been introduced into the southern countries of Europe, and which, if you go to Italy, you will see at work like oxen; but it is quite a distinct animal from this one fighting the lion.

That great ox-like beast is a Cape buffalo. They are natives only of Africa, south of the equator. When white men first settled near the Cape of Good Hope the buffaloes were very abundant everywhere in that region, as were also the lions, and then just such battles as are shown to you here were no doubt often witnessed. And it was not until within the last forty years that they began to be driven away. Even as late as 1845 they were not uncommon in many parts of Cape Colony; but now they are gone, and scarcely a buffalo can be found within the whole Colony, except in some very thick swamps along the Great Fish River. It is a region where years ago both buffaloes and lions were very numerous.

The name of that river recalls to my mind a story which I must tell you, for it describes a scene which is somewhat like the one you have here in the picture. "I tell the tale as it was told to me" by a man who had spent many years in collecting specimens in natural history in almost all parts of the world. Most of his collections had been of plants, but I saw leaning against the wall of his room a large skull with horns of such enormous size that they attracted my attention at once. Mr. Wright noticed my look.

"Ha! ha! Come to my buffalo skull already, have you? Is not it a beauty?"

"Not much beauty about it that I can see, but it is wonderful for its horns. How could he carry such things as that on his head?"

"Carry! I wish you could have seen him carry them, or rather I am glad you did not see him, for if you had I think it is more than an even chance that you would not



"WHICH DO YOU PITY?"

have been here now. I only wonder that I am here. By-the-way, I did not get that skull."

"You did not get it! It is here. Who did get it?"

"A lion; he got it for me."

"A lion! How could a lion get a skull like that for you? I should think he would have kept it for himself."

"He was too great a coward. But come, I will tell you the story. Only, before I begin, look here," and he put his finger on a blue mark which had made a little dent in the front of the skull.

"That mark is where my ball struck—a heavy ounce bullet—and he did not so much as wink. It is years ago now. I was in South Africa, and had been for several weeks at Cradock, which is on the Great Fish River. I started one day for an excursion to the swampy land about ten miles above the town. Wild animals were very numerous, and though I made no attempts to hunt them, yet it was necessary to carry a rifle always for protection. Lions I had seen in a few cases, but had kept clear of them. The swamps were full of buffaloes, and I had had several narrow escapes from them, for they were sometimes very dangerous."

"Were you not more afraid of the lions?"

"No; the people all told me that the lions were great cowards, and my experience with this skull makes me believe it. They told me that though the lions often killed buffaloes when they were wounded or sick, yet they seldom dared to attack them at any other time, and if they did, it was not uncommon for the buffalo to be the victor. I had a servant to assist me in carrying my plants, and he often shot antelopes and other game, for he was a much better shot with the rifle than I was."

"We reached the swamp that day, and I had already begun to lay in my stores of plants, when on the instant, with a roar which I well knew, for I had heard it so often, a huge buffalo bull, with his head down and his tail up, came plunging straight at me. He was not thirty feet

away when I first saw him. I knew perfectly well how the bases of their horns cover the skull, but I saw nothing else for it but to try to stop him by a shot.

"My rifle was at my shoulder in an instant, and the ball struck his head when he was still fifteen feet from me. As I said before, I do not believe it made him wink; but at the same moment came the crack of Arno's rifle. The buffalo swung to one side just enough to clear me as he passed, and I was safe. And well might he swing to the side, for Arno's ball had gone through his body a few inches back of his heart, though that we did not know till a few minutes later.

"The rush of the huge beast carried him out of the bushes into the open ground, and we both ran to the edge to watch him. It was plain at once that he was badly wounded—in fact, almost dead. In less than forty yards his running had become only a walk, and that was getting slower and slower, when, to our fright, we heard another roar, and of a very different kind. We both knew the sound, but if we had not, the animal himself would have told us what he was, for with the sound came his leap. One blow of his paw finished the work. Our buffalo was dead, and on his carcass was standing a most magnificent lion.

"I have often thought, since that time, when I have seen them in menageries, how mean and small they looked compared with *my* lion. Perhaps it was not so; perhaps it was only from the excitement of the moment, for I do not suppose I saw him thirty seconds in all, but he certainly looked to me *magnificent* and *grand*. No other words describe him. But grand as he was, what a coward he was! Arno and I raised a cry—a scream, I think, you might call it, for we were frightened almost out of our senses, at least one of us was.

"But badly scared as we were, our fright was a mere trifle to that of the other party. The lion was just fifty yards from us, for we measured the distance afterward. He turned his head at our scream, and saw us, and I de-



GONE FOR A GLASS OF WATER.

clare I believe he must have grown pale, if such a thing were possible. I did not know that so huge a beast could move so quick. You never saw a cat, with a dog at her heels, go over a wall as that lion went over the bush by the side of the dead buffalo, and maybe it was only my fancy, but I thought as he cleared the bush his tail was down between his legs.

"The swamp beyond was quite open, and we saw him

darting along for at least half a mile, and he brought up in Griqualand, for all that I know. At any rate we never saw anything more of him, and we went up in great triumph to examine our buffalo, for we called him ours, and the lion was not there to put in any claim. I brought away his skull, and here you have it. It was Arno's ball that did the only injury to him, and without that I do not believe the lion would have dared to attack him."

DUKE SCHWERTING.

From the German.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

DUKE SCHWERTING, lord of Saxony, a royal feasting made;
In iron dishes rude and rough the costly meats were laid;
In goblets made of iron strong the rich red wine was poured;
In iron mail the guests were clad that sat about the board.

Frotho, the King of Danish-land, Duke Schwerting sat beside.
The iron on the guests and board with wondering mien he eyed.
No knight was there who wore it not on breast or arm or neck;
For chains of gold rude ore he saw their sable garments deck.

"Now what may mean this banquet strange? Lord Schwerting,
tell me true

Why such dark festival for us have made your knights and you?
As forth from Danish-land I came with knights and vassals bold,
I hoped to find your court and you dressed all in cloth of gold."

"King Frotho, gold is for the free, but iron for the slave:
Such was the ancient custom good of my forefathers brave.
In iron bands you bound us fast, me and my warriors bold;
They had been broken long ago had they been made of gold.

"Yet means there are such bands to break, how strong soe'er
they be:

It needs but faith and courage high, a heart that *will* be free;
Though fettered hundredfold the arm, the soul is still the same;
'Twill free the hand from slavish chains, and purge the hearth
from shame."

The hero scarce had ceased to speak, when entered from the door
Twelve sable knights of Saxon strain; twelve torches red they bore.

Their watchful eyes on Schwerting wait; all motionless they stand;
He whispers low; then forth they go, and toss each burning brand.

And soon a low faint sound is heard, that rises high and higher,
A crackling like to blazing wood, a rushing roar of fire;
And in the hall is sultry heat, but not of summer sun—
Now deep and hollow sound the words: "At length the hour
is come!"

King Frotho starts in act to flee, Duke Schwerting holds him
down.

"Halt! Let us see whom most beseems to wear the Saxon
crown.

Confront the raging foe beneath, before his fury stand,
And yours shall be the Saxon crown, be yours the Saxon land!"

And fierce and fiercer grows the heat within that banquet hall,
And louder, mightier sounds the crash as beams and rafters fall,
And wilder, ruddier glows the light amid the roaring din.
In ruins fall the folding-doors, the raging flames burst in.

Each valiant knight and warrior then in prayer bends the knee:
"Look, Lord, in mercy on the souls themselves who render free!"
Unmoved and calm, Duke Schwerting sees the fiery whirlwind's
course;

When Frotho falls in mute despair, he holds him up by force.

"Look up, proud, haughty conqueror. So we cast your chains
from us!

Weep, tremble, coward heart. Behold, we melt their iron thus."
The roaring flames have seized them now, Duke, King, and
warriors all,

And, crashing with a sea of flame, to earth the ruins fall.

CAMPING OUT.

IV.—HOW TO PREPARE THE MESS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AS the boys came into the library on the fourth evening
of the "Camping Out" talks they were greeted by a
cheery "Good-evening, mess-mates," from Uncle Harry.

"Good-evening, sir," they responded. And then added:

"But we're not mess-mates yet, Uncle Harry. We have
built the shanty and the fire-place and the cook stove, and
got the fires nicely to burning; but we have not cooked
anything nor taken a camp meal together yet."

"Very true," said Captain Archer, "and we must get
at it at once, for upon the proper cooking and serving of
your meals will depend, more than anything else, the com-
fort and success of your camping experiment.

"Let us suppose that you have got the camp into ship-

shape order, and after your hard day's work are raven-
ously hungry and very impatient for supper, or rather
dinner, for the last meal of the day in camp is always the
most important one. We will appoint Aleck as cook,
and while he is busy over the fire neither of the others
shall interfere with him or his duties, for no axiom is
more true than that 'too many cooks spoil the broth.'

"Ben and Bob must see that the cook is well supplied
with water, and has plenty of small split fire-wood close at
hand. Then Bob will set the table, while Ben goes a-fishing
and catches half a dozen trout or other small fry from the
lake. In the mean time Aleck has pared and washed a
dozen potatoes. These are placed in a kettle nearly full of
water, and hung over the fire half an hour before supper-
time. He will keep them boiling furiously until he can
run a sliver of wood easily through the largest one.
Then the water must be drained from them, and, still in
the kettle, they must be set aside, but near enough to the
fire to keep hot until wanted.

"Ben's fish all weigh less than a pound, and so are too
small to do anything with but fry. After they are clean-
ed, Aleck rolls them in corn meal, and lays them careful-
ly in the frying-pan, which is already on the stove, and in
which a small quantity of cotton-seed oil is sizzling mer-
rily. If you should have no oil, pork fat will do nearly as
well, only have it boiling hot before placing the fish in it

"Aleck has heard of half a dozen methods of making
coffee, and hesitates before deciding which to try. He
has been told to put his coffee in cold water and let it
come to a boil, and that the coffee must not see the water
until it is boiling; he has heard that coffee must never
be boiled, and that the only way to extract its strength is
to boil it; and so in thinking it all over he is much per-
plexed. Finally he remembers a method which his old
uncle who is in the army has mentioned to him, and de-
cides to try it."

"Oh, Uncle Harry, you are not a bit old," interrupts
Aleck.

"In preparing coffee by his old uncle's method," con-
tinues Captain Archer, only noticing the interruption
with a smile, "Aleck fills the coffee-pot with water, and
sets it on the broiler wires, which he has laid across from
one log to the other of the stove. While it is coming to a
boil he measures out his coffee at the rate of a heaping
table-spoonful for each cup to be made, puts it into his
tin cup, pours in all the hot water it will hold, and sets it
in a warm place on the stove. As soon as the water in
the coffee-pot boils, he pours off some, so as to leave the
pot about three-quarters full, and empties in his cupful of
soaked coffee. Setting the pot back, he allows its con-
tents to again come to a boil, and then lifts it from the
fire. He pours out a tin cupful of the coffee, and pours
it slowly back into the pot, throwing away the residue of
grounds that remains in the cup. For about a minute, or
while the rest of the dinner is being served, the coffee-pot
stands in a warm place near the fire, and then its contents
are ready for drinking.

"If either of you had wanted tea, Aleck would have
put in the pot a tea-spoonful of tea leaves for each cup to
be made, poured boiling water over it, let it stand in a
warm place two or three minutes, and it would have been
ready for you.

"Here you have a plain, easily cooked dinner of fried
fish, boiled potatoes, and coffee, to which you can add
from your supplies bread and butter, or crackers, pickles,
condensed milk, salt, pepper, and sugar. I think you will
find it enough for a first experiment.

"For breakfast next morning you will have coffee, fried
potatoes and breakfast bacon, and griddle cakes."

"Oh, Uncle Harry, I can't make griddle cakes," ex-
claimed Aleck.

"I think you can, if I tell you how, and you try hard.
At any rate you had better try, for they enter largely

into the composition of camp meals. To make the simplest flour griddle cakes, put into a pan a quart of your prepared flour, a tea-spoonful of salt, a handful of corn meal, a table-spoonful of brown sugar, two eggs, if you have them, and mix with cold water into a batter. Stir thoroughly until no lumps are left, and then fry on a hot griddle. In frying use as little grease as possible. More griddle cakes are spoiled by the use of too much grease in frying than in any other way. A bit of pork rind or an oiled rag rubbed over the griddle is sufficient. Take turns in frying the cakes, so that two of you can be eating them as fast as they are done. They are only fit to eat when hot from the griddle.

"The cold boiled potatoes left from dinner the night before may be cut up and fried with half a dozen slices of breakfast bacon, and when all is ready you will have a breakfast to which I think three hungry boys will do ample justice.

"These are the rudiments of camp cookery: coffee, tea, griddle cakes, potatoes, and fish. . . Another time I will give you a number of simple recipes, but our next talk will be on 'Camp Pleasures and Duties.'"

"LEFT BEHIND,"*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A GENEROUS ACT.

ON Monday morning, before they parted, and while Dickey was still their guest, Ben was very mysterious in his actions. He avoided Paul so much that one would have said he suspected the treasurer of having embezzled some of the funds of the concern.

But if any one, knowing him, had suspected that such was the case, that supposition would have been rejected as soon as a full view had been had of his face. He appeared to be in the most perfect good-humor, but considerably excited.

Before he left the house he had succeeded in whispering these same words to Mopsey, Dickey, and Johnny, without having been overheard by Paul: "Meet me at Nelly's stand 'bout 'leven o'clock, an' don't let Polly know anythin' about it."

The only one of that party who had not been in the best of spirits during the Sabbath, when Mrs. Green had exacted a due observance of the day by her boarders, was Paul, and he had been very sad.

It was the second Sunday that had passed since he had been so unfortunately separated from his parents, and his distress of mind seemed to have increased instead of being soothed by time; in fact, as the days passed on, and he still found himself very far from accomplishing his purpose, he began to despair of ever succeeding.

As successful as they had been with their theatrical enterprise, it was not as great as he had expected, and when he figured out the amount which was each one's share, he realized that it would be very long before he could get from that source money enough to buy his ticket to Chicago.

A few days previous to the giving of the entertainment he had asked at one of the numerous ticket offices on Broadway how much they would sell him a ticket for, and had been told that he could go for half fare, which would be fourteen dollars—a sum of money which seemed almost a fortune to him.

During that day Ben had talked with him about his

chances of getting home, what he would do when he got there, and many questions about his relatives, all of which Paul had answered readily, although it added to his distress to speak of such matters.

When Monday came, and the boys started out to attend to their business duties, Paul noticed that there was an evident anxiety on the part of all his companions to avoid him. This pained him more than he would have been willing to admit, and it was with a heavy heart that he went about his work, wondering what he had done to cause any change in their feelings toward him.

As all of that theatrical company had expected, they heard many criticisms on the performance they had given, and it seemed as though all of their patrons bestowed more time on giving them advice for future guidance than on their regular business.

Some advised that Saturday evening performances be given each week, assuring the firm of their support during the entire season; others were so unkind as to advise that a small theatre be built for Mopsey, where he could take all the parts himself; and very many had suggestions to give Dickey as to the kind of armor he should wear the next time he played the part of Macbeth.

Some of this advice Dickey received in a kindly spirit, assuring his friends of his determination never to play a part again that required any such uncomfortable costume; but to others he displayed considerable ill feeling, and was so unwise as to be angry, when he should have remembered that, as the public's servant in the capacity of an actor, he was obliged to hear their criticisms.

But the partners were made happy by knowing that in the majority of individual cases they heard of their performance had given satisfaction, and that if they could only get a new play, since they had exhausted all of Shakespeare's in one evening, they might feel assured of considerable patronage again.

Having been told of this at an early hour in the morning, Mopsey set about the task of writing—or thinking of—another play immediately, and it was said by those who watched him closely that he drove away at least four customers that forenoon, by his seeming discourtesy, while he was trying to decide how a new play could be arranged.

At eleven o'clock, agreeably to the appointment made by Ben, all the partners save Paul met at Mrs. Green's fruit stand, wondering not a little as to why they had been summoned.

Ben was there, almost bursting with importance, and when he found that all, including Mrs. Green and Nelly, were ready to listen to him, he said, as if he was again on the stage: "I've got a big plan, an' I hope you'll all think jest the same about it that I do. You know how bad Polly feels 'cause he can't git back to his folks, for you see how he moped round yesterday, when we was all feelin' so good. Now I jest come from a place where they sell railroad tickets, an' I found out that a little feller like him can get to Chicager for fourteen dollars."

"It won't be long before he gets that much, if nothin' happens to the theatre," said Mopsey, much as if he had been speaking of a gold mine.

"Not long!" echoed Ben, almost contemptuously; "it'll take him longer than you think for if he depends on that. I asked him yesterday to figger up an' see how much every one would have after payin' Mother Green, an' he made it a dollar 'n' seventy cents. Now that's a healthy pile ter go to Chicager on, hain't it?"

"Well, how can he fix it any other way?" asked Dickey, in considerable surprise, not understanding what Ben was trying to get at.

"I'll tell you how we can. We can all turn to, Mother Green an' all, an' give him the whole of the money. Then he won't have to git only a little over two dollers to fix him right, an' I reckon me an' Johnny can fix him out on that."

The partners looked at each other in surprise as this startling proposition of Ben's was understood by them. For some moments no one spoke, and then Dickey said, as if his mind was made up so firmly that it would be impossible for any one to try to change it, "He can have my share, an' I'll 'gree to put in enough more to make up as much as he's got to have, jest as soon as I kin earn it."

"Good for you, Dickey!" said Nelly, admiringly, knowing that the ruined merchant's offer meant a great deal, coming at a time when he was almost penniless. "Mother an' I'll put in our share—won't we, mother?"

"Indeed we will," replied Mrs. Green. And before she could say any more, Johnny spoke up.

"Of course I'm in for anything Ben is, 'cause he's my partner, an' I'm mighty glad he thought of such a thing."

was two dollars and thirty-five cents, and that as there were six of them, including herself and Nelly, each one would be obliged to give a fraction over thirty-nine cents.

Ben responded at once with forty cents, although he then had but ten cents left, and in a few moments the entire sum was contributed.

It was only necessary to get the money which Paul had, and the ticket could be purchased.

It was decided that since Ben had formed the plan, he should carry it out—a task which he was perfectly willing to perform; and after promising to let his partners know as soon as he had succeeded, he started off, happy at the thought of being able to give Paul so much pleasure.

When he met the boy whom he was eager to make happy once more, he had not been able to form any plan

for getting the theatrical funds from him without running the risk of raising his suspicions. But since there was no other course which he could pursue, he said, as innocently as possible:

"I've been talkin' with the other fellers, Paul, an' I want you to let me have the money that come from the theatre. We are thinkin' of doin' somethin' with it, an' when you come home to-night we'll tell you what it is."

Paul had been thinking so much of his home and of his parents, whom he feared he should not see again, that he would have had no idea of Ben's purpose even though he had spoken more plainly, and he handed him the money without a word.

During the remainder of that day Paul was considerably mystified at the singular behavior of his friends. They indulged in the most wonderful winks

and nods to each other whenever they were where he was, and something which Ben showed them from time to time seemed to please them immensely.

Whenever he asked the reason for their unusual good-humor and apparent secrecy about something, he was told that he should know at dinner-time, but not before.

Without having the slightest suspicion as to what his friends had done for him, Paul was so excited by the evident secret which was being kept from him, that he was very impatient for the time to come when he could know what it was.

Never before had the boys seemed so anxious to be with him as they were during that afternoon, and he quite forgot their seeming coolness of the morning. One or all of them, except Mopsey, of course, who was obliged to remain at his stand in the absence of the boy who sometimes acted as clerk for him, kept near Paul all the day, and when it was time to go to dinner it seemed as if they were escorting him home.

Once or twice, while they were eating dinner, some one of the party had said, "Now, Ben, now!" but Ben had shaken his head significantly, and continued eating as if he had no other duty before him.

When the meal was finished, instead of getting up from the table as they were in the custom of doing, each one of Mrs. Green's boarders, as well as herself and Nelly, remained at the table, as if waiting for something, and Paul looked at them in the greatest surprise.

"Mister Weston," said Ben, gravely, as he pushed his



"'MISTER WESTON,' SAID BEN, GRAVELY."

Mopsey was the only one who appeared to be at all averse to the generous deed, and there seemed to be a great struggle going on in his mind, when he should have been the first to agree to it, since he had more money than all the others, save Mrs. Green.

"Shame on you, Mopsey, for not speaking right up, and saying that you'll do as much as the others will!" cried Nelly, in great excitement, lest one of the party should frustrate the others in their good work.

"Why don't you give a feller a chance to say what he'll do?" replied Mopsey, angry with himself for having hesitated at such a time. "I'm willin' to come in with the rest, only I want to think it over first."

"Then you'll agree to it, will you?" asked Ben, anxious for the success of his plan.

"Of course I will; didn't I say so?" asked the pea-nut merchant, sulkily.

"Then it's all right," said Ben, joyfully. "An' now let's git what money he's got of ours in some way so's he won't know what we want it for, an' add enough to it so's to buy the ticket, an' give it to him to-night."

The others, with the possible exception of Mopsey, were eager to complete the good work at once, and Mrs. Green was called upon to tell them how much money was needed, and how much each individual would be obliged to give.

She was not very apt in the art of arithmetic; but after some little time, during which a good many figures were made, she informed them that the total amount needed

plate farther on the table, and arose from his seat as if he had a long speech to deliver, "us fellers have seen that you wasn't feelin' very nice at havin' to stay with us, an' we kinder thought you wanted to leave us 'cause things didn't go to suit you."

As he paused for a moment, Paul, who had been in a perfect maze of wonder at this preface to the speech, said, quickly:

"I'm sure things go to please me as much as you can make them; but you mustn't feel angry if I don't want to stay, 'cause you know just how it happened that I come here, an' when I think of my father an' mother an' my sister, I can't—help—feeling—"

Here Paul burst into a flood of tears at the thought that his companions were reproving him for grieving for those whom he loved so dearly, and whom he feared he might never meet again.

Ben hesitated at this grief of his friend, and for a moment it seemed as if he could not continue until he had tried to console him; but like one who has a duty to perform, and must do it as quickly as possible, he continued:

"We ain't layin' anything up agin you 'cause you

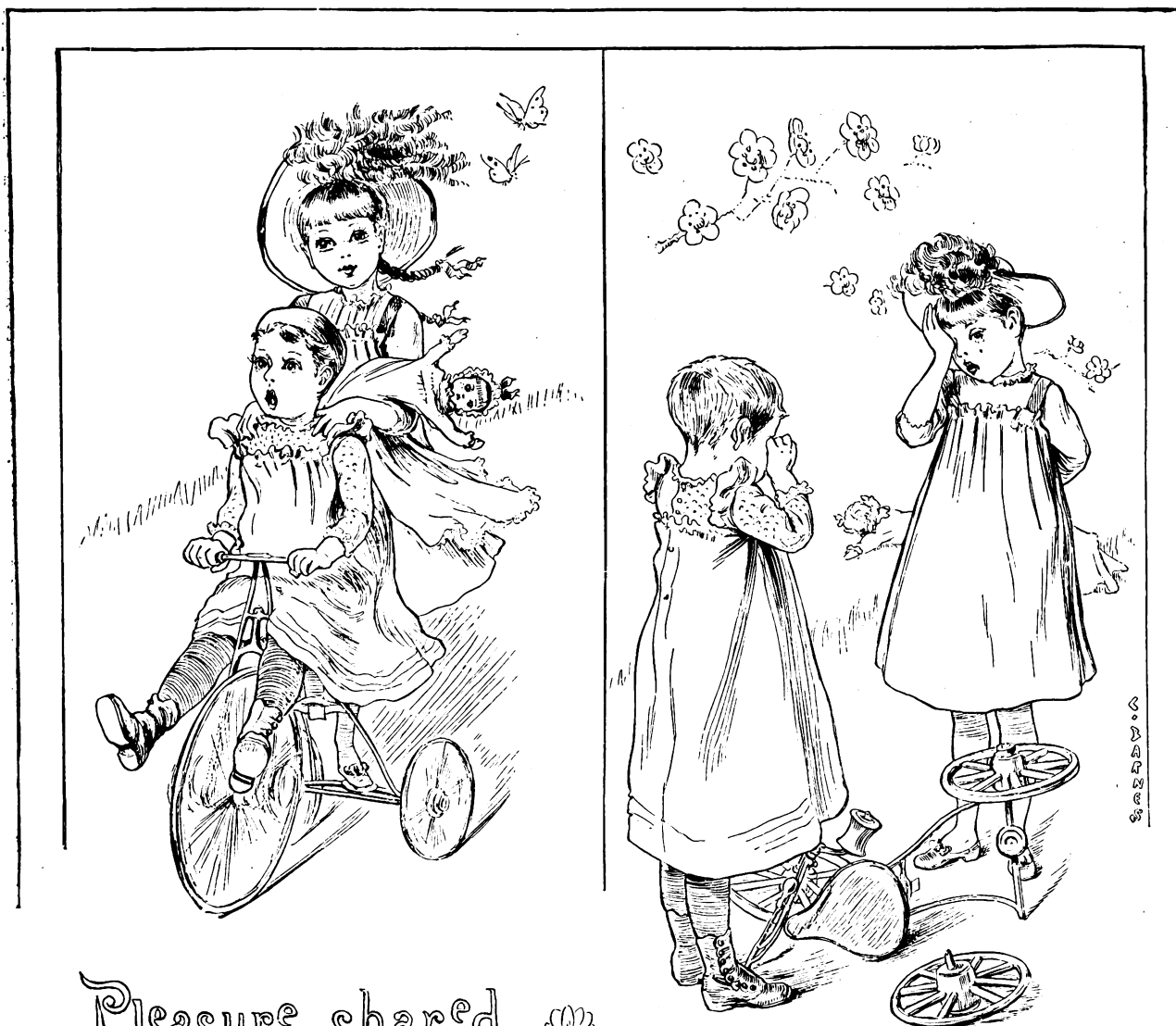
don't want to stay round here, for we don't blame you, seein's how you've got a good home to go to, an' if we had one we should tear round worse'n you do. But all the same we've seen how you felt about it, an' we've come to the 'clusion that you'd better not stay here any longer."

Paul looked up in fear and surprise, for it certainly seemed as if he was being turned away.

"No," continued Ben, in a loud voice, growing more emphatic the nearer he approached the conclusion of his speech; "we've made up our minds that you've got to go, an' Dickey here's all ready to take your place as one of the boarders. We give a pretty good show Saturday night, an' we got so much money out of it that we've bought this for you, so's you can go home."

Ben handed Paul the ticket, which he had opened to full length as he ceased speaking, and it was some moments before the surprised boy could understand it all. But when he realized that now he could go to his friends, if not to his parents, his joy was more than he could control, and from its very excess came the tears in an irresistible torrent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Pleasure shared
is increased pleasure

Grief shared
is diminished grief



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

SHE says she "hit it on the fly,"
Pretty, eager little Polly;
And so, indeed, she did; but I
Should say she "took it on the volley."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

PARIS, FRANCE.

I was very much pleased to see my first letter in print, also to see the kind invitation to write again. I missed one number for a long time, for it was on board the *Celtic*, the steamer that broke its shaft, and which was obliged to come over under sail. We did miss it—oh, so much! but we have it now, and our file is complete, and we take a great deal of satisfaction in it. In my last letter I promised to tell you about these large French chestnuts. I ate one, and I thought at first it was delicious, but all at once I felt that my mouth was all puckered up, so one of us proposed boiling them, which we did, and we found them very good, but not half so nice as those at home. A French lady told mamma that they are used only for stuffing turkeys.

Although it is summer, I will tell you about the last holidays. Christmas was the first of them, and here in France they last for about three weeks, and it is such a merry time. I was rather disappointed in Christmas, for the French people think nothing of the day itself except as a holiday for church-going, and when our school-mates found out that we were to hang up our stockings and receive our presents on Christmas, they thought it was entirely the wrong time, for they were to wait for New-Year's to receive theirs, which is the merriest and happiest day in the year to the little French girls and boys. We followed the customs of the people, and went to church on Christmas. We went to Notre Dame in the morning, where they had a full choral mass. We were allowed to go into the gallery which surrounds the altar by paying a franc each, and from there we were able to look down on the forty priests, one hundred choir-boys, and the archbishop, who conducted the mass. One of the priests plays the altar organ, and, in the distance, another organ is played in response, but we could not see the organist; he was so high up and far away; we could see the archbishop change his robes three times, and he washed his hands quite a number of times in a gold wash-bowl, in water turned from a gold pitcher. His robes were of velvet and satin, embroidered with pure gold, and the chalices which the archbishop and cardinal carried were of pure gold. One beautiful part of the ceremony was the blessing of the church, when the archbishop, cardinal, priests, and altar-boys form a procession and march all about the church with their candles and gold-embroidered banners, headed by the beadle dressed in his three-cornered hat and red breeches, holding his gilt staff in such an important way that, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, I could not but think he must honor himself as a drum-major. After this ceremony was over two men in elegant costumes brought in upon a staging which was placed on their heads two large silver plates of bread to be blessed. After this it was passed first to the priests, who took the larger pieces, which truly were enough for one's breakfast; then the small-

er pieces were passed among the congregation. Twice while we were in church the contribution box, which is a red velvet bag at the end of a long pole, was passed, first for the church and second for the poor. We knew each time it was coming, for the beadle strikes the floor three times with his staff to attract the attention of the people, and have them get their money ready. I wish I could tell you how beautifully the voices of the choir sounded, but I can't express it.

In the same church we went down to see the treasures. We saw the vestments which the priest wore when he married Josephine to Napoleon I., and we also saw the gold service from which poor Marie Antoinette took her last sacrament before she was beheaded.

We went from there to the Madeleine, to the afternoon service, and heard the most lovely singing in a most beautiful church. After the service was over it was dark, and as we were coming out we looked down the Boulevard des Italiens, and it was all ablaze with light, and looked like a great fair, for during the day before stalls had been built on the outer side of the sidewalk, which is very wide, and with these brightly lighted stalls on one side and the stores so brightly illuminated on the other, it was a veritable fair in the open air. In these booths they sold everything, from new inventions, books, boots, lamps, etc., down to candy and playthings, and everybody was screaming and shouting, and all was excitement. At one booth a man came up, and in a very angry tone said to the man who was selling different kinds of porcelain-ware: "Why do you sell those things at such a ruinous price—below cost? Is it because you've not paid me, and expect to get off without paying me? I am going for a policeman." Upon that the man walked off, and everybody thought it was time to buy the things cheap, so they hurried up and bought all they could get hold of. And judge of my surprise when, upon my return, I saw the man who had gone off to find a policeman sitting behind the empty counter enjoying his wicked joke. I liked "The Ice Queen," Jimmy Brown's stories, "Left Behind," and "Our Little Dunce."

MARTIE LE B. S.

I shall be glad to hear about Martie's visit to Switzerland, of which a little private note gives information.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

I am a Southern girl, as you may see by my postmark. I live just one mile from the "Floral City," as Tallahassee is called. It is such a pretty place. The flowers here bloom in winter as well as in summer. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is just splendid. I want to tell you about Wakulla Spring. It is so pretty to look through the clear water, and see the fishes and water-plants. If the Postmistress ever comes to Florida, she must visit Tallahassee and see Wakulla Spring. I do not attend school, but I did in the winter. I went five months, and was there every day except one, and that was so stormy that it was impossible for me to go, as I live so far from school. I have one little sister, named Francie; she is seven years old. I am reading the Bible through.

MINNIE L. C.

CANTREY, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is about as nice a paper as any little girl could read. I often read it when I am lonesome, because I live where there are no little girls to play with. I live on the bank of the Rahway River, and there are several large elm-trees on the edge of the lawn, with branches overhanging the river, and said to be between two and three hundred years old. We have very beautiful sunsets, which are duplicated in the water. We have also a hickory and elm grove, and through it runs a spring that is as cold as ice-water all the time. I have to drive three miles every morning to the Friends' school, which is in Rahway. In winter sometimes I walk there and back, which is six miles. I have seven studies, and take music and drawing lessons. We have a very nice teacher and school-mates, and think that helps to make it pleasant. Does thee not agree with me?

IDA C. B. (aged 13).

TERRY, MISSISSIPPI.

This is my first entrance into your circle of writers. I am a little Mississippi girl ten years old, and will soon be eleven. Would you not like to know what we are doing so far South now? We are now at the beginning of packing and shipping fruit and vegetables. Our peach orchards now are almost as much a curiosity to us as our immense cotton fields used to be to the Northern people before the war. I like James Otis's stories. I get my paper every Thursday. I have two brothers and two sisters. One of my brothers owns two little puppies. There are a great many peaches shipped from here.

NETTIE J.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I live in Chicago, on the "South Side," a few blocks from Lake Michigan. I attend Douglas School, and expect to be in the seventh grade next year. I have two little sisters—Helen and Mary. We have a pet cat, and Aimee, our pony. South Park is very large. The walks and drives

are grand, and the flowers very beautiful. I wish I had room to tell you about the floral designs and rare flowers. After school mamma takes us in the phaeton, and we drive down the boulevards through the Park to the woods. I wish I could send you some of the pretty flowers we gather. I am eleven years old, and like YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

FLORENCE A. C.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

I am a little stranger to you. I have taken the paper ever since it was first published. I enjoy reading it very much, and watch for it each week. I take music lessons, and I am twelve years old. Please print this, as it is the first I ever wrote to the Post-office Box.

CARRIE J. R.

Not a little stranger, but a dear little friend.

FORT KEOGH, MONTANA.

I saw in YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 233, a letter from a little girl describing Fortress Monroe. I was born in a fort in Kansas, and now live in Fort Keogh, Montana. This fort is not like Fortress Monroe; it is only a collection of quarters, barracks, and store-houses built on the bank of the Yellowstone River. When I first came here the country was full of hostile Indians, and the troops were busy chasing them, winter and summer, in 1880. The Indians then surrendered, and now the country is safe. Railway cars and a mail arrive here daily. Before the railroad was built we were sometimes six weeks without a mail in the winter. It is very cold here in the winter. One Christmas-day it was fifty-three degrees below zero. Last winter another little girl and myself had our toes frozen. We have guard-mounting every morning, and in the winter, when the men wear their fur coats, they look like bears. We had a pond on the parade-ground last winter, and skated on it. We go to school daily, and had a dancing-school for the children, which has just closed. We had a nice party for the children in May last. We ride on horseback in the summer, and go to the Buttes and climb them, and have lots of fun. I know a good many of the Indians. One of them, named Brave Wolf, gave me a robe; it is very warm to sleep under in winter. I never saw any of the artillery, except some of the Fifth Artillery in Philadelphia in 1882. We used to have the whole of the Fifth Infantry at Fort Keogh, and four companies of the Second Cavalry—fourteen companies in all.

BESSIE R.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

We are a little timid about venturing to write, for the Post-office Box always seems so full, but perhaps you may find room for our letter, as it is the first time we have written. We are cousins, and as one of us lives in Brooklyn and the other in Montreal, we do not see each other very often, which renders each visit very precious. This is the first time we have been together for a year and a half. Although we are big girls, we play with dolls. How old were you when you stopped playing with them? I (Clara) am studying music, and am very much interested in Mrs. Lillie's articles on that subject. I have finished Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique." We both take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think no other paper can surpass it. We are collecting a box of miscellaneous note-paper, in which we have no two sheets alike. We exchange with our friends, and do not intend to use any until we have the box filled. We will now close, with best wishes to all.

CLARA L. B. and FLORENCE H. R.

I still like to look at pretty dolls, but it is a very, very long time since I stopped playing with them. I advise you to keep on taking care of yours as long as you can.

SHAWNEE COUNTY, KANSAS.

I am a little boy ten years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year. I think it is a very good paper. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind" best. I have a pet dog; his name is Nip. He will stand up and beg, and jump up on chairs. The other day I was climbing up on a porch, and I fell and cut my head. The cut was five inches and a half long. We had to have two doctors and one barber. I go to school, and I am in the fourth grade. Our school let out May 9th. I have a brother seven years old, and he goes to school; he is in the first grade. We had a little colored girl that I played with a great deal. I had a play-house, and I played we had some chickens. I threw out feed for them, and my brother came along and ate it, and I have always called him chick.

JOHNNY D.

Two doctors and a barber! Poor boy!

MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA.

I have often thought I would write to you, but have never done so until now. Have you ever been in San Francisco, our own dear city? What fun the boys and girls who live in New York must have in cold weather, skating and coasting, and watching the snow-flakes coming down! We poor people of San Francisco have nothing but the dismal rain in the winter, dripping—oh, so drearily!—down the window-panes, instead of the soft, downy snow. Have you not a great many thunder-storms in summer? We never do. Here

It is June, and to-day everything is entirely June. The birds are singing, and where I sit writing I can see the sun shining brightly on the lawn, wet with dew. Can you not imagine it all? I suppose you have heard of Governor Stanford. He has a very large place here. I will describe it. You enter a large gate, and drive over a winding road for quite a distance. On one side there is a creek; on the other, miles of land. When you approach the house, there are wide lawns with large trees and beautiful statues. The house is old, of adobe, but very handsome; the wide verandas and sloping roof tell it to be of the old style. Farther on, the Governor has a great many large stables, where hundreds of horses are raised. Altogether it is a most beautiful place. I am fourteen. D. I. M. E.

SOUTH BEACH, CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND.

I have a goat that came from the Black Hills, and I have a village-cart and a two-seated wagon, so that one of my sisters can drive with me. I have two sisters; one is eleven years old, and her name is Maud, and the other is Marie, and she is nine. I am six. We live on an elegant place, very near the beach, and we go in bathing every day; it is charming. In the winter we slide down-hill, and have great fun. We have a big dog that goes in bathing with us; his name is Kaiser. We have two old cats and many kittens; some of them live at the stable. We have lots of chickens, one cow, and two calves; one calf is pretty big. We have a horse and carriage, and drive every day to the boat for papa. The story I like best in *Young People* is "Ten Days a News-boy," but I like all the stories. Do you think this letter will be good enough to print in the paper? I hope so. My name is LE BARON B., JUN.

OAKDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Our home is situated in a very pleasant place. We can plainly see the Delaware River and the ships sailing on it, and on clear days we can see quite a distance in New Jersey. I am ten years old, and before school closed I studied Scripture, writing, reading, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, philosophy, geography, drawing, composition, and recitation. When school began I started in multiplication in arithmetic, and when it closed I was in decimal fractions, and I had never been at school before. If Jiminy Brown is a boy, I think that if he is old enough to write such good stories, he is old enough to know how to behave. Please tell him so. We have a great deal of fruit, and last year we had fresh fruit on the table for supper from the time that strawberries first came until peaches were gone. I hope you will publish this letter, as I would like to see how it looks in print. HANNAH W. O.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

I have written to you once before about my experience with a spider. I am still at work with my herbarium. I do so want to be a clever woman, and hope that every little girl who reads this will try to be the same. This time I shall tell you about a bird that I have often watched in my sometimes solitary but amusing rambles in this delightful country. You have doubtless heard of the mocking-bird (*Turdus polyglottus*), and possibly listened to his inimitable cinging. He is not at all a pretty bird, but his singing is simply wonderful. Yesterday I watched one whose mate has her nest in a cedar-tree. He was sitting on a branch of an old elm-tree, amusing himself in the most ludicrous imitations of other birds, when suddenly he perched himself on the topmost bough of the tree, and broke forth into a strain of melody the most wild, varied, and pathetic that ever I heard. Right in the midst of these enchanting strains, which gradually increased in loudness, he several times flew upward from the topmost twig, with outspread wings, continuing his note, as if overpowered by ecstasy. Dear Postmistress, I do so wish that you were here to hear them yourself; but as that can not be, I am going to try and send you one when they are large enough to take the trip. MABEL C.

Thank you ever so much for the kind intention, dear, but I would rather hear you tell of the sweet singing of a free mocking-bird than to listen to the notes of a poor little being of the woods pining his life away in a cage. So you must not send me one. If you did, he would not live long in captivity, nor would he ever sing with the gladness of the one you describe.

PONTIAC, ILLINOIS.

We have two little kittens; they play with mamma's flowers, and tear them all up, and mamma says we will have to give them away or keep them shut up. We have lots of flowers; we have big roses, pansies, daisies white and pink, balsam, phlox, and many others. I have two canaries. We had two mocking-birds, but they both died. I am seven years old, and am in the Third Reader. I have a little brother four years old, and another ten. We have taken *Harper's Young People* three years, and like it very much. "Our Little Duncie," "The Ice Queen," and "Ten Days a Newsboy" are the best stories, I think. I am sick this week, and can not work

or play much. I have a little friend living near who has a little pony and buggy, and she often takes us out driving. I am writing this myself, and hope you can read it all. Mamma gave me a scrap-book for my birthday present. I have four dolls; one is four years old, two are two years old, and one is of an unknown age; my big doll is named Gracie, and is as big as my little brother when he was two. I am afraid my letter is too long, so I will say good-by.

ANNA MAUD C.

REDDING, CALIFORNIA.

We came to Redding from Rouseville, Pennsylvania, four years ago. Redding is a beautiful town, situated on the Sacramento River, in full view of Mount Shasta and Mount Lassen.

We have the best school-house north of Sacramento. I like my teacher so well that it is a real pleasure to go to school. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. I have been promoted twice this term, and am at the head of my class. I am only ten years old, but I have read *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, *Miles Standish*, and *Lady of the Lake*.

My papa is a physician, and is superintendent of the Sunday-school. EDDIE M.

I am glad to hear of the books you have read. You must read *Marmion* and Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* next.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl ten years old. My brother takes *Harper's Young People*, and I like it very much. I have two pets, a canary-bird named Itando and a pretty black and white kitten I call Frisky. I think the name suits her exactly, for she is very frisky indeed. At night, when we are sitting in the room, she will run and jump up on the back of the chair and pull the curtain until it flies up, which she thinks is great fun. I want to tell you about a society some of my little school-mates and I, numbering ten, got up for the benefit of the little orphans. We had President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. I was Treasurer. We met every Saturday afternoon at three o'clock at one of our houses. We called it the "Daisy Club," and made little round pin-cushions and filled them full of pins, and sold them for ten cents to the gentlemen we knew. We made \$10, and before last Christmas we went downtown and bought handkerchiefs, collars, ribbons, etc., and packed them in a box and sent it over to the little Orphans' Home. I am making a crazy quilt out of silk, satin, velvet, and plush, and I can embroider very nicely.

My brother has a large dog, an Irish setter, we call Don, and we like to play with him very much. NELL H.

EVERETT, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have a number of aunts, uncles, and cousins both in Brooklyn and New York. Our whole family look forward with great pleasure to the coming of this interesting paper; it is always passed around the table many times, each one seeing something new in it. All the children tell about their pets; I have only one, and that is a large Maltese and white cat; she is very smart. I was not absent, tardy, or dismissed from school once this year. GERTRUDE W. F.

OAKDALE, LONG ISLAND.

I saw, not long ago, a letter from two girls, Maude A. and Clara G. M., living in Watertown. As I know them both, I was very glad to see it, and I hope you will print my letter, as I want them to see this. Our vacation has begun, and I expect to have a very good time this summer. MAIRY L. (11 years of age).

TUSCOLA, ILLINOIS.

I live eight miles from Tuscola on a very pretty farm, which is two miles from the timber. There is a creek which runs through the timber, where many people go to fish. I have been there fishing twice this spring. I had lots of fun both times. Papa is knitting a seine now; I will be glad when it is done, so we can go fishing. There are several large ponds on our farm, which have a great many fish in them. MAUD F.

DEAR CHILDREN,—My Eddie is a helpless invalid from paralysis; can read, write, etc., but can not take a single step. This morning he said: "Mamma, I feel as ugly as a bear. What will you do with me?" I told him I didn't know, but I would ask the *Young People*. We have had this dear paper from the first number; it is one of my poor darling's bright spots. Some of you know about Eddie through this same paper. Now, children, what shall I do for this boy who "feels as ugly as a bear?" He can not run about in the cool sweet air, and enjoy this lovely leafy month as you are doing; so leave your play a few moments, and send us some letters to cheer the long lonely days. The love I had for my own boy has grown so large that I think it will cover all the *Young People*—Editor, Postmistress, and all—by this time. Direct to, EDDIE SMITH,

15 Lincoln Avenue, Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

I hope this blessed little paper will live and

prosper till our children's children are old and gray—don't you? Good-by now. From

EDDIE'S MAMMA.

Of course, some of you will do what you are asked to by Eddie's mamma.

Claire L. H.: I am sorry the hail-storms have so often harmed you. I hope your papa's crops may be saved this year.—C. C. Hale, Guilford, Connecticut, has no more stamps. He will return their postmarks to the correspondents who have received no reply from him as yet, if they will send him stamps for return postage.—Alma Z., Louise M. B., Maggie G. C., Mabel S. M., John G., Jun., Grace H., Lynette L. R., Lillie Louise P. H., Albert N. L., and Julia N. J. will accept thanks for their letters, and Edith Lucinda A. for her story. She will, no doubt, write very well in time.—R. M. May's "Birthday Story" is very pretty, but not quite good enough for publication. Try again.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

- 1.—I am composed of 9 letters. My whole was a famous outlaw.
My 1, 7, 3, 4, 5 sings in the green wood.
My 6, 7, 8, 9 is worn on cold nights by fair dames.
My 9, 8, 2, 1 should be closed when it rains.
My 3, 4, 5 is tempting to mice.
My 1, 2, 3 is a nickname. LILLIE N.
- 2.—I am composed of 9 letters, and am a term in arithmetic.
My 4, 3, 5 is an animal.
My 8, 7, 5 is a negation.
My 4, 3, 2 is an apartment on wheels.
My 1, 3, 4, 5 is a reality.
My 9, 5, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a place for waiting. JOSIE K. BOLTON.
- 3.—I am to be found on the map of New York, and I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is a receiptable.
My 5, 6 is a nickname.
My 7, 8, 9, 11 is an animal.
My 4, 9, 11 is a verb.
My 10, 3 is a preposition.
My 3, 11, 4, 9 is close by.
My 3, 6 is negative.
My 5, 6, 7, 3 is a favorite name for boys. WALLACE H. KEEP.

No. 2.

AN EASY SQUARE.

- 1.—A musical instrument. 2. A notion. 3. Vegetables. 4. Comfort. JOSIE R. BOLTON.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

First is in hot, but not in cold.
Second is in hold and also in mould.
Third is in hum and also in sum.
Fourth is in hoe, but not in sow.
Fifth is in flower and also in clover.
Whole is known the wide world over.
L. M. HOFFMAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 244.

- No. 1.—
- | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P | L | E | T | F | O | L | D |
| P | E | A | R | L | F | L | A |
| T | R | Y | | D | R | E | |
| L | | | | E | | | |
| T | | | | D | | | |
| A | W | E | | T | E | A | |
| T | W | I | N | E | D | E | L |
| E | N | D | | A | T | E | |
| E | | | | A | | | |
- No. 2.—
- | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| F | L | A | G | M | A | L | E |
| L | I | K | E | A | R | E | A |
| A | K | I | N | L | E | E | S |
| G | E | N | T | E | A | S | T |
- No. 3.— Corkscrew.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lutie Blinn, John C. Granger, Jun., Sadie Van Clief, John Brown, Willie A. Scott, G. Bollinger, Lillie Northrup, Gracie Jones, Maggie P. Coppens, Mary L. McEwen, Clara G. Moore, Willie Frazer, Albert Hebb, Forrest R. Trafford, Edie Congdon, C. W. Reynolds, C. L. Barrett, Johnnie Spring, L. C. D., Amy Page, Jim and Dick F., Rosa Carlisle, Madge Erskine, Winifred Gordon, Charles C. Ames, Maude Eva Brown, Clara L. Barnes, and Florence K. Randall.

The answer to "Who Was He?" on page 576 of No. 243, is Benjamin Franklin.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"DID ANYBODY SAY, 'WHAT TIME IS IT?'"

AN ÆSTHETIC CONCERT.

BY G. B. BARTLETT,

AUTHOR OF

"NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

THIS graceful little entertainment can be prepared by children at short notice, with little trouble, if close attention be given to these simple directions. The spectators will be amused to see a row of sunflowers and daisies of various heights — one to nine feet — with a child's face forming the centre of each.

After singing a few solos and choruses, the music for which may be found in any of the many books of songs for home and school, or speaking a dialogue, the wonder of their friends will increase when one or more of the flowers slowly grows from the floor to the ceiling. This growing process will be described later, but first the still garden will be sketched, with the material needed for its preparation.

To begin with, procure a curtain of brown cambric, with the dull side out, large enough to cover the opening behind the folding-doors, or as large as the end of the room from floor to ceiling. In case there is no opening between two rooms, this curtain is stretched very tightly across the end of the room, about eighteen inches in front of the rear wall. Behind this curtain step-ladders, tables, chairs, and stools are placed, so that the head of the highest child will be one foot from the ceiling, that of the next child a little lower, and down to the lowest child, who may lie or kneel upon the floor. The order may be varied at will by having short and tall flowers mixed, according to taste.

After the children are in line behind the curtain, and close to it, the flowers are sewed upon the cambric to match each face, and a round hole is cut, through which each head is thrust to the ears. The flowers are made by covering rings of pasteboard, cut about the size of each face, with yellow paper. These rings are one inch in width, and the petals of the flowers are pasted upon them of yellow or white paper, as desired for the sunflowers or daisies, each being cut out in rude imitation of the real. Strips of green paper one inch in width are sewed under each flower to the ground or floor, and leaves of various sizes also are cut from green paper, and fastened to the cambric. A shawl may be hung up in front while the children are getting ready, and dropped or drawn aside when the concert begins, at the conclusion of which the heads are all withdrawn at once.

To make a growing flower, boards must be fitted from the floor to ceiling of the room, with a space between them just the width of each face in front of the ears. The boards are covered with brown cambric, and a curtain of the same color is hung on the wall behind them. The curtain already described is also behind the boards, and so close as to touch them, as they stand three feet from the back wall of the room. On the back of these boards parallel wires are stretched, on which the flower curtain runs up and down on rings. For this purpose the curtain which has the flowers sewed upon it is cut into strips just wide enough to reach from one wire to the next. The child who

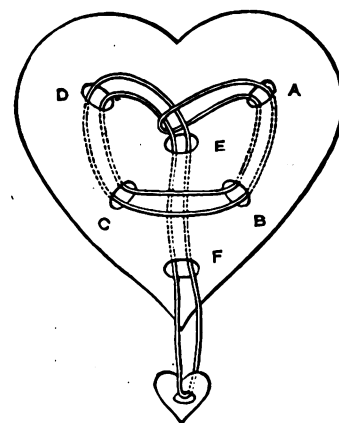
is to make the flower grow first lies upon the floor, then slowly rises to the knees and feet, and then to a cricket and chair, to which an assistant guides him. In most cases it will be needful only to have one arrangement for growing either at the centre or end of the curtain.

This amusement can be adapted to various seasons and festivals, as not only the songs and dialogues can be changed, but the flowers also. If it is desirable to prepare the flowers very hastily, they may be painted in water-colors on a white sheet, which can be stiffened by a coat of glue and water, and the holes for the faces can be cut out. A rose garden is also very pretty, and a copy of the flower is very easy to paint well enough for the purpose, as the light need not be very strong, and must always be placed in front of, and never behind, the flower curtain.

THE HEART AND STRING PUZZLE.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 576 OF No. 245.

PULL out some slack, and pass the loop downward through E, upward through F, and lastly over the small heart.



Draw back the string through E and F, when it can easily be taken off.



GARDENING.

Pretty Polly planted her dolly in a sunny garden bed. "I hope by fall it'll grow as tall as a big French doll," she said.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 248.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



AN EXTRACT FROM JOHNNY SEARS'S JOURNAL.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

ON BOARD SHIP *Texas*, AT ANCHOR IN PEIHO RIVER.

At the time I left home I promised mother that I would keep a regular journal for her to read when I got back. I've only missed two days since we sailed from New York for China, almost six months ago. I was seasick those two days. And when a fel-

low is seasick he don't care about keeping journals or anything else, except to keep still—if he can.

I'm fifteen years old to-day. Last birthday I remember that Mr. Landers, the high-school teacher, kept me in at recess because he caught me drawing a picture of father's ship, the *Texas*, under full sail, on my slate, instead of doing my sums. I've seen a good many funny things since then, I tell you—whales, water-spouts, a big iceberg, a cyclone, and lots more that I've written down in different parts of my journal; but what has happened in the last two days has beat all the rest put together.

It's kind of lonesome in the cabin to-night, for father has gone ashore, Mr. Richards, the mate, is in his state-room, and father don't like me to go for'ard among the men any more than I can help. So I think I'll pass away the time by writing down all I can remember about what has happened since yesterday morning in regular story form.

You see, the ship was chartered to take a cargo of rice from Tien-tsin, which is a little town on the Peiho River. When the consul came aboard after we arrived (we had a hundred and seventy days' passage from New York), he told us that they were having lively times in Pekin, which is the imperial city, some twenty odd miles up river from where we are lying.

As near as I can understand, the Chinese have broken some sort of treaty with the English, and fired on one of their war vessels from a fort on the coast. So the English and French forces got together and attacked the city, and they've been burning the palace and plundering right and left.

Somewhat the crew got hold of this. I shall always think that the second mate, who heard the consul's talk with father, told them. That very night it was his anchor watch from twelve to two, and when Mr. Richards went on deck to relieve him, the second mate, the crew—except Bob Grant, an old man-o'-war's man—and the long-boat were all missing. They had started for Pekin to get a share of the plunder.

This was a pretty serious matter. There was no one left aboard but father, Mr. Richards, Bob, Joe, the colored cook, Li, the Chinese steward, and myself. There was a great deal to be done to the ship after such a long voyage, and no sailors nearer than Canton or Shanghai. Finally, after thinking it all over, father decided to send me up to Pekin with a letter to the American Consul, asking him if possible to have the men hunted up by the authorities and brought back to the ship. Mr. Richards could not be spared to go, because father had to be ashore seeing about the cargo, and he did not care to leave the ship without an officer on board while he was away.

"See that you don't get into any scrape, Johnny, and be back by to-morrow noon at the furthest," father sang out from under the quarter-deck awning, as, with Li, the steward, and old Bob for my boat's crew, we pushed off from the ship's side. "You look out for him, Li," father added, to the steward, who had just shipped his oar. And Li, who never could pronounce the letter "r," called back, "Allee light, Cap'n," and away we went.

Now I didn't quite relish the idea of being looked out for by the steward. I thought I was quite old enough to look out for myself. And I was just a little bit jealous that father seemed to think so much of Li, and Li of him. The way of it was this: Father took him off a dismayed junk ten years before, when Li was quite small—say, six years old—and the only living person left aboard. He had been in the *Texas* ever since—cabin-boy first, then cook, and finally steward. Whenever the ship was in port long enough, father would hunt out some mission school where there was a class of Chinamen, and send Li, so he picked up "pigeon English" quite fast, and, what's more, got so he could read the New Testament. You ought to see his state-room. The walls are just covered with pictures he

cut from the illustrated papers, and cards with tea-chest writing on them. Over his berth there was an old photograph of father framed round with tissue-paper and peacocks' feathers; under it a printed text that some one gave him at Sunday-school: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." And everything in the room is as neat as wax.

Well, after we got a few miles up the river I forgot everything except what was going on around us, and the curious sights that met my eyes. On the right side, within a few yards of the river's bank, were collections of small huts built on piling driven deep in the mud. Bob called them "closets on stilts." The door was on the back side, and there was a plank sidewalk to go ashore on. A fellow could sit on the platform with his legs hanging over and catch fish enough for breakfast without going away from the house at all. These river-dwellings, as they call them, only cost about five dollars, and if a man builds one worth ten, they think he's a bloated bondholder, and say he is putting on too many airs for *that* neighborhood.

When we reached the grand canal, that is cut right from the river to the city itself, it was hard work to get our boat along without bumping into some other fellow's. But we managed to pull through, and while we were making the boat fast close to the stone steps that lead up to the custom-house, who should I see but one of our run-away crew—English Ned they called him—stretched out in the stern-sheets of our ship's long-boat, smoking.

"Holloa, youngster," he called out, as cool as you please, "so *you've* come up to 'ave a 'and in the fun, eh?"

"Not exactly," I answered, sort of short and sharp, for I didn't quite relish being spoken to in such a familiar sort of way; "but I've come to spoil *your* fun, as you'll see when the American Consul gets after you fellows."

"Sorry Cap'n Sears should 'a took so much trouble," said Ned, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "because we've had our fling, and as soon as the crew gets down to the boat, which 'll besome time before dark, we're all comin' back to the ship, 'ceptin' the second mate, as got shot quite accidental yesterday whilst the h'imperial palace was bein' sot afire and looted."

Well, I didn't quite know what to do then. If Ned was telling the truth, considerable trouble and expense would be saved. Anyway, I made up my mind to wait till toward evening before I went to the consul's, so leaving Bob to look out for the boat, I started up-town to look round a bit, taking Li with me.

In a big city like Pekin, with over two million inhabitants, a fellow can't see very much in one afternoon. I'd like to have had about a week to look round in, for I can tell you it was tremendously interesting. The first business street that we struck was all given up to one kind of trade—making and selling coffins. It wasn't a very lively place, and we got out of it as soon as possible. Then we came to another, where nothing but china-ware and bric-à-brac, and the loveliest lacquer-work that you can imagine, was sold: and then came the jewellers' quarter, with wonderful gold and silver filigree-work, and the book-stores where we could see the funny-looking Chinamen at work with pencil-brushes making pictures on rice paper. We passed a butcher's shop where there were great piles of ducks split and salted, little pigs all ready for roasting, and, if you'll believe me, I counted as many as two dozen cats and dogs all dressed for cooking. Li told me that it is only the poor people who eat them. "Dog-meat not bad—allee same like veal," he said. But, for my part, I'll take the veal every time.

Well, pretty soon we came to one of the streets where some of the skirmishing had been going on. A big "joss-house," or temple, and four or five large buildings, had been sacked, and the front was riddled with bullets. The first thing I saw was the body of a young Life-Guards man lying right across the pavement, and a little further on

three dead Chinese soldiers. It made me feel sick and faint. I told Li that I guessed we'd better get into a healthier neighborhood, and he seemed to think the same, so we hurried away pretty lively.

We had got almost to the end of the street, and could see the open water of the canal, when I heard a lot of men singing,

"Then fare you well, my bonny young girl,
We're bound for the Rio Grande"—

one of the sailor choruses that you hear aboard ship when the crew is getting the anchor up. And then down a little narrow alleyway came our runaway crew, "shantying," as they call it, at the top of their voices.

Of all the funny sights! Two or three of them were trundling push carts that were just loaded down with all manner of beautiful and expensive things from the summer palace that had been plundered and burned by the soldiers. One fellow had a whole armful of bundles of pink and yellow satin. Another wore a lot of silk crape with threads of gold running through it hung about him like a cloak. And the drollest sight of all was to see a long-legged sailor—French Peter I think he is called—rigged out in the full court dress of a Chinese mandarin. He wore the cap with the little button on the back of his head, and carried in one hand a copper kettle full of trinkets and jewelry, while in the other he was flourishing a silk banner with a big green dragon embroidered on it.

Well, I laughed till I cried—I couldn't help it; but Li's face never changed. I suppose he was thinking of the sorrow and suffering that all this plunder taken from his countrymen represented.

The men, or some of them, nodded to me as they came up. They probably knew my errand, and as they were heading for the boat, of course it wasn't my place to say anything, so I followed along with Li close at their heels.

The streets and shops were completely deserted in this part of the city. Once in a while we could see a yellow face scowling at us through a window, but nothing more.

I was walking behind the Frenchman, and Li behind me. All at once some one on the lower floor of one of the houses poked a long gun out of a half-open door, and aimed it directly at Peter, who, when he saw it, dodged back behind me, sort of pushing me into his place, though without meaning to.

I heard the click and "fis-s-s-h" of the matchlock, and at the same instant Li jumped in front of me and seized the gun-barrel—to throw it up, I suppose.

It was too late. "Bang!" went the gun, and poor Li, clapping his hand to his breast, fell over backward. Some of the fellows dropped their plunder and bolted into the house, but the Chinaman had got away.

I got down on my knees beside Li.

"Don't cly," Li said, in a kind of half whisper; "no use. You tellee Cap'n I *did* look out for Johnny allee same as he ask me."

I was so worked up that I don't remember what I *did* say. But I took hold of his hand and held it; I couldn't think of anything else to do.

"Good-by. Chinaman Li b'lieve Melican God save his soul—Cap'n say so." And then Li never spoke again. The men took him up and carried him into the house.

"His countrymen 'll have to see him buried," said Billy Edwards, a Welshman, and as it was all we could do, we left him there, and hurried down to the boat. One of the men took Li's place in my boat, and after the others had loaded up their own with the plunder they had secured, we started to row back to the ship in company, getting alongside somewhere about midnight.

Father was too glad to get the crew back to say much to them, though it wouldn't have done any good either way. But I never saw him so cut up about anything as he was when I told him about poor Li's death. He isn't a man

that talks much, and he walked backward and forward in the cabin without saying anything for quite a while, and I saw him draw the back of his hand across his eyes two or three times. Finally he took up the hand-lamp and went into the outer cabin, and by-and-by I heard him hammering away in my state-room.

"You'd better turn in now, Johnny," he said, when he came back; so I said, "Good-night," and marched off. I found out what the hammering meant. Father had taken the motto down from Li's room and tacked it up over my looking-glass. And every morning when I wake up I shall see that text to remind me of Li:

"Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friend."

But I hear the boat coming alongside, and that means father, so I will close for to-night.

VACATION.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

"**B**E wary, be wary," says Mother Trout
To her young ones down in the brook,
"For I know by the chirre of the grasshopper,
And the way things gen'rally look,
'Tis time for vacation, and murderous boys,
And make-believe flies in the water to poise."

"Ah me! ah me!" cries a mournful gull
To her mates by the sounding sea,
"Now 'tis growing so hot in the shadiest spot,
Dark visions are harrowing me
Of maids that wear wings on their bonnets bold,
And terrible youths with a gun in their hold."

"Be shy, oh, be shy," clucks the speckled hen
To her brood in the farm-yard warm,
"For this, sweet things, is the time that brings
Summer boarders back to the farm,
And a plump spring chick is gobbled like dew
By this terribly wicked, rapacious crew."

"Alas and alas!" croaks a wretched frog,
With a hoarse, shrill voice, in the pool,
"By my dreams do I fear that the time is near
When city children are let from school,
And there is some terrible tragedy,
Some dark fate, in store for my people and me."

"Oh, sisters mine," sighs a cat-tail fair,
With her delicate foot in the bog,
"Now shortly, ah me! we shall seized be
For a pattern to work on a rug,
Or to pin on the wall of some gloomy room:
My sad soul tells me vacation has come."

INSECTS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

INSECTS themselves are mostly small, but the class to which they belong is the largest class in the animal kingdom, and it contains more than two hundred thousand species.

These little creatures are found in all the countries and oceanic islands that man has reached, inhabiting hot springs as well as the coldest streams. Humboldt found them on the Andes far above the line of perpetual snow, and Darwin, on the early voyage of the *Beagle*, found a dragon-fly two hundred and fifty miles from land.

Insects have no internal skeleton, but they are covered with a horny skin. The head, thorax, and abdomen are entirely distinct, and each part is mostly divided into segments (Fig. 1).

Conspicuous upon the sides of the head are the large round eyes, which, examined through a microscope, will be found covered with numerous flat surfaces or lenses (Fig. 2). These are called compound eyes, for they consist of a great number of eyes crowded into one mass; and they have the power of looking in all directions at the same time. In addition to their compound eyes, most insects have three simple eyes placed between them. The

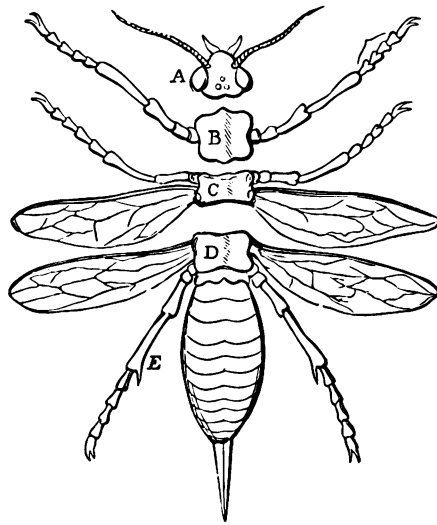


Fig. 1.—DIAGRAM OF AN INSECT.

A, The Head; B, C, D, Segments of the Thorax; E, Abdomen.

antennæ, or feelers, are also interesting, and you will find great variety in their shapes.

To the thorax are attached three pairs of legs, and mostly two pairs of wings. These wings are thin and delicate, and they are very large in proportion to the body. They are supported by a net-work of hollow tubes which inclose air-pipes and blood-vessels side by side, and the motion of the wings assists in airing the blood.

The abdomen has no limbs, and it often ends in a piercer or sting. You may have noticed in larger insects a curious sliding in and out of the segments of the abdomen. This bellows-like action helps to change the air in the air-tubes.

The œsophagus (gullet) leads into a crop from which the food enters the gizzard, where it is crushed and passed on to the true stomach (Fig. 3). Insects have no distinct heart, and the blood is propelled by the contraction of eight sacs, which allow it to flow only toward the head. The blood is colorless, and it fills the irregular spaces left between the organs.

Insects breathe by tracheæ, which are air-tubes passing through every part of the body. Being filled with air, the tracheæ supply the blood abundantly with oxygen, and at the same time diminish the weight of the body. These tubes are composed of elastic threads wound in a close spiral (Fig. 4), which gives them great strength and lightness, and prevents the possibility of their being pressed together and closed. The tracheæ open on the surface of the body in small holes, called "stigmata," which are arranged on the sides of the thorax and abdomen, and are so contrived as to admit air freely, while they exclude water or dust. A drop of oil on the abdomen of an insect will kill it by closing the stigmata and causing suffocation.

No insect is known to have a voice. The various noises of insects, so commonly heard, are caused by the rapid vibration of their wings, or by rubbing the wings together.

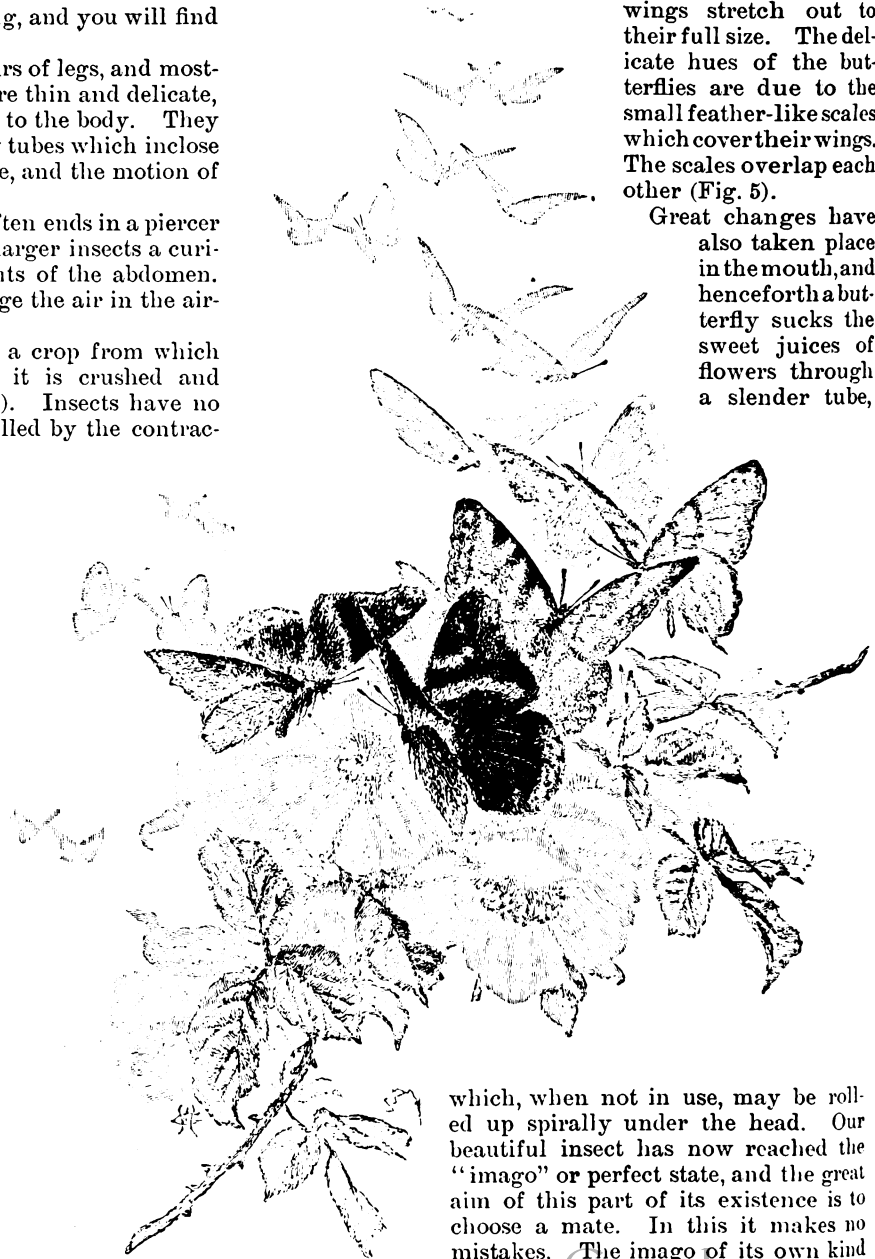
Most young insects are very different from their parents, and before reaching their perfect state they pass through a succession of changes called "metamorphoses." As *butterflies* are familiar insects, let us take them for an example, and study the changes through which they pass.

From the eggs of butterflies are hatched young caterpillars. The mouth of a caterpillar is fitted for chewing, and it crawls over the plant upon which it was born, eagerly devouring the green leaves. It grows rapidly and sheds its coat several times. During this period of its existence it is called a "larva."

At length the larva leaves off eating, and enters the "pupa" or "chrysalis" state. Wrapped in a dry skin, and hanging head downward suspended by a silken thread, it remains for a time apparently dead. Shut up, however, in the silence of this temporary prison, a marvellous change is going on; and when the skin bursts a full-grown butterfly appears, furnished with wings and arrayed in bright colors. It is now one of the most attractive insects, in no way reminding us of the caterpillar from which it sprang. When the butterfly first leaves the case its wings are crumpled and moist, and, before attempting to fly, it

rests awhile until the wings stretch out to their full size. The delicate hues of the butterflies are due to the small feather-like scales which cover their wings. The scales overlap each other (Fig. 5).

Great changes have also taken place in the mouth, and henceforth a butterfly sucks the sweet juices of flowers through a slender tube,



which, when not in use, may be rolled up spirally under the head. Our beautiful insect has now reached the "imago" or perfect state, and the great aim of this part of its existence is to choose a mate. In this it makes no mistakes. The imago of its own kind

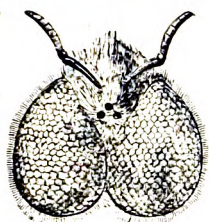


Fig. 2.—HEAD OF A BEE, SHOWING COMPOUND EYES, SIMPLE EYES, AND ANTENNAE.

seems to be impressed upon its fancy, so that it never mates with any but its own species, and the insects know each other when they meet, just as they know the right flowers to feed upon. In the same way the female butterfly selects the proper spot for her eggs, generally placing them on some plant whose leaves are suitable food for her caterpillar children.

Nearly all insects pass through these three conditions, the larva, the pupa, and the imago (Fig. 6). Their larvae pass by the various names of caterpillars, grubs, and maggots. By keeping a few caterpillars you may watch for yourselves all these interesting changes. Directions as to the best methods of catching and preserving butterflies and moths have already been given in *YOUNG PEOPLE* in articles by Mrs. Helen Conant, to be found in Nos. 142 and 189.

What could possibly seem more aimless than the joyous, careless flitting of a butterfly! Floating hither and thither through the bright sunshine, and folding together its elegant wings above the choicest flowers, its life appears a most luxurious one; still it has its own part to play. It is a well-known fact that most bright-colored flowers are dependent upon the visits of insects (especially of bees) to perfect their seeds, and thus keep up a succession of new plants from one year to another. The showy petals attract the attention of the insects, and they enter the flowers to obtain the honey which is stored up in the bottom of the tube. In so doing, grains of pollen adhere to their heads and wings, and are carried from one flower to another. These pollen grains lodge upon the moist surface of the pistils as the insects brush past them, and in due time seeds are produced.

Many of our moths resemble butterflies, and as both of these insects change from caterpillars, it will be well to notice some of the differences between them. In the first place, true butterflies fly only in the daytime. Their antennae are long and thread-like, with knobs at the end. When at rest, the wings are generally folded and held erect above the body, thus concealing the more brightly colored upper surfaces, and affording the insect some protection against its enemies. The under side of the wings often resembles in color the flower upon which the butterfly feeds.

Moths fly only at night or during twilight. The body is generally stouter and more robust than that of the butterfly. Their antennae are tapering, and sometimes beautifully feathered (Fig. 7). They do not fold their wings in repose, and their larvae inclose themselves in silken cocoons.

Silk-worms, the most useful of these insects, are extensively cultivated for the silk of their cocoons. When the pupae are ready to leave the cocoon they make a hole for their escape, which breaks the thread of silk. To prevent this it is customary

to kill the pupae by submitting their cocoons to a great heat. The cocoons are then soaked in warm water to soften a gummy substance which they contain, so that the silk may be wound off in an unbroken thread. The length of a thread of silk has been estimated to be 900 feet.

In commencing its cocoon the larva attaches the silk to some fixed object, then winds itself in its own web, thickening the cocoon upon the inside. The moths of the

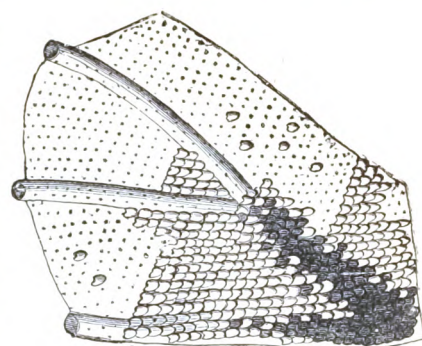


Fig. 5.—SCALES ON THE WING OF A MOTH.

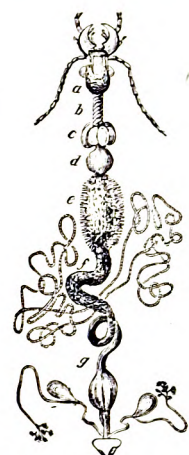


Fig. 3.—ALIMENTARY CANAL OF A BEETLE.

a, Pharynx; b, Œsophagus; c, Crop; d, Gizzard; e, Stomach; f, Biliary tubes; g, Intestine.

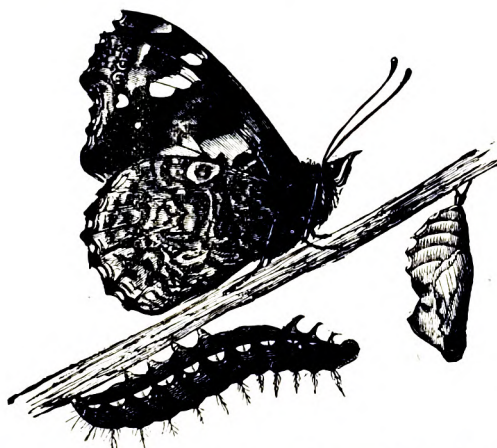


Fig. 6.—BUTTERFLY IN THE LARVA, PUPA, AND IMAGO STATES.

silk-worm have grown so helpless from confinement that the female is nearly as motionless as if she had no wings, and the male merely flutters around his companion without leaving the ground. It has been found that after three generations raised in the open air they recover their lost power of flight.

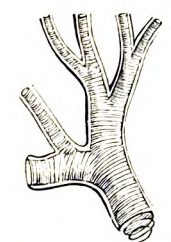


Fig. 4.—TRACHEA OF AN INSECT, SHOWING ELASTIC SPIRAL THREAD.

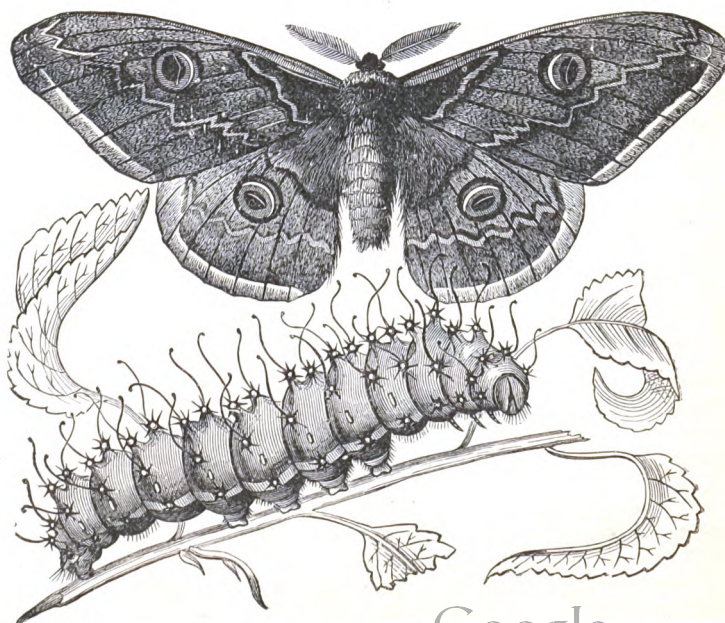


Fig. 7.—MOTH AND LARVA.

"LEFT BEHIND;"*
Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A JOYFUL MEETING.

IT is highly probable that one might have searched over New York city that night and not found a happier household than that of Mrs. Green's.

Paul was so wonderfully happy in the thought that he was going back to Chicago, where, even though he could not see his parents, he should find relatives and friends, that he could talk of little else. Even the theatre was forgotten by him, for when Mopsey spoke of the necessity of getting another boy to take his place in the dramatic company, he hardly gave the matter a thought, save when he said that he hoped they would make plenty of money out of it.

And Paul's partners were happy, more happy than they could possibly have been by any other outlay of their money; Paul's pleasure reflected on them to such a degree that they became almost as much excited as he was before the evening was over.

Good Mrs. Green alternately laughed and cried, until she seemed to realize that such nervousness was not exactly suitable to the occasion, and then she busied herself by reading one of the papers Ben had brought home.

Master Treat had spent so much time on the good work he had carried through so successfully, and then had paid so much more attention to the boy he was going to surprise than to the sale of his goods, that, instead of helping Johnny, as had been his purpose when he took some of his papers to sell, he was a drawback, and the consequence was that Mrs. Green had three evening papers to read, while Messrs. Jones and Treat had been "stuck" just that number.

After she had joined in the general rejoicing over Paul's good fortune, with her daughter and her boarders, and found that she was marring rather than adding to it by her nervousness, she ceased to pay any more attention to what was said by those about her, but became interested in the advertisements of fruit for sale.

Suddenly she came across something which seemed to surprise her greatly, for she took off her glasses, wiped them as though she mistrusted that which she saw was on the glass and not in the paper.

After satisfying herself that she was not the victim of an optical delusion, her face was a remarkable sight, exhibiting, as it did, surprise and delight alternately.

It appeared as if it was difficult for her to speak, for she tried several times before she succeeded in saying:

"Listen to me every one of you, an' if I ain't mistaken, Paul will be more glad to hear this than he was to get his ticket. This is what it says in this paper, word for word:

"'Paul Weston'—that's in big letters. 'Any one who can give information of Paul Weston, who strayed from an outward-bound steamer on the afternoon of the seventeenth, will receive a handsome reward by calling on the undersigned. Said boy is ten years old, light hair, blue eyes, nose slightly turned up, and at the time of his disappearance was dressed in dark blue clothes. He would most likely be trying to make his way to Chicago, and any one who has seen such a boy will please communicate at once with Rufus Weston, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city.'

"There, what do you think of that?" and Mrs. Green looked around at her circle of listeners, who appeared to have been stricken dumb with astonishment.

"Why, that means me!" exclaimed Paul, suddenly, as

if he had thought some one else was spoken of. "An' Rufus Weston, that's my father! He didn't go away, after all. An' now somebody tell me where that hotel is."

As he spoke he had grasped his coat and hat, running from the house at full speed, before he even knew which direction he should take.

There were none of this party who had a very clear idea of what they were saying or doing just then; but as the most important thing, in their minds, was to see this father of Paul's, who had come at a time when his son was about to go home without his assistance, each one of the boys started out in the same rapid way, overtaking their more excited companion just as he was stopping to consider which direction he should take.

"This way, Polly!" shouted Ben, waving his hand, and starting along as if he was going to a fire.

No one thought of walking, for it seemed as if every moment was precious then, and that they might not find him if they were two or three minutes late. On they ran at full speed, and when they stood in a row before the clerk of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, they were so breathless that they could not speak distinctly.

"Polly's come to see his father," said Ben, after they had stood there so long that the clerk was about to order one of the porters to turn this quite dirty and very ragged crowd, who appeared to have come there simply to look at him, out-of-doors.

"Who is his father?" asked the man, hardly believing that any guest in that hotel would claim a son from that rather disreputable-looking party, for Paul looked almost as dirty and ragged as the others did.

"His name is Rufus Weston," said Paul, speaking in a low voice because of the tears that would persist in coming in his eyes, so much afraid was he that his father was no longer there.

Almost every one in the hotel knew Mr. Weston's story, and no sooner did he hear the name than the clerk, calling one of the servants, ordered him to show this odd-looking party to Mr. Weston's room.

Paul almost ran ahead of the man in his eagerness to see his father, while the others were inclined to remain quite a distance in the rear, awed by the elegant things they saw around them, and not quite certain whether they ought to follow their friend or not.

Finally the man stopped before one of the doors, knocked, and Paul rushed into the room. The boys heard a scream of delight, and then they were shut out, as if their companion had forgotten them entirely.

Ranged close to the wall, opposite the door which Paul had entered, wondering whether they ought to go or stay, four boys stood in bewilderment, hardly daring to speak. Porters, servants, and guests passed them with looks of wonder at the motionless line, who appeared to be trying to make themselves as small as possible, so that they should be in no one's way, and each time they were favored with a look of scrutiny or surprise, they fancied that they were to be ordered to leave the house at once.

"I guess we'd better go," whispered Dickey, after one of the porters had looked at them unusually hard.

"Yes," replied Mopsey, in an injured tone; "he's got all he can out of us, an' we sha'n't see him again."

"Now don't you go to tryin' to be a fool, Mopsey Dowd," said Ben, indignantly. "Polly ain't the kind of a feller to forget his chums, an' I'm goin' to stay here till he comes out if it ain't till mornin'. S'posin' you had a father that had got lost, an' you'd jest found him, wouldn't it be quite a while afore you'd think of such a lot of duffers as we be?"

Mopsey was silent, but not convinced; he shook his head in a knowing way, as if to say that his companions would soon see that he had spoken the truth, and then he tried to push himself further into the wall, in order to occupy less space in the hall.

For fully ten minutes the boys stood there, first on one foot and then on the other, like motherless chickens in a rain-storm. Then the turning of the handle of the door caused them to straighten up into what they intended should be careless attitudes, as if they had intended to go right away, but had been delayed by the discussion of some important question.

It was Paul who came out of the room, and if the boys had had any doubts as to whether they had done right in staying, they were convinced now, for their companion looked around as if he was absolutely certain they would be there.

"Father wants to see you; come in," he said, holding the door open for them to enter.

But they were not disposed to accept the invitation. They had waited to see Paul, not his father, and they had an idea that they should not feel exactly at their ease in that handsome room.

"Come in," insisted Paul. "There's no one here but father, and he wants to see all of you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAMPING OUT.

V.—CAMP PLEASURES AND DUTIES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"THE first duties of a camp," began Captain Archer, on the fifth evening, as soon as the party was seated, "are those which insure its absolute cleanliness, and no camp can be a pleasant one where this is neglected. All refuse from cooking, bits of meat, bones, potato parings, coffee grounds, etc., should be burned.

"Empty tin cans or boxes should be thrown far out into the lake.

"The space between the shanty and the fire should be swept every morning with the camp broom, which is made by fastening a bunch of birch twigs to a strong handle.

"The blankets and other bedding should be aired and sunned for an hour or two every morning, and then folded carefully and piled in the back part of the shanty.

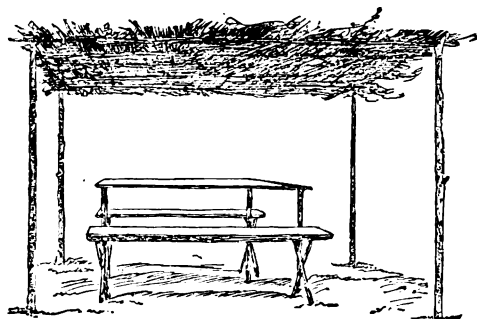
"Enough fire-wood should be collected each day, so that you will not be compelled to hunt for it after dark.

"Probably the most important of all camp duties, and the one most dreaded by the majority of campers-out, is that of washing dishes. It is a disagreeable duty, and should be performed by each in turn. Do not be satisfied with jabbing your knives and forks in the earth, and rubbing your greasy plates and kettles with a handful of sand and a little cold water; and never leave the dishes unwashed for 'just this once because we are in such a hurry.' A kettle of hot water should always hang over the fire, and after the dishes have been scraped and all the *débris* of the meal has been thrown into the fire, they must be washed in warm water, with soap, and a dish rag torn from your large piece of unbleached muslin; dry them on a dish towel torn from the same piece of muslin, put the table dishes away on a shelf in the shanty or the dining-room, and give the cooking utensils a good sunning. Give your frying-pan an occasional scrubbing with soap, ashes, sand, and hot water."

"You say, 'Put the dishes away on a shelf in the shanty or dining-room,' Uncle Harry," said Bob; "but we haven't got any dining-room."

"So we haven't; but one of the combined pleasures and duties of the second day will be to build one. To do this, cut four stout forked poles seven feet long, and set them firmly into the ground six feet apart, in the form of a square. Fasten two poles into the forks, lay across them half a dozen light rafter poles, and cover these with spruce or hemlock boughs. Beneath this shelter, which should be erected near the cook stove, build a table of four posts supporting a broad piece of hemlock bark nailed to them,

and two benches made of logs squared on two sides, and supported on stout stakes. A dining-room of this description will add materially to your comfort. When finished it will look like this:



"Another grand combination of pleasure and duty will be effected by building in your shanty a genuine woodman's bed, which, when properly constructed, is the most sweet-scented, elastic, and delightfully comfortable couch that ever a tired camper lay down on. To make it, cut a head log the length of which shall be just the width of your shanty, and roll it inside against the rear wall. A smaller log of the same length will be placed in position along the front of the shanty as a foot log. Fell several young balsams, strip from them every twig of about a foot long, and collect these in a great pile in front of the shanty. Cover the floor of the shanty with small flat spruce boughs, containing as few sticks as possible, and in these stick the balsam twigs, beginning at the head log and working toward the front. Stick them in one by one, as close together as possible, butt-ends down, and tops inclined just a little backward. It will be a long and somewhat tiresome job; but, when finished, you have a bed a foot thick, and more elastic than the best hair mattress, that well repays all labor spent in its making. A finishing touch may be added by scattering over it a few handfuls of finest hemlock 'browse,' or twig ends.

"To complete the bed, stuff the muslin pillow-cases that you have taken along with hemlock and balsam browse, tie the ends, and you will have no longings for the feather pillows left at home.

"Thus you see that camp duties consist of what you would consider pretty hard work if you were compelled to do it at home. They comprise house-building, wood-chopping, bed-making, sweeping, dish-washing, and cooking. On the other hand, its pleasures are only those which are attractive to the genuine lover of nature in all her phases, and to any other, camp life quickly proves tiresome and unprofitable. The greatest pleasure of all is to be out-of-doors, to breathe the air of the mountains and the woods, and to throw off entirely the restraints and conventionalities of the city. Row, fish, hunt, swim, chop wood, go on long exploring expeditions, have a few good books, try your hand at sketching, select specimens, and invent new comforts for your camp; in other words, keep busy at something all the time, and you will thoroughly enjoy your camp life.

"Visit all the other camps about the lake, and get acquainted with their occupants. You will find very pleasant fellows among them, and you will pick up more good ideas regarding camp life by carefully watching other campers-out than I have given you in all these talks. Even their mistakes will teach you valuable lessons.

"Go into camp with the full determination to make the best of everything, and to be under all circumstances as jolly as Mark Tapley. Follow this rule, and you will enjoy your camping-out; neglect it, and you will wish that you had chosen to spend your vacation in some other way. Our next talk, which will also be the last, will contain 'A Few Hints and Recipes.'"



SWINGING IN THE BARN.

WHAT feature of vacation-time can compare with "going to Grandpa's," and what so jolly among the pleasures there as the delights to be enjoyed "in the barn"? As one of our favorite writers told us long ago in the pages of the *YOUNG PEOPLE*,

"Oh, a jolly place is Grandpa's barn,
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
And the cooing doves fly in and out,
And the airs are sweet with the fragrant hay."

Oh, the games of hide-and-seek, when refuge is taken in Dobbin's empty stall; the break-neck ventures among the eaves in search of swallows' nests; the new calf; the nests which Biddy steals, and only the children can find; the swing which Eben, the hired man, puts up because "those city young 'uns is comin', ma'am!" Oh, the ever-new, the never-ending delights of Grandpa's barn!

But Mrs. Brine tells it better than we can:

"For Grandpa's barn is the jolliest place
For frolic and fun on a summer's day,
And e'en old Time, as the years slip by,
Its memory never can steal away."

NEDDY'S STORY.

BY F. J. TASSELL.

I BELONG to a race remarkable for two rare and admired traits of character—humility and patience. We are also credited with traits neither rare nor admired—obstinacy and stupidity; but these latter, where they exist among us, are far from being inherited; they are a result produced by harsh treatment received from those who in the creative scale rank above us indeed, but often fall below us in ignorance and cruelty.

My origin is shrouded in mystery. Left at an early age to shift for myself, with no record of ancestors either dead or alive, I inclined to the belief that, like Topsy, I never was born, but "grewed." Certainly I was "raised" on a farm, the scene of my earliest recollections being a farm-yard. In this situation, surrounded by various other animals, though by none of my own kind, with plenty to eat, the time passed pleasantly. Though rough in appearance, I had the advantages of youth and a hardy constitution, and was generally thought to be good-looking. The quiet of my life was relieved by the frequent demands made on my services by the young members of the farm-



"WHAT A PROUD AND HAPPY DONKEY I WAS!"

er's family. To show that my education was not neglected, in the way of teaching me "a trick or two," an instance may be given.

One of the boys was fixing the crupper at my rear, another was impatiently striving to force the bit between my unwilling teeth. The one behind mischievously touched me in the flank—a very ticklish part—causing me to nip with my teeth the brother in front, much to his astonishment. Indignantly he gave me a kick in the ribs, and hit me over the head with the bridle, while the cause of the trouble abused me for "a vicious young brute." Thus are the innocent often made to suffer for the guilty.

On another occasion a friend of my little master boasted that he could ride me; that I could not unseat him. Mounting me bare-back, the contest began. I tried in many ways to get rid of him—ran against gate posts and fence, placed head between forelegs, arched back, and kicked up vigorously, but without success; he stuck to me like a leech. Seeing that I could not throw him fairly, I used my last resource, which was to lie down and roll. This trick, only practiced on objectionable strangers, was more than my rider bargained for. Picking himself up, he regarded me with a look of contempt, and remarked, "Well, of all the tricky donkeys I ever saw, he's the trickiest."

About this time, having now attained my full growth, an important change occurred. The farmer sold me to a butcher. The change was not at all to my advantage. Heavy burdens were put upon me; blows were not spared, urging me to exercise strength I did not possess. The butcher's trade seems to blunt the finer feelings of those who follow it. Accustomed to inflict pain and to kill, they appear to lose the feeling of pity. So it was with this man. In his hands, what with hard work and poor fare, I made a sorry appearance. For refreshment after labor, regardless of the weather, I was turned into a pasture to pick a scanty meal on grass cropped pretty close by the hungry sheep, and if not satisfied with this, to eat thistles, which I often did. Thistles may be well enough when nothing better offers, but it is quite a mistake to suppose that we prefer this prickly diet.

My new master, in his rough-and-ready way, was fond of fun when some one else was the subject. At a country fair one day he entered me for a donkey race. The peculiarity of the race was that the last to reach the goal was declared the winner. Owners changed donkeys, so it was the interest of each rider to get the animal he rode in among the first. The whole thing is a mean reflection on the donkey, and for this reason I refused to run. My rider tried in every way to start me, but to no purpose. Twisting, turning, kicking, biting, I did everything but go forward. The result of this firmness on my part was that I obtained a double victory—the defeat of my rider and the race. The butcher, of course, praised my conduct, and offered to sell me on the spot for a hundred dollars, thereby provoking a horse-laugh from the crowd, to which I mockingly responded with a loud "hee haw."

Happily for my future usefulness, this kind of life lasted only a short time. A kind-hearted lady, seeing my poor condition, took pity on me. In becoming her property I went into the best of quarters. In place of neglect and hardship, I was well cared for and kindly treated. I was living in clover. The family consisted of the lady and two daughters, the youngest of whom was lame. It was my pleasant duty every fine day to carry this helpless child, the elder sister walking by my side. Sometimes there were two of us. Another little girl in the neighborhood owned a donkey, and she would occasionally ride out with us, accompanied by her brother. We were a happy party. With a pretty new bridle and side-saddle, never was donkey more delighted or willing than I in carrying my frail little mistress. The picture on the preceding page will show you how I looked in the performance of my duty, and what a proud and happy donkey I was.

But as all things come to an end, so did this. The little girl grew old enough to be sent to school, and I was sold. I became the property of a very respectable vender of vegetables. Being of a contented mind, I did not repine on being removed to a humbler sphere of duty. The work was light and agreeable. Every evening I might be seen in the street drawing a two-wheeled wagon, on which were displayed many varieties of garden-stuff. My new master was a favorite with all his customers. In crying his wares he could be heard from one end of the street to the other, the one word announcing our approach being, "Wegetaballs!" with a prolonged accent on the last syllable.

There was one house, I noticed, which had for him a special attraction, where he always staid the longest: it was where a neat and pretty maid-servant appeared. For her the finest potatoes and cabbages were selected. Once I saw him rather awkwardly give her a bouquet of flowers. She seemed pleased with these little attentions, and often, with a kindly pat, addressed to me words of endearment, to which I was by no means insensible, though I have thought since that it was in this way the young woman expressed her feelings for another. This thought awakens in me a hope that my master's modest home may soon be graced by the presence of a loving wife—a hope, I suspect, not confined to my own breast.

Many a story could I relate of the families we supplied; my ears are ever open to a bit of gossip, but what comes to me in this way I keep to myself. I will therefore not prolong this history, the moral of which, I trust, will not be overlooked. It is briefly comprehended in these lines:

Feed me well and kindly treat me,
Then, I'm sure, you'll never beat me.

RIDING A WHIRLWIND.

A STORY OF THE RUSSIAN CAUCASUS.

BY DAVID KER.

"YOU see that big white stone yonder, close to the bridge? Well, just at that very spot I was once as nearly killed as any man ever was who lived to tell of it."

The announcement was a startling one, and made me look at my travelling companion with more attention than I had yet given to him.

We were winding slowly up a seemingly endless hill-side in a queer little cart just big enough to hold ourselves and our flat-faced Tartar driver, who kept cheering on his stumbling horses with a succession of yells worthy of a hyena. All around us huge dark green mountain ridges, wooded to the very top, surged up like rolling waves, while along the steep rocky slope on the other side of the valley ran like a long gray seam the railroad, along which we ought to have been travelling at that moment. But about a week before my arrival the whole hill-side behind us had suddenly flopped over like the leaf of a book, and carried the railway track and everything belonging to it with a rush right down into the valley.

"I was an engine-driver on the line when it was first opened," resumed my companion, seeing that he had attracted my attention, "and it wasn't bad fun either, on the whole. The language was rather a puzzle at first, I must confess; but after a while I picked up enough to make myself understood, and then I went along well enough."

"My Russian mate was a very good fellow, and we were just like two brothers together, although we never managed to get hold of each other's names properly. He was called 'Yakov Ivanovitch,' or James the son of John (it being the correct thing in Russia to call every one by his own name and the name of his father), but as I couldn't quite bring my tongue round to 'Yakov,' I turned it into Jacob. Then he, again, having heard me called 'Jack' by somebody, turned that into Yack, and so we remained Yack and Jacob to the end of the chapter."

"In the fine summer weather, when there was no snow to block the line, and when the hills were green and the sky was bright overhead, we quite enjoyed our work. But there was *one* place that we never liked, and we always breathed more freely when we had got past it. I dare say you can guess which bit it was—that piece of steep hill-side that I showed you just now, away t'other side of the valley.

"If the line had gone up zigzag, as it ought, it would have been all right; but they must go and run it up as straight as they could, so that 'twas just like climbing the side of a house. Fact! our steam wouldn't help us there, and we had to be wound up or let down by a wire rope, like that new railway up Mount Vesuvius. Of course one couldn't help thinking of what would happen if the rope broke; and although I don't call myself a coward, I can tell you my heart was in my mouth every time we went over *that* piece.

"Well, one day we were just getting ready to start the down-train from Tiflis, when up came two big trucks loaded with government stores, which we were to take in tow. I thought at once of that bit of hill-side, and what a strain this extra weight would be upon the wire rope. However, there were our orders, and we had to obey 'em; so we hitched the trucks on, and away we went.

"I remembered afterward that Jacob seemed gloomy and out of sorts that day for the first time since I'd known him, just as if he had a guess of what was coming, poor fellow! However, all went well till we came to the steep bit where the wire rope was. And then, just as we were a little way down it, there came a shock that threw me off my feet, and away we flew like a bullet from a gun. The rope had parted!

"After that everything seemed just like a bad dream, when you keep on falling and falling for thousands of feet, without ever getting to the bottom. The rush of the train, as it flew along like a mad thing, took my very breath away, and turned me quite sick and giddy; but I had just sense enough left to remember that there was a cleft in our way, with a bridge over it, and close to that bridge a great heap of soft earth, and *there* I made up my mind to *jump* off.

"I tried to make Jacob understand what I meant to do, for I knew it was the only chance, but I might as well have talked to a stone. He had lost his head altogether, and was sitting huddled up in a corner, with his face on his knees, all nohow; and as I was trying to rouse him I caught sight of the bridge right ahead of us.

"I felt cold all over at the thought of what was coming, but there was nothing else for it. I shut my eyes, and out I flew like a rocket. But the rush of the train had given me such a send-off that, instead of alighting upon the earth heap, as I intended, I shot right across bridge and gully and all, and pitched head-foremost into another pile of loose earth on the opposite side.

"When I came to myself again, and looked down into the valley, the whole place where the pretty little station had been was just like an earthquake. The train had leaped from the rails just opposite the platform, torn it up like a bit of paper, and gone through the house behind it as a cannon-ball might go through a pane of glass. The broken timbers, the locomotive, cars, trucks, stores, and what not were all tumbled together in a heap, the bare sight of which was enough to tell me what had become of poor old Jacob. Ugh! I can't bear to think of it now.

"When all was over, and things began to be got to rights a bit, they went up and measured that flying leap of mine, and the whole length of it from point to point was good *thirty-seven feet*, and something over. It's a fact, although perhaps you mayn't believe it; but I can't blame you if you don't, for if it hadn't happened to myself I wouldn't have believed it either."

THE ACCOMMODATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

A Tale of the Golden Time.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

V.

THE armed giant was a quiet and obliging fellow, and he offered to carry the old woman on his shoulder, which she found a very comfortable seat.

Toward evening they arrived in sight of the town of Zisk, and the Baron said to the grandmother, "I am very much afraid you will lose your giant, for when the Prince sees such a splendid soldier he will certainly enlist him into his army."

"Oh dear!" cried the old woman, slipping down from the giant's shoulder. "I wish this great fellow was somebody who could not possibly be of any use to the Prince as a soldier."

Instantly there toddled toward her a little baby about a year old. She had a white cap on her funny little head, and was very round and plump. She had scarcely taken three steps when she stumbled and sat down very suddenly, and then she began to try to pull off one of her little shoes. They all burst out laughing at this queer little creature, and Litza rushed toward the baby and snatched her up in her arms.

"You dear little thing!" she said, "the Prince will never take you for a soldier."

"No," said the Baron, laughing, "and she can never grow up into one."

It was too late for the Baron to see the Prince of Zisk that day, and the party stopped for the night at a little inn in the town. The next morning, as the Baron was about to go to the palace, he asked Litza what was her business in Zisk, and if he could help her.

"All my godmother told me to do," said the young girl, "was to give this box to the noblest man in Zisk, and of course he is the Prince."

"Yes," said the Baron; "and as I am on my way to the palace, I may help you to see him."

"Go you with the Baron," said the grandmother to Litza, "and I will stay here and take care of this baby. And as soon as you come back I will change her into a long-legged man with two chairs on his back, and we will get home to my cottage as fast as we can."

When the Baron and the young girl reached the palace they found the Prince in his audience chamber, surrounded by officers and courtiers. Litza stood by the door, while the Baron approached the Prince and respectfully told him why he had come.

"You are the very man we want!" cried the Prince. "I have conceived a most admirable plan of conquering my robber foes, and you shall carry it out. The day after to-morrow is Christmas, and these highwaymen always keep this festival as if they were decent people and good Christians. They gather together all their wives and children, and their old parents, and they sing carols and make merry together all day long. At this time they never think of attacking anybody or of being attacked, and if we fall upon them then we can easily destroy them all, young and old, and thus be rid of the wretches forever. I have a strong body of soldiers ready to send, but they must be led by a man of rank, and all my officers of high degree wish to remain here with their families to celebrate Christmas. Now you are a stranger, and have nothing to keep you here, and you are the very man to lead my soldiers. Destroy that colony of robbers, and you shall have a good share of the booty that you find there."

"Oh, Prince!" exclaimed the Baron, "would you have me, on holy Christmas-day, when these families are assembled together to celebrate the blessed festival, rush upon them with an armed band, and slay them, old and young, women and children, at the very foot of the Christmas

tree? No man needs occupation more than I, but this is a thing I can not do."

"Impudent upstart!" cried the Prince, in a rage; "if you can not do this, there is nothing for you here. Be-gone!"

Without an answer the Baron turned and left the hall.

They sat down under a tree in a quiet corner of the palace grounds.



Litza, who still stood by the door, did not now approach the Prince, but ran after the Baron, who was walking rapidly away. "This is yours," she said, taking the iron box from her little bag. "You are the noblest man."

The Baron, surprised, objected to receiving the box, but Litza was firm. "I was told," she said, "to give it to the noblest man in Zisk, and I have done so."

When the Baron found that he must keep the box, he asked Litza what was in it.

"I do not know," said Litza; "but the key is fastened to the handle."

They sat down under a tree, in a quiet corner of the palace grounds, and opened the box. Something inside was covered with a piece of velvet, on top of which lay a golden locket. The Baron opened it, and beheld a portrait of the beautiful Litza. "Why, you have given me yourself!" he cried, delighted.

"So it appears," said Litza, looking down upon the ground.

"And will you marry me?" he cried.

"If you wish it," said Litza. So that matter was settled.

The two then went to the inn, and told the grandmother what had occurred. She looked quite pleased when she heard this story, and then she asked what else was in the box.

"I found so much," said the Baron, "that I did not think of looking for anything more." He then opened

the box, and, lifting the piece of velvet, found it filled with sparkling diamonds.

"That is Litza's dowry," cried the old woman. "It was a wise thing in her godmother to send her out to look for a noble husband, for one would never have come to my little cottage. But it seems to me that the box might as well have been given to you at your castle. It would have saved us a weary journey."

"But if we had not taken that journey," said Litza, "we should not have become so well acquainted, and I would not have known he was the noblest man."

"It is all right," said the grandmother, "and your dowry will enable the Baron to buy his castle again,

and to live there as his ancestors did before him."

The grandmother desired to leave Zisk immediately, but the Baron objected. "There is something I wish to do to-day," he said; "and if we start early to-morrow morning on horseback we can reach my castle before dark."

The old woman agreed to this, and the Baron continued: "I would like you to lend me the baby for the rest of the day; and when the sun-dial in the court-yard shall mark three hours after noon you will please open this piece of paper and wish what I have written upon it."

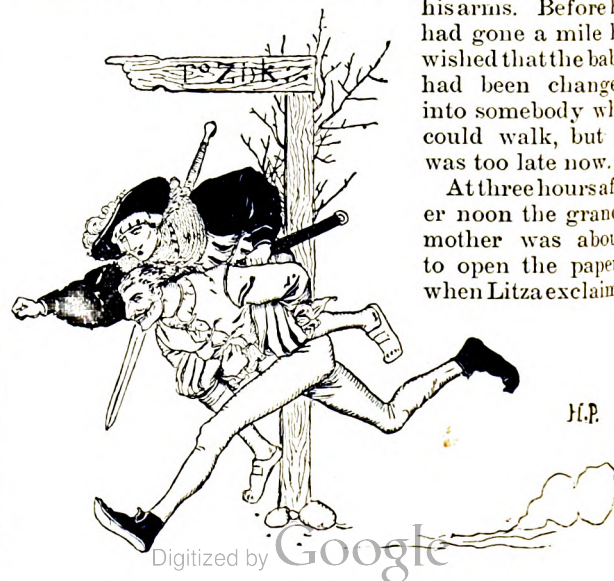
The grandmother took the folded piece of paper, and let him have the baby. She

and Litza wondered much what he was going to do, but they asked no questions.

The Baron had learned that it was a three hours' walk from the town to the stronghold of the robbers, and just at noon he set out for that place, carrying the baby in

his arms. Before he had gone a mile he wished that the baby had been changed into somebody who could walk, but it was too late now.

At three hours after noon the grandmother was about to open the paper, when Litza exclaimed—



d, "Before you wish anything, dear grandmother, let me read what the Baron has written."

Litza then took the paper and read it. "It is just what expected," she cried. "He has gone out to fight the robbers, and he wants you to change the baby into that great armed giant to help him. But don't you do it, for the Baron will certainly be killed; there are so many robbers in that place. Please change the baby into a very strong, fleet man who knows the country, and who will take the Baron in his arms and bring him back here just as fast as he can."

"I will wish that," said the grandmother. And she did so.

The Baron had just arrived in sight of the robbers' stronghold, when he was very much surprised to find that instead of carrying a baby in his arms, he himself was in the grasp of a tall, powerful man, who was carrying him at the top of his speed toward the town. The Baron kicked and struggled much worse than the baby had, but the man paid no attention to his violent remonstrances, and soon set him down in the court-yard of the inn.

"This is your doing," he said to Litza. "I wished to show the Prince that it was not fear that kept me from fighting the robbers, and you have prevented me."

"You have proved that you are brave," said Litza, "and that is enough. The Prince is a bad man; let him fight his own robbers."

The Baron could not be angry at this proof of Litza's prudent affection. And the next morning the party left the town on three horses, which the Baron bought with one of his diamonds. The tall, fleet man who knew the country acted as guide, and led them by a by-road which did not pass near the School for Men. They arrived at the castle early on Christmas-eve, and the Baron sent for his servants, his friends, and a priest, and he and Litza were married amid great rejoicing, for everybody was glad to see him come to his own again.

The next day Litza and the Baron asked the grandmother to show them her magical servant in his original form. The old woman called the tall, fleet guide, and transformed him into the Green Goblin of the Third Word. This strange creature wildly danced and skipped before them, and taking a watermelon and three pumpkins from his pocket, he tossed them up, keeping two of them always in the air.

The Baron and his wife were very much amused by the antics of the goblin, and Litza exclaimed: "Oh, grandmother, if I were you I would keep him this way always. He would be wonderfully amusing, and I am sure he could carry you about, and scare away robbers, and do ever so many things."

"A merry green goblin might suit you," said the old woman, shaking her head, "but it would not suit me. I want to return to my own little home, and what I now wish is a suitable companion."

Instantly the goblin changed into a healthy middle-aged woman of agreeable manners, and willing to make herself useful. With this "suitable companion" the old grandmother returned, after the holidays, to her much-loved cottage, where she was often visited by the young Baron and his wife; but although they sometimes asked it, she never let them see the green goblin again.

"When a circumstance is just as accommodating as you want it to be," she said, "the less you meddle with it the better."

THE END.



FISHING FOR FUN.

BY THOMAS OAKES CONANT.

"OH, the pretty little fishes!
How they're darting in and out
Mid the stones that lie about
In this cool and limpid pool!
See their dainty fins and tails,
See their white and gleaming scales
Flashing up a silvery sheen

The stones between,
Where the waters deep and cool
Swirl and eddy through the pool!

"Oh, the happy little fishes!
Why do you, my little lad,
With your cruel hook invade
Where in play, the livelong day,

Whisk the finny tribes about?
Is it fair to drag them out

On the bank in agony
To pant and die?
In their cool retreat, I pray,
Let the happy creatures stay."

"Oh, the cunning little fishes!
From the waters cool and sweet
Of their shady deep retreat

We, too, think it would be sin
Them to drag with cruel hook.
And, besides, if you will look,
There's no danger to the fish,
Whate'er my wish;
For the hook I'm casting in,
It is just—a crooked pin."



CAN anything be prettier than the sight of these little heads together, brother and sister eagerly peering at the page? They seem to be looking for something; and, yes, here it is; the letter they sent to the Postmistress is really in the paper at last! How wonderful and beautiful it looks! and the careful types have not made a single mistake. Even the baby's name is spelled right, and now the next thing will be to show the "surprise letter" to papa when he comes home to dinner. Two happier children are not to be found than Jack and Edith to-day.

The spirit of summer is in our Post-office Box this week, as the dear children talk about their pets, their plans, their picnics, and their pastimes.

What pleasant times the little ones are having, and how wide an area is covered by their charming little letters, coming as they do from various places, remote from each other, on this great continent! What a beautiful picture of home life and childish enjoyment the Post-office Box presents to the eyes of older people, who can fill up its outlines for themselves as they read the messages of the young people!

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

I wrote to you once before from St. John, and you asked me to write again on birch bark or paper. I have not had any birch bark yet.

Seven little young birds tumbled out of their nest in a tree below our place the other day; the nest was not as large inside as a hen's egg. Some of the boys climbed up the tree and put them in the nest, but they tumbled out again as fast as we put them in. Then we got a cage from the house and put them in that, but they nearly broke their necks trying to get out between the wires; so we took them out and left them alone. The old bird flew down from the tree and then flew up again, and the little ones would try to fly up to it, but I don't think they succeeded.

We had a small picnic on the 1st of July. We drove up above the city about a mile, to a lovely place right in the woods. We walked around in the woods, and got vines and flowers and ferns, and trimmed our hats with them. We had to make fans out of large ferns to keep the mosquitoes off. We got some nice fern roots and some lovely rich soil for our gardens.

My little sister Nellie just brought in an egg from the "chicken-house." We have five hens. We don't get many eggs, and so we think they get stolen.

I have a little flower garden of my own. I have done all the work in it except the digging. It takes quite a time to keep the weeds out, even if it is small. I have daisies, pansies, verbenas, balsams, and some geraniums and other house plants.

I have just finished dressing a doll for a bazaar that is to be held next week. I read in the Post-office Box about Nellie M. N. having a fair for Young People's Cot. We made about one hundred and forty dollars at two sales we had. We thought that was pretty good for just the Sunday-school children's circle.

WINNIE J.

The tiniest garden will have more weeds than flowers if we are not very careful. Heart and home gardens are very vexatious in that way unless we watch them.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I am a boy thirteen years old. I have one brother older than myself. I am living with my brother-in-law, who is an editor, and that is the way I get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It comes

either on Monday or Tuesday. I have been taking it about two months. We have a vineyard of forty acres five miles west of here. One time while I was out there with the family I found a horned toad; they have legs like a lizard and a mouth like a frog or toad; they also crawl like a lizard. They have little horns all over their back and sides, and two larger ones on their head. When I caught mine I put it into a box, and our dog went up to smell it, when I moved the box a little, and she jumped back as if she had been shot. We have many animals here, but I own only one, and that is a little black pig.

CHARLES P.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I live in the suburbs of the city, and have four young owls for pets. I got them in this way: A pair of screech-owls made a nest in a squirrel-house which was placed on a tree. They killed a great many little birds to eat, so papa climbed the tree and brought down the whole family. There were the mother and these four babies in the box. We put them in a barrel, with some coarse wire netting covering the top. In the night the old one escaped through the meshes, but the young did not follow; so, a day or two after, we took a trunk and cut some holes in it. One large one we covered with finer netting, and the others were for doors, which were fixed on slides. Then we made a little dark room for them to sleep in through the day. (We have proved that they can see in the day, though not very distinctly.) Pretty soon the old owls found their little ones, and every night would lay a dead bird or mouse before the cage, and the head of the victim was always gone. We feed them raw, fresh meat. They always fight with all their might and main when I take them out. Their claws and beaks are very sharp and strong. Sometimes when I set one on a perch he will draw himself up so thin that you would hardly know him; but they have so many tricks that I can not more than begin to tell all. So good-by.

HELEN I.

Tell some of the tricks in your next letter, dear.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

Inclosed I send you my answers to the Wiggles, and one of my sister's. I would like to know if you take Wiggles drawn in pencil. I did not think you did, because I have sent several in pencil and they have never been printed, and when I sent one in ink you printed it. I would also like to know if this is the right address; if it is not, what is? You must make allowances for this writing as I am left-handed, and writing is one of the things I can't do with my right hand. I am going to write a longer letter soon, and tell you about the fishing we have about here.

TED.

Wiggles are just as acceptable in pencil as in pen-and-ink drawings, but so many are received that only a selection from the best can be published. The reason of your success at last was no doubt this, that you had improved in drawing, and so deserved the pleasure of seeing your picture among the others. All letters should be addressed to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Nothing else is necessary.

Children, what do you think Ted wished me in his letter, written July 3? "A rousing Fourth of July to the Postmistress!" Dear me! The aim of my life for the last twenty years has been to have a *quiet* Fourth, where my poor head shall not be dazed with the noise the patriotic boys make, and this dear lad wishes me a *rousing* time. Well, I hope he had it himself.

I think this fair of which Nita tells was a great success:

POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought I would write and tell about a fair we had for the benefit of the Fresh-air Fund. We made eighty-one dollars. We had it up in my grandpa's grove. On the croquet ground we had the fancy cake, flower, and candy tables. Opposite the croquet ground is the summer-house, and there we had ice-cream. A little way up from the summer-house was the café; there the waiting-girls wore caps and aprons; they sold coffee, sandwiches, biscuits, milk, and iced tea. Grandma gives us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much.

NITA Y.

EAST WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have lots of pets that I would like to tell you about. I have ten bantams and a bird and cat and dog. My bantams are an old hen and rooster and eight little chickens; one I don't think will live, he is so weak. My bird's name is Pink; my dog's name is Punch; my cat's name is Snip, a kitten, full of play; his mother I gave to the fish man.

MARION P.

PUSHAW, MAINE.

I thought I would write a letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have taken it almost three

years, and think it is the best paper in the world. For pets I have three kittens, two cats, two little calves, over forty chickens, and a dog named Ned. I am getting a collection of butterflies and moths; I have the largest kind of the hawk-moth. I got up this morning at four o'clock and went fishing; I had a very nice time. Will some one please tell me what to do with the cocoons of butterflies? I had a number last fall, and kept them, but they were a failure. Where shall I put them?

LOUIE A. W.

Will some young naturalist who reads the Post-office Box write a letter to Louie and tell all about cocoons? If several come, there will be room for them.

KRACHIN, LOUISIANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have two pets; both are kittens. They play so nicely! You must love little girls and boys, to take so much time in reading their letters. Will you not tell me, please, when your birthday is? I have been going to school, and loved my teacher so that when vacation came I did not want to leave. I study Fifth Reader, Second Geography, Arithmetic, and Dictionary and Speller. I went four months, and never got a demerit. Our uncle in Baltimore has been sending us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years, and we all like it so much! Sister and I like Mrs. Lillie's and Jimmy Brown's stories the best. Sister Beatrice is seven years and I am eight years old, and we have a little brother named Riddley, who is four years old. I hope you can read this; and please print it. Mamma wrote once before for sister and me. We all send our love. From your loving little friend,

WORTLEY M.

My darling, I would willingly tell you when my birthday comes, but the trouble is, all the other children would know it too. And what if *all* the girls and boys, thousands of them, should happen to send me a letter on the happy day! Why, I never, never could hope to get the budget answered, unless I turned into a printing-press.

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I am a boy ten years old. I want to tell you about a wreck that occurred here about four or five years ago. We were sitting in our parlor, when we saw what looked like two masts over the bath-house. It was raining, so hurrying on our old wraps, we started to the beach. There, sure enough, tossing among the waves, was a vessel. The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and we could see the men hanging to the rigging. It was impossible to launch the life-boat in such a storm, so they were obliged to stay there all night, until they were rescued next morning at four o'clock, having been there nine hours. I have got two pets—a dog named Jerry and a bird named Dicky.

GEORGE WHARTON D.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

We have organized a sporting club. We have a base-ball club, and our name is Evergreen, and we beat the Alpines eight to sixteen. I have two dogs and twelve chickens. I expect to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week.

ADOLPH L.

I am glad to hear that the Evergreens beat.

WESTVILLE, CONNECTICUT.

I have one brother and one sister. Brother is twelve years old. Last Saturday he went to pass the day with a friend, and when they were playing in the barn he fell from the hay-loft and sprained his ankle. I have a black and white cat named Dolly. My brother had a dog, but he has given him away to a boy in Waterbury. Since the boy has had him he has caught twenty-eight woodchucks. Brother had a bird, but one morning when he put the cage out the bird flew away.

TENA E. D.

Brothers have a way of falling from trees and hay-lofts and such places, haven't they! but they do not often hurt themselves very much. I hope you tried to amuse yours while his ankle kept him a prisoner.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

We are two boys, ten and twelve years old. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We have an express wagon and a scroll-saw. We take two other papers, but like this the best. We both go to school, and are in the fifth book. We are writing this in school. We like James Otis's and William L. Alden's stories the best. We must stop now, as it is time for us to say our lessons.

JAMES AND WALTER W.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been asking my mamma a long time to write you a letter telling you how much I am always interested in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, especially in the Post-office Box. I know you must be a kind and lovely lady to devote so much time to the little ones. I am almost eight years old, have just finished the First Reader, and can write a little. I know which is

the longest river in the world, and that the world is round. I should be happy if I could go to Greenland and see where the world ends, as it does in the map. I have such a funny little sister and brother. I know you would laugh if you could see and hear all they do and say in one day even. They are regular Greenaway children. We have a cunning Jersey calf, a lame chicken, and two kittens for pets. My kitten is all black, and my sister Mary's is brown and white. We love the little kittens very much—more than the cook does, for she says they bring fleas, but I feel sure that she is mistaken. Yesterday Mary and I attended a dolls' wedding, and it was too lovely to be told about in a letter. The bride was dressed in cream-colored bunting, trimmed with wine-colored satin; she wore a veil and a real gold watch—that is, we called it a watch, though it was only a tiny gold locket. There were two bridesmaids and a doll's table full of beautiful presents. For supper, we had lemonade and candy. Of course the groom wore black. We have only lived in Alabama two years. Our home used to be in Wisconsin. Perhaps some time I will tell you about the little colored children we see here.

Your little friend,
KUTH GREY B.

I shall be very much pleased to have another letter from little Kuth one of these days.

ROCKPORT, INDIANA.

I am thirteen years of age, have lived in town all except the last two years of my life, and if you were to ask me which is the nicer, country or town life, I should say, "Country life, to be sure." I think wild birds sing much more sweetly than tame ones, and wild flowers are by far the loveliest flowers, in my eyes, for they grow in God's garden of nature. I love to read the stories and letters of the Post-office Box.

JESSIE GEITRUDE S.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I live near a farm in Bay Ridge. We have the water very near us, so we can go in bathing, which I very often do. I once had a nice little white rabbit, which I called Charlie, but one day it ran away from home, and I have never seen it since. My brother had white mice given to him, but one morning when he awoke he found the cage empty, one of the mice dead, and the other nowhere to be seen. I told him I thought the other had escaped, which proved to be true. It came back, but it died soon after. It was a cat which killed the other mouse. I suppose other children, boys and girls, who write to the Post-office Box, have told you about their success in school, but I hope you will not forget to read my letter, for I have met with success also. I was promoted from the second grammar grade of No. 2 school into the graduating class. I am not a very good writer considering how high I am, but I mean to try harder next time. SADIE H.

SAYBROOK, CONNECTICUT.

I enjoy my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have not taken it very long. I have a brother who was seven in May, and he enjoyed the story of "The Educated Pig" very much indeed. I have a very dear friend. She is five weeks older than I. We play together a great deal; one of our most frequent games is jack-stones. We each have a doll and carriage. I see that our dear Postmistress does not know what goobers are; they are peanuts. I go to a private school, and I study geography, reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, history, and now that it is vacation I take private lessons in drawing, and like it very much. I belong to a society called the Mission Band; we are working to raise money to educate a child in India. This is my first letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope to see it in print.

ARRIETTA H. (11 years old).

Thank you for telling me what goobers are. I belong to a Mission Band myself, and am very much interested in a great many children, not in India only, but in other far-away lands. In what part of India does your child live?

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year, and this is my second year, and I like it very much; I like "Left Behind; or, Ten Days a Newsboy." Have you ever been to Augusta? If you ever do come, you must come to see me; I will be so glad to see you! I am thirteen years old, and I am four feet five and a quarter. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I have a bird named Hall, and a cat named Gittie. I wonder if other girls my size like to play with paper dolls; I do. Much love to you, dear Postmistress.

HATTIE C.

The Little Housekeepers have had quite a recess, but they are thinking of beginning again in earnest as soon as the weather shall be cooler. I shall be glad to have you join them, and the nice receipt you sent shall appear with the next that we publish.

Thanks to the lady who sends the following directions, which we are sure will lead the chil-

dren to try an experiment in animal-making. I presume a great many mammas will hear little voices saying, "Please give me a lemon," after they learn here

HOW TO MAKE A PIG.

Take a good-sized fresh lemon. Let the end where the stem was represent the snout. With a sharp penknife raise two little pointed pieces of rind about half an inch long, a suitable distance from the snout, to represent the ears. Get six matches having dark ends; break off two of them, leaving the sulphur ends about an inch long; sharpen them and stick them in for eyes, leaving, of course, the dark ends on the surface. Stick the remaining four in the body for legs, taking care to put them in proper places to enable piggy to stand alone. The pointed end of the lemon forms a cute little tail. When you get tired of playing with him you can kill him and eat him, provided you are careful not to put sulphur into his body. The effect of the little fellow finished is so comical that one presented suddenly to view in school last week came near upsetting the gravity of teacher (myself) and pupils.

FORT DAVIS, TEXAS.

M. B. A.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Unlike most other children, I have no settled home; my father being in the United States navy, we move from place to place. At present we are at Newport, which is a very interesting place. Being so entirely surrounded by water, the Atlantic Ocean and Narragansett Bay, there is every opportunity for enjoying boating, swimming, fishing, and bathing, all of which I enjoy very much. The town itself is very beautiful, filled with elegant villas of the wealthy, and besides has many places of historic interest. There is a very old stone tower which has been here for centuries. I am twelve years old, and go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, history, grammar, geography, dictation, painting, and music. I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

M. S. P.

PACHECO, CALIFORNIA.

My cousin, who lives in San Francisco, wanted me to write; he sends me this paper. All the other girls tell about their pets, so I guess I will. I have a little canary-bird named Winnie, and a large Newfoundland dog; I also have a cat with three little kittens. Our fruit is just beginning to get ripe now; I wish I could send the Postmistress some pears and apples. I have a married sister, who lives about two and a half miles from us; my mamma is up visiting her to-day. I am the youngest, and am thirteen years old.

ELISE G.

DIER PARK, LONG ISLAND.

I live on a large farm, containing about three hundred acres. There are some of the most pleasant hills here I ever saw; some of them are completely covered with moss and deer feed. We often go up on a high hill and watch the sunset. We can see the ocean from a hill on which we go berrying. I have been sick for seven weeks, and I suppose I will not get promoted with my class. My brother, sister, and I go to a public school which is nine miles from here. In winter it is very disagreeable, but in the spring I rather enjoy it. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite books are *Little Women*, *Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *A Tour on the Prairie*, and *The Fur Country*; my favorite stories in YOUNG PEOPLE are "Nan" and "The Ice Queen." I have two sisters and one brother; I am the youngest of the family. My cousin from Brooklyn comes here and spends the whole summer every year. We have very good times. We are only a few miles from Babylon, which is a great summer resort, and across the South Bay from Babylon is Fire Island Beach, which is right on the ocean, and we sometimes have sailing parties, and go there and spend the day. I haven't any pets except a dog, which is the pet of the family; he is jealous if you pet any other dog or even the cat; his name is Don Pedro. I am thirteen years old.

LILLIAN M. W.

If you grow well and strong this summer, you will easily make up for lost time on your return to school.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have written to you once before, but as my letter was never printed, I am going to try again. I am going to ask two favors of you. One is, can you give me a real nice name (not Tabby) for a female cat? The other is: my brother sent me a dear little St. Bernard puppy; he is jet black, and I want to know if you will be kind enough to tell me some nice uncommon tricks to teach him?

ELLA S. G.

The children will please assist Ella. Give her a name for Madame Puss, and tell her some cute and laughable tricks for her doggie to learn.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nearly ten years old; my birthday is on the 23d of November. I went to Elizabeth a little while ago to see my cousins, and then went

to New York, and there mamma subscribed for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me. I like it very much. I have never been able to find out any of the puzzles. I think that "Our Little Duncie" is perfectly lovely, and I like "Ten Days a Newsboy" very well.

MARY L.

Don't be discouraged. If you keep on trying, you will guess the puzzles after a while.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have taken great pleasure in reading the letters written by the boys and girls in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have taken it for about a year and a half, and like it very much. I like Mrs. L. C. Lillie's stories, and wish she would write all the time for this paper. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is the 26th of May. I received quite a number of very nice presents. I have two pets—a sweet little canary-bird that is very tame, and will come and kiss you when you call him, and a cunning little dog that knows a great deal and is a champion ball-player. Last summer when I was in the country a gentleman found a nest with five little birds in it. Some men were pulling down an old house, and the mother bird must have got frightened, for she forsook her nest, and the gentleman gave all the little birds to me. I fed them about every five minutes with bread soaked in water, but they all died.

ANNA H. G.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE four years, and like it very much, especially the story of "The Ice Queen." I go to school, and like it very much, but I have been quite sick, and was not able to go the last week. I am feeling better now. I have a little kitten that is full of play, and it always knows when it is time to come in. I will be fourteen years old next March. With love,

SADIE VAN C.

BRIDGEWATER, NEW YORK.

I live about thirteen miles from the popular watering-place, Richfield Springs, on a beautiful farm called Willow Glen, twenty miles from the city of Utica. I enjoy going fishing very much. A short time ago we caught seven large fish. One night last summer my little brother and mamma were out walking, and it was quite dark; he said, "Mamma, why don't God light His lamps?" which I thought very quaint, for he was only two years old.

JOSIE C.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. I am hard to climb—behead me, and I am sick. 2. I am vapor—behead me, and I am a yoke of oxen; curtail me, and I am a Chinese production. 3. I am a bird—behead me, and I am to propel a boat. 4. I am a vessel—behead me, and I am food for horses. 5. I am a vision in sleep—behead me, and I am a certain quantity. 6. I am something round—behead me, and I am part of the foot; behead me again, and I am a fish. 7. I am a chicken—behead me, and I am a bird. 8. I am neat—behead me, and I am something cold. 9. I am a pest—behead me, and I am a boy's nickname. 10. I am a tree—behead me, and I am something with a point.

LULU BRUCKMAN.

No. 2.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A small animal. 2. To encourage. 3. To hire. 4. A girl's name.
2.—1. Cultivated land. 2. Open surface. 3. The back of anything. 4. A market.

FLORENCE MAY.

No. 3.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Part of an amphitheatre. 4. Part of a loom. 5. To supply with. 6. A beverage. 7. A letter.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 245.

No. 1.—Thames. Hames. Mast. Ham. Mat. A. Shame. Steam. Same. Seat. Seam. Hat. Mat. She. He. Tea.

No. 2.—Kittens.

No. 3.— F L A T L O N G
L O N E O G E E
A N T E N E A R
T E E M G E R M

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sadie H., Fred Seixas, Sallie S. Homans, Elsa H., Howard C., G. E. F. Kingsley, Kate Cooley, Charles B. Davenport, Gertrude Wilson, Amelia Richards, Amy Payson, Arthur I. Thowless, Agnes Richardson, Kenneth Montgomery, and James Johnson.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE GOOD TIMES THAT WE HAVE.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 249.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

JOHNNY AND THE CATAMOUNT.

A TRUE STORY OF A NEW HAMPSHIRE BOY.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

JOHNNY MAXON was a young pioneer boy who lived up among the White Mountains of New Hampshire some seventy years ago or more. His father was one of the earliest settlers of that region, and the country was as yet thinly inhabited. The nearest neighbors of the Maxons lived more than two miles away, on the other side of King's Mountain.

The pioneer's cabin stood in a little valley under a hill,



"A MOMENT THE CATAMOUNT AND THE BOY STOOD GAZING AT EACH OTHER."

in a very romantic spot. Looking up through the long vista of trees, they could see the crown of Mount Washington looming up grandly to meet the sky. On all sides towered the mountains, now near and now distant, gloomy and frowning in the twilight, but beautifully green and enchanting under the glow of the summer sun. The valley itself was level and luxuriantly fertile, divided by a large, swiftly flowing stream, a tributary of the larger Saco that poured down from the mountain not many miles distant.

The region was almost a hunter's paradise, abounding in all manner of game. Minks, 'coons, and foxes frequented the woods and streams, and many a large pack of peltries was carried by the pioneer in his semi-annual pilgrimage to the distant city. Larger and fiercer animals were in the woods, but they seldom troubled the settlers, though the bark of the wolf and the scream of the panther were sometimes heard among the lonely hills at night.

Johnny was fourteen years old, and large for his age. He had a lithe, compact, sturdy frame, and was keen-eyed as an Indian. Accustomed to the use of fire-arms from his earliest years, he had become as expert as the oldest hunter with the rifle. In fact, at the shooting-match of the preceding Thanksgiving, when all the settlers for miles around, and several friendly Indians, had competed for a prize at "the Corner," the name of the nearest hamlet over the hills, Johnny had been declared second in the contest, an old Indian by the name of Pete Christo only coming in before him. This feat had earned him considerable fame, and the boy, as was natural, felt somewhat proud of his abilities as a marksman.

The fall during which the event occurred that we are about to relate, Johnny's father told him that he should have the profit on half the skins he caught, and the boy had set resolutely to work in order to make the pile as large as possible. Steel-traps and colleagues were set in all manner of imaginable places in the woods, and the banks of the river were lined with cunning snares. At first he met with immense success, as the rapidly growing pile of peltries in the wood-shed testified. Every night he came up from the woods laden with an armful of skins, some of them valuable ones. His eyes grew bright as he thought of the silver dollars that would be his own—all his own, to do as he pleased with—when the next spring came round. He had long wanted a new rifle, like the one Jack Follansbe had at "the Corner." He fancied the amazement his new purchase would create in the breast of the aristocratic innkeeper's son, and he thought so much about it that he could almost feel the rifle in his hands. His pleasant dream was disturbed by a series of unforeseen misfortunes.

The season had a little more than half expired, and Johnny was congratulating himself that if his luck continued he would have more than enough to purchase his cherished rifle. But one night he came up to the cabin with empty arms and a rueful countenance. All his traps that were found sprung had been visited and the spoil was stolen. But by whom? The boy's first suspicions fell on young Follansbe, but on second thought he was forced to give up that idea. The distance was too great, and Jack could find much more attractive spoil nearer home. Then he ran over in his mind the wandering Indians who would be likely to commit the theft. He could think of only one, and that one he had good reason to know was fully as much as forty miles away trapping under the shadow of lofty Lafayette.

Before the boy reached home he became convinced that the robbery was not committed by human hands at all. He had found in one trap the leg of a mink, and on close examination he saw that it had been separated from the body by the teeth of some animal. He was sure that no knife had done it. It was plainly the work of a lynx or a wolf, so he thought.

The knowledge that there was an animal of such destructive habits in the neighborhood was not particularly pleasant. Johnny did not care so much for his own danger, but when he thought of all the mischief it would commit, and the possible loss of his prospective rifle, he did not feel in the best of moods. Whatever kind of animal it might be, he knew that it would occasion him a great deal of trouble before he could destroy it. The amount of fur that he would be likely to lose he did not dare to think of.

He spent the most of the next day in the forest, but he did not succeed in discovering the presence of any animal larger than a 'coon, which he shot and skinned. On visiting his traps, however, he found that his cunning enemy had been there before him. Every trap, with one exception, had been visited and the game destroyed. Vexed beyond measure, the boy skinned his solitary prize and went home, tired and miserable.

Affairs continued so for more than a week, only a few of the animals he should have caught passing into his hands, and at last he declared that he should take his traps up. That very night, however, there came a visitor to the settler's cabin, and Johnny, by his advice, put off his announced intention for a time.

The visitor was none other than the friendly Indian, Pete Christo, who frequently was the guest of the Maxon family, having taken quite a liking to the bright, active lad. Before the cheerful blaze of the ample fire-place they fell to discussing the singular disappearance of the trapped animals, and the assumed character of the thief.

"It's no wolf," said Pete, with grave assurance. "More likely it's a lynx. The whole thing's just like the trick of one of them varmints. I lost a whole season's labor by one of the skunks, upon the 'Coggin two winters ago. They're cunnin'er than any wolf you ever heered on. But I killed the varmint—that was some satisfaction—and got ten dollars bounty besides his hide."

"Well, we will see to-morrow if something can't be done to this one, if you are willing, Pete. I haven't caught a glimpse of him yet, but my traps are visited every day and robbed."

It was now the 25th of November, and the season was quite cold. In the afternoon there was a little spit of snow. At about four the two set out together to visit the traps, Johnny leading the way. The first trap visited was a colleague, which they found sprung, and the animal, a large mink, crushed under the weight. His pelt was quickly disposed of, and they marched on to the next. Here they found the thief had been at work. The trap was sprung, but it was empty. A 'coon's leg between the sharp jaws showed what the prize had been.

"This was done some time ago," observed Pete, "or at least before the snow fell. The brute had time enough to visit all your traps before this. But I hope we shall find his tracks."

"Pete," said the boy, "we shall hardly have time to make the circle together. So let's separate. You can follow the blazed trees. At the foot of each one you will find a trap. I will go up the river. We shall meet at Leaping Rock."

Leaping Rock was a bold, high precipice about two miles up the valley. It derived its name from the fact that a deer pursued by a panther had leaped from the cliff, followed by its fierce enemy, and both had been dashed to pieces by the fall. This occurrence had happened the very year the settler had moved into the valley, and it was Pete Christo himself who had found their crushed remains a few days after. So the Indian knew the place well.

"I am agreed," he replied.

The boy watched the tall form of the red man as he strode off into the forest, then shouldering his gun, he turned his own steps up the bank of the river. Thick un-

derbrush skirted the stream, but he knew the path, and went on without much trouble.

One trap he found unsprung, and he proceeded to set it more cunningly, just under the bank, for in this part of the river the minks and musk-rats were quite numerous, and he had occasionally seen an otter.

Intent upon placing his trap in the best position, the lad did not take heed to his steps, and slipping on the snow, he fell forward and crashed into the river. As he fell he seized his gun, and dragged that into the water with him. The river was not deep, and Johnny was soon out again, having experienced nothing more serious than a cold bath, and the consequent uselessness of his rifle. The latter was by far the worst thing that could have happened to him, as he discovered afterward.

Johnny cared nothing for his wet skin and dripping clothes, being almost as tough as an otter, and placing the trap to his satisfaction at last, he went on again. The next trap he found sprung, with nothing in it, and for the first time he noticed tracks, those of a very large animal, too. He recognized them as those of a wolf.

"Old Pete was wrong this time," thought the boy to himself as he pushed on. "I wonder what he will say. Whew!"

His exclamation of surprise was caused by the sight that met his eyes, or rather the absence of that which he should have seen. The trap at this place was missing. That as well as the game it contained had been carried away. He could see the marks in the snow where the chain had dragged as the wolf bore his prey away.

Johnny felt the least bit angry at the loss of his trap, which was a stout steel one that had cost half a dollar in Boston the preceding autumn. It was bad enough to lose his skins, without having to undergo this extra loss. Never stopping to think of the danger, the brave lad started in pursuit of his rapacious enemy.

The track led off sideways from the river up toward the thicker forest on the hill-side. It was easy enough to follow, for not only were the foot-prints of the animal plainly visible, but the burden it bore made a peculiar mark in the snow. The boy followed it about a mile, and then he stopped.

He had heard the jingling of a chain but a short distance ahead. He was nearing his quarry, and he must be very cautious.

Bending down under the drooping undergrowth, Johnny peered sharply in the direction of the sound. Almost with his first glance he saw the thief which he was pursuing. He felt his hair rise under his cap as he noted the huge size of the great beast.

It was a great gray wolf, gaunt and fierce of aspect. The animal was snarling savagely, for the chain had caught against a shrub, and seemed to resist the wolf's attempt to dislodge it. He succeeded at last, however, and was struggling on again, when a sharp fierce cry startled the echoes.

Johnny had his rifle at his shoulder, and was pulling the trigger, forgetting in his excitement that he could not discharge the weapon. He saw a huge lithe figure shoot like a ball from an oak near by, and light directly upon the back of the wolf. As the ball uncoiled itself, the boy could see that it was the terror of the American woods, the panther.

There was a short, bloody battle in the wild wood. The two fierce animals growled, and bit, and tore with savage ferocity. Tufts of hair flew up into the air, the snow was trampled and crimsoned with blood. Such a struggle could not last long. It was brought to a close by the wolf falling dead. The next moment the panther was lapping the flowing blood.

What impulse possessed the boy to do as he did he never knew, but the next instant he sprang forward, and struck the catamount a heavy blow on the head with his

rifle. Its effect was not what he expected. The animal only recoiled, but the rifle was shattered, the stock only remaining in the boy's hands. There he was, weaponless, facing an animal whose natural strength and ferocity were increased tenfold by the tingling wounds gained in its late conflict.

A moment the catamount and the boy stood gazing at each other; then, with a fierce growl, the furious brute gathered for a spring.

It came, but Johnny was ready for it. As the form of the panther quivered in the air, the boy pushed his broken rifle stock before him, and thrust it directly into the gaping jaws of the bounding monster.

The boy was staggered by the shock, and fell backward, the catamount passing over him. He arose to his feet, half dazed, and looked around him. Despite the unpleasantness of his situation he could not help laughing at the antics of the animal.

The sharp-pointed iron had been driven with such force into the animal's throat that no effort of the panther could dislodge it. Rearing on its hind-legs, it would frantically paw the air; the next moment it would sit on its haunches and make frenzied attempts to draw out the weapon which occasioned it so much agony. The brute's yells of rage and pain were thrilling.

"Down there, boy; I want a chance to shoot," cried a voice, and Johnny, as he stooped low, saw Pete levelling his weapon.

The report of the Indian's rifle followed, and the echoes had not died away when the huge beast toppled over, with a bullet in its brain.

"You're a brave one, an' no mistake," exclaimed Pete, as he grasped his young friend's hand. "No other young 'un would have laughed when he was liable to be chawed the next second, an' you're cool as a young pumpkin now. Wa'al, I reckon you won't lose no more pelts. There's what took your game."

"Which one?"

"Why, the catamount, of course. The other critter was probably only a chance visitor. Wa'al, lad, here's something for your loss, anyhow. I reckon the bounty on these 'ere hides will purty likely make ye whole."

And they did. The next season Johnny had his long-wished-for rifle. His traps were let alone, and he never killed any more catamounts. The animal's skin was preserved as an heirloom, and when Johnny was an old man he was never prouder than when he was telling his grandchildren the story of his narrow escape from a catamount.

THE BABY'S BREAKFAST.

BY MARION MITCHELL.

"COME, bwakfast is weady,"
Calls Gretchen, the dear.

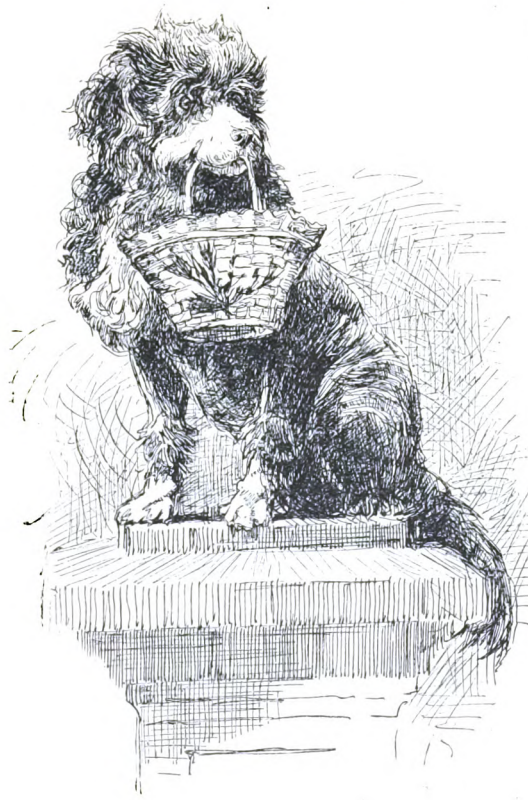
"Come, Ponto and Moussey,
Our bwakfast is here;

"Come, birdies—I'm waiting
To share it wiv you;
Come twick, for I'm hungwy,
So hungwy! Ain't you?"

With a chirp and a flutter,
A bark and a purr,
They answer her summons
To breakfast with her.

The cat nestles closer,
While Ponto, in pride,
Like a stately old soldier,
Keeps guard at her side.

So every bright morning
They come at her call,
For they know her and love her,
And she loves them all.



A CHARITABLE DOG.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

IN the YOUNG PEOPLE of July 3, 1883, there were some verses descriptive of Gyp. One of the most descriptive read as follows:

"Two brownest of eyes soft peering
Through a shock of shaggy hair,
Two brownest of eyes down drooping;
And a tail, whisked everywhere,
Brown, like his curly jacket,
Yet white at the waving tip.
This is our doggie's outline,
Our frolicsome, kindly Gyp."

Now you have Gyp's portrait before you as drawn from a photograph by our artist Mr. F. S. Church. As you probably guessed, he is a thorough-bred Spanish poodle, sometimes called Spanish truffle-dog, from the habits of his race of hunting truffles, which grow under-ground, and are prized as a great delicacy by lovers of good eating.

But Gyp is merely a *nom de plume* of Bret—a name that, having since become quite distinguished, we will no longer from motives of modesty withhold. For now we can not think the celebrated author Bret Harte, for whom Bret is called, could possibly object to such liberty, in view of the many little children made happy by his canine namesake's genius and exertions.

Through Bret's kindly efforts, these poor little children of tenement-houses are being coaxed into cheery life by coming in contact with green fields and sunny air through the kind management of the Fresh-air Fund, to which Bret contributed over a hundred dollars. This sum supplies two whole weeks of summer recreation for some seventeen (or more, I believe) dear children, who would otherwise never know what it is to have a healthful vacation.

Perhaps when our young readers hear how Bret swelled the fund of this beautiful charity, some of them may also be able to utilize the charms of their pets, of whatever kind they may be, to make even one little boy's or girl's heart leap with joy at beholding the many sweet things which summer provides in the country.

It was in July last year that we all went to the Catskills. There were four in the party, including Bret. Of course I have to count Bret, as the railroad officials are in the habit of counting him, charging baggage-car fare if not passenger-coach fare.

Tannersville was our point of debarkation. There it was that Bret first became so popular through his various performances that it was suggested to make a show of him for some charitable purpose, at so much per head entrance fee. The first entertainment, arranged with but little forethought, netted about twelve dollars, which was immediately forwarded to the *Tribune* office, New York, for the benefit of the Fresh-air Fund.

At Mulford's the entertainment was varied by vocal and instrumental music by some accomplished young ladies, and twenty-seven dollars was forwarded by those in charge; while from the "Kaaterskill" sixty-nine dollars went toward making pale cheeks rosy and sad eyes bright.

At the Kaaterskill we met the gentleman at whose house the idea of the Fresh-air Fund first took form. His sister, a lovely woman, was a closely housed invalid. Mr. Parsons, afterward the great leader in the movement, was calling upon and conversing with her, when the seed of good which has grown into so glorious a charity was dropped between them in the course of conversation, and out of it has bloomed the tree of healing which has scored so many poor little waifs.

Now tell me is not Bret, who has helped in this great cause, worthy of a place in YOUNG PEOPLE? And is he not also worthy to be known as a charitable dog? For surely he made no little sensation in the circuit where he was accustomed to move during those two months' sojourn in the mountains. Young ladies would send him (as people carry to Jumbo) choice bits of candy, and the boys for miles around always had a hearty greeting for him whenever they chanced to meet; wagon-loads of excursionists would scream out, "There's Bret!" "There's Bret!" A man of wealth even made an offer for him of fifteen hundred dollars, but his master could not then be induced to accept money in exchange for his devoted and talented dog friend.

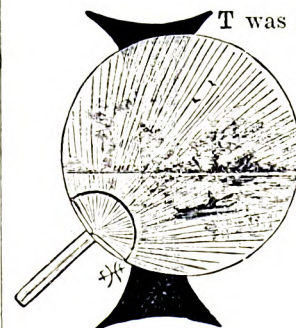
Bret's tricks were easily learned; they are "playing dead," and coming to life only at warning of "The police," showing how he used to gain his living by stealing handkerchiefs out of coat pockets; throwing cake off his nose and catching it whenever, in counting, his master comes to the number *three*; creeping, as babies do before they walk; sitting up and smoking a pipe; carrying meat to his master without eating it; hunting his master's hat, or a ball, or handkerchief, and distinguishing between these articles—in short, some thirty odd in all.

THE STORY OF A RING.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," ETC.

I.



IT was a broad hoop of gold curiously studded with gems. Selma had only once or twice caught a glimpse of it, and these occasions were when her aunt Margaretta opened what was known as the "lavender chest" in the Red Room at Colonel Greene's house in Lennox.

The fascination it had for the little girl may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that everything in the Red Room had a charm of its own, a peculiar air of mystery and romance and dignified seclusion. It partook of the general character of the house in being large and stately, and fur

ished in old-fashioned woods and colors. There was a huge four-poster bed between the two doors hung with red damask curtains. The windows had a little swell to them, and what used to be called "box seats," and these were cushioned with red damask, a trifle faded, perhaps; but they were so different from anything Selina ever saw anywhere else that they always captivated her. The bureau, with its brass-handled drawers, the little shining satin-wood tables, the fire-place, and tall mantel, with a row of quaint adornments, all seemed to belong just to that room and no other.

But the chief delight of the room was its alcoved recess. There stood the "lavender chest," above which were two long and narrow windows, with no curtains save what tall fir-tree outside cared to give.

No one had ever told Selina much about that old chest, but she knew that it had been brought from India for her great-grandmother, the same whose picture hung opposite the fire-place in the wide hall down-stairs. As one of Selina's first impressions in life had to do with this picture, it made her think all the more of the quiet closed chest of drawers in the rarely used old room above.

Selina was about five years old when she came to live at Colonel Greene's in Lennox. Her parents had died in the Sandwich Islands, where Dr. Greene, her father, had done noble work, and the little girl was sent home to her only near relations, her grandfather, the old Colonel, and her aunt, Miss Margaretta.

With the first days of her coming, Selina's memory has very little to do. There is on her mind a general impression of a fine, dim old house, with wide halls and curving staircases, with little windows here and there, and steps going up and down in unexpected places; of warmth and tenderness, and a great many good things to eat, and a pretty, soft bed to sleep in. She recalls a small old gentleman who cried over her sometimes, but had little to say, and a very beautiful lady, with shining dark hair, kind eyes, and long weeping satin or silk dresses. This was Aunt Margaretta; and when, as I say, came the first clear impression.

It must have been a winter's day, for the hall fire-place was bright with logs that burned and crackled cheerily. Selina was lying on the rug before the fire with one arm around the dog Fido's neck, and her little lazy glance wandered to the picture opposite the fire.

She can always remember the vivid impression it made. It represented a very pretty young lady in a queer little white crêpe gown, with a short waist and short sleeves, and her hair in a puff, but with some curls on her forehead; and on one of her fingers, which was held up near her chin, was a curious ring. It was studded all over with stones which in the pic-

ture looked dull enough except when the fire-light danced on them.

"Aunt Margaretta," said Selina, "who is that lady in the picture?"

Miss Retta, as she was called, looked up from her work, and answered:

"Oh, Selina, didn't you know, my dear? That was your great-grandmamma."

"And was that her ring?" asked Selina, who thought she would like to have one for herself very much. She held up her little fat third finger, and tried to poise it near her chin like her great-grandmamma in the picture.

Miss Retta laughed. "Yes," she said. "Come, my dear, if you like, and I will show you the ring. I have to get something out of the lavender chest." And so Selina skipped along at her aunt's side, up the wide curving stairs, down the hall, and a side corridor, to the door of the Red Room. Miss Retta took out her keys and pushed one into the lock. It was rather hard to turn.

"Why do you lock this door?" little Selina asked,



"EFFIE STOOD STILL A MOMENT ON THE THRESHOLD."

holding her aunt's hand a trifle tighter, for it frightened her a very little to go into a room that was kept locked.

"Because your great-grandmamma wished us to, dear," was the answer; and then Selina remembers the awe-struck sensation she had when the door was pushed open and her aunt led her in.

The bed-curtains rustled a little, and it was chilly, but from that hour the Red Room held Selina's fancy captive. She was perhaps an imaginative child, but she enjoyed making up stories about the old room, and never asking its secret. It had one, she felt very sure, but it was far more delightful to *imagine* about what it might be than to hear the facts.

Miss Retta walked directly over to the alcove, and taking out her keys again, fumbled among the drawer locks, opening one after another.

The drawers were full of all sorts of old-fashioned things. There were some carefully folded dresses, some yellowish muslins and laces, some long gloves and mitts; a pair of funny little high-heeled black satin slippers, and a long yellow silk parasol with a deep fringe.

The last drawer was pulled out, and in it the first thing that caught Selina's eye was a sandal-wood box, with the cover off, and in it lay a shining circlet like the one of the great-grandmamma down-stairs.

"Oh, there it is!" Selina said, with a jump.

Miss Retta took out the ring, and slipping it over one of her own slim white fingers, held it up in the window for Selina to see.

It was of dull gold, and the gems were of shining pale green, with a red stone in the centre.

"It is Oriental," Miss Retta says; "that means, it came from the far, far East. When Grandmamma Livingstone was in India one of the princes there gave it to her husband, and there was a strange story connected with it, but you wouldn't be old enough to understand it."

Selina gazed with silent admiration. The lights in the stone flickered and danced with little points of flame, and it almost seemed like a real live thing to the child.

"When I am older and large enough," said Selina, gravely, "I shall always wear it, and try to hold my hand like the great-grandmamma down-stairs."

Miss Retta only laughed. She slipped the ring back into its place, locked up the lavender chest, and presently led the little girl down-stairs.

II.

One day, when Selina was about ten years old, a cousin of her mother's came to take dinner at Lennox on Thanksgiving-day. They were talking about India, where this Captain Livingstone had spent two years, and Miss Retta asked him some question about a famous precious stone which had been stolen.

Selina listened eagerly as the young man described the great value which the Orientals place upon stones.

"You see," he said, "they are so superstitious about them. They guard the diamonds, or rubies, or jaspers set in the heads of their idols night and day, believing something terrible will happen if they are lost; and we in this country know very little of the various kinds of precious stones to be found in India. They are many in number and in name which we never hear of."

He went on to tell two or three stories that made Selina shudder; but all the more interest had she in the ring called the "Calman" in the family, because of its origin, and which, so far as she knew, had not been disturbed for three years.

Selina's school life was very busy for a year or two after this; then came her dear grandfather's long illness and death, and Miss Retta, who with her little niece was left quite alone in the world, started out for a year of Western travel.

When they returned to Lennox it seemed a most delightful change. The rooms and halls were aired and

cleaned, and in some instances newly furnished. But when anything was to be altered or made over, Miss Retta would sit down and sigh, and wonder if by any possibility they could not "get along" without disturbing the old fashion of things; and in Selina, who was now a tall girl of fourteen, she found a warm ally.

"No matter if the Livingstones are coming to spend the summer, Aunt Retta," she exclaimed one day, "I wouldn't change the dear old house. I'd leave everything as it is. Make it clean, of course."

To this Miss Retta had replied:

"Very well, Selina. I don't know but you are right. We will have the house cleaned and made comfortable, and not try to buy these new wall-papers or furniture, but"—Miss Retta spoke decidedly—"we won't open the Red Room at all. There is no need of it."

So sweepings and dustings and airings went on. Doors stood open for the June sunlight to pour in. The big blue vases in the halls stood full of summer flowers, and Selina went hither and thither, glad to make life a holiday. The unknown cousins came—a whole troop of them; and during the summer they held a sort of happy sway over everything, playing in-doors and out, going to picnics and to clam-bakes, rowing on the river, and watching the summer boarders as they came and went.

At last they themselves went away.

During all this time all that little Selina had thought of the Red Room was to hint once or twice to her cousin Effie Livingstone about its secret, and just a word or two about the ring. But this had been said after a long, warm day's boating, when Effie and Selina were resting in the hammock near the barn.

"Oh, what funny little windows!" Effie said, suddenly. "I never saw that room, Selina."

"Of course you haven't," Selina answered. "They belong to the Red Room, and it's never opened. I don't know why; I believe our great-grandmother wished it kept locked; but oh, Effie"—and here Selina's memory warmed with thought of the "Calman" lying in its box just inside those sun-lit windows—"there's such a wonderful ring in there! all shining over with precious stones, but no one can have it—at least Aunt Retta doesn't like to be asked about it."

Selina's cheeks grew red. She felt she had perhaps been imprudent. "Let's go and see if the horses are put up," she said, suddenly jumping up; and the two children sauntered off to the stables, where old Jim Neggott was grooming the ponies.

This might be very enjoyable, but in Effie's mind lingered a desire to know more of the "Calman"; if possible, to see it. She did not dare ask her cousin Retta, nor had she much more courage with Selina, who, for all her love of fun, was upright and honorable to a degree that sometimes puzzled Miss Effie. She feared just a little the flash of Selina's eyes in case she should suggest their stealing their way into the Red Room.

Once Selina had said to her, "Oh, Effie, *could* you do a mean thing?"

And that had only been because she had suggested to Selina to take the bait off the boys' hooks. So she decided it was wiser not to test her cousin's ideas about honor any further.

III.

When Effie got back to New York she often thought of the Red Room, hidden, locked away, with its one shining treasure lying in the darkness of the drawer away in the corner. Oh, if only she could see it!

Before long the opportunity came. In February of that year there was capital skating and sleighing at Lennox, and during the early part of the month an invitation came for the cousins to go to Lennox.

The two Livingstones, Virgil and Effie, arrived early in the morning, and Effie and Selina were soon closeted up

in the latter's room, talking over every recent event in either life, and planning for the morrow. There was to be a tea party, and some grown-up friends were expected from New Haven. Altogether the day promised much that was delightfully exhilarating even in prospect.

The elderly company began to arrive about three in the afternoon. Selina and Effie had talked so much to each other, and they and Virgil had skated so long, that there came a sort of lull in their satisfaction in each other's society.

Deborah, the cook, was busy making cake, and Selina said, suddenly, she thought she would run down-stairs and see if it was ready.

The children were all in the hall, sitting on a lounge before the fire. Miss Retta's work-table was at the left of them, and as Selina spoke, Effie's sharp little black eyes had wandered toward the stand.

On top of a strip of embroidery lay Miss Retta's keys—a dozen or more hung on an old-fashioned silver hoop.

When Selina asked her cousins if they cared to go down-stairs with her, Effie only shook her head.

An idea had occurred to her mischievous little brain, and she only longed to be alone to put it in operation.

Virgil and Selina started off. Effie glanced about her cautiously; then feeling like a conspirator against the peace, she rose, stole over to the basket, and with one more swiftly careful glance, seized the keys, hid them in the folds of her dress, and darted up the stairs. She was determined to see the Red Room for herself.

So far as the success of her scheme went, she could not have chosen a better opportunity. Miss Retta was with the newly arrived guests down in the library. Selina and Virgil were in the kitchen. Not a person nor a sound disturbed the solitude and stillness of the long hall and little corridor as Effie flew down them. She felt sure she would not soon be followed, and quite enjoyed finding the right key and fitting it into the lock.

The door creaked open, and Effie stood still a moment on the threshold, even her careless mind fluttered by what she was doing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAMPING OUT.

VI.—A FEW HINTS AND RECIPES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AS the party met on the sixth and last evening of the "Camping Out" talks, Captain Archer found the three boys examining their note-books, and preparing to ask him questions on points that had been overlooked.

When they saw that he was ready for them to begin, Aleck asked, "Do you think we shall be much troubled by black flies or gnats in the woods, Uncle Harry?"

"Yes, my boy, I have no doubt you will. During July and August they are apt to be very troublesome. With care, however, your gnat-proofs will insure comfortable nights; and I would advise your taking with you a preparation of one ounce oil of pennyroyal, two ounces of castor-oil, and three ounces of pine tar. Let this simmer over a slow fire, and bottle for use. Upon the first appearance of black flies rub your face, neck, and hands thoroughly with it.

"In our last talk I spoke of the importance of cleanliness and neatness in your cooking and about the camp. I want you to remember that personal neatness is equally desirable. Many persons, even those who are neat at home, seem to think that in camp it is just as well to be slovenly and dirty. You will remove all your clothes once a day, and take a bath in the lake, or at least give yourselves a brisk rubbing with crash towels, and you will be as careful in other personal matters as though you were at home.

"It is a common practice in camp to turn in 'all stand-

ing,' as the saying goes, or with all one's clothes on; but you will find it very much more comfortable to remove all your clothes upon going to bed, except your flannel shirts.

"As you are going into the woods during the close deer season, I would not carry more than one gun for all three of you. Let it be a good double-barrelled shot-gun, and take with it about fifty loaded shells.

"For fishing-tackle take along a few dozen strong assorted hooks, several stout lines, and a small book of flies—not more than a dozen apiece. Do not bother with bought rods, but trust to the woods for them.

"When you become tired of fish, catch frogs. They are considered delicacies on first-class tables, and add a pleasant variety to woodman's fare. Catch them with a light rod, short line, and small hook baited with a bit of scarlet flannel, or at night by use of a jack-light. Stupefied by its glare, they will let you pick them up. Kill your frog by a tap on the head, cut off his thighs and hind-legs, skin them, roll them in Indian-meal, and fry brown in hot oil or pork fat.

"You will also probably have an opportunity of adding squirrels to your bill of fare. When you have got your squirrel, chop off his head, feet, and tail, cut the skin crosswise of the back, and strip it off in two parts, fore and aft; also cut the body crosswise into two parts. Throw them into a kettle, and let the hind-quarters parboil until tender. Then fry them, until of a rich brown, in oil or pork fat, hissing hot. Use the fore-quarters for a stew.

"To make a stew use almost any kind of flesh or fowl. The chief thing to be remembered in making a stew is to stew it enough. An old camp jingle runs thus:

'A stew that's too little stewed
Is understood to be no good.'

"Let your meat boil for more than an hour, or until it begins to fall from the bones. Add potatoes, pared and quartered, an onion sliced, salt, pepper, and a thickening made of flour and melted butter, to be stirred in gradually.

"In making a meat soup provide plenty of meat, and do not be afraid to let it boil. It is hard to boil it too much, and three hours is not too long. When nearly done, scrape a potato into the soup for thickening, and season with salt and pepper.

"To cook rice, let a cupful soak overnight. In the morning pour off the water in which it has soaked, place it in a kettle of cold water, and boil it slowly, without stirring, until the kernels are soft. Remember to salt it. Rice is good with condensed milk, sugar, butter, or syrup. It is good to add to your soups and stews, and it is particularly good when added to the batter from which you make your griddle-cakes.

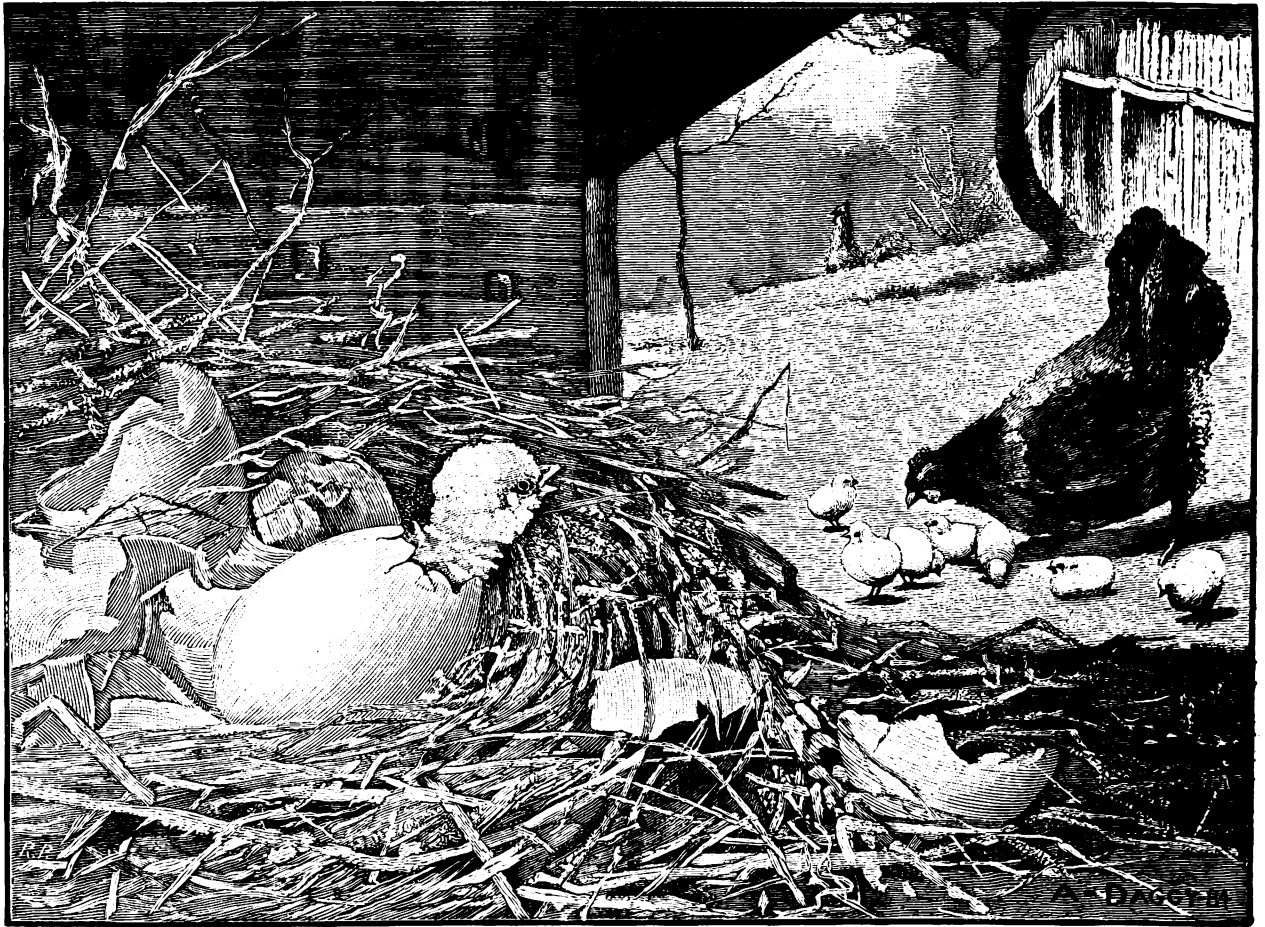
"To make mush stir corn-meal into boiling water; season with salt. Eat hot with syrup. Save what is left over, and fry it next morning. The same rule applies to hominy.

"I have said nothing to you about baking bread, beans, or anything else, because you can not bake properly without some kind of an oven, and the Dutch oven, which seems to be the only kind adapted to camp use, is heavy and awkward to carry.

"There are many niceties of camp cooking which you must learn by observation and experience. I could easily occupy six more evenings in talking to you on this subject alone; but my furlough has expired, and to-morrow I must leave you. I hope your camping expedition may prove entirely successful, and that you may find the lessons I have given you of some value."

"Oh, Uncle Harry, we are sure to, and I know we are going to have a splendid time. I only wish you were going with us," cried Ben.

"So do I, with all my heart, my boy; but as I can't, and as I shall leave before you are up in the morning, I will now bid you good-night and good-by."



"WAIT FOR ME."—BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WAIT for me, mamsey, sisters, and brothers.
I didn't get ready as soon as the others;
But I'll be as jolly a chick as the rest
When once I have hopped half a yard from the nest.

Wait for me, please. I am all in a flurry;
The brood chipped their shells in too much of a hurry.
But just let me scramble out there in the sun,
And my mamsey will see I'm her very best one.

MUMMY CROCODILES.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

IN some parts of Egypt in ancient times the crocodiles of the Nile were held sacred, and had bands of priests to conduct their worship. This reverence is said to have begun in the fact that King Menes was preserved when in danger of drowning by a crocodile which took him upon its back and set him safely ashore.

Menes was the most ancient of the Egyptian kings, and is supposed to have lived three thousand or more years ago, so that it would be rather hard to prove this story true, and you may doubt if you like.

At the town of Arsinoë, according to history, the priests nourished a sort of pet crocodile named Suchus, which was fed upon bread, flesh, and wine offered to it by strangers. It was preserved in a particular lake, and whilst reposing the priests would approach the animal, open its mouth, and put the food within its jaws. After its repast it usually descended into the water and swam away, but it would suffer itself to be handled, and pendants of gold and precious stones were placed about it.

As with the beetle, the ibis, and other sacred animals,

crocodiles were preserved as mummies when they died, and there is now known a place where thousands of these mummies are stored away under-ground. This is at the summit of a rocky mountain near Ma-abdel, on the east bank of the Nile.

Those who descend remove nearly the whole of their clothing, on account of the heat, and, led by native guides, squeeze through a narrow entrance in the rock into a deep pit. At the bottom is found a low rough sort of tunnel, through which everybody must crawl on his face in single file, paying out a ball of twine behind him, in order to find his way back. This emerges into a cavern, where the heat is intense, so that the perspiration starts from every pore, and great numbers of bats flock about the lights, often putting them out.

This is only the first of a long series of caverns, in the last of which are stored thousands of mummied crocodiles, from big ones several feet in length to babies only a few inches long. The large ones are tied up in palm leaves only, while the little fellows are carefully wrapped in mummy-cloth, and then made into bundles of five or six together. Visitors usually bring away two or three of these relics of the ancient religion as mementos.



"DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED, NURSEY."

"LEFT BEHIND,"*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

MOPSEY was the first to enter. He had settled it in his mind that they ought to be invited to see Mr. Weston, and he considered it his right to go in because of the money he had contributed toward Paul's ticket to Chicago. The others followed him; but they did not appear as confident as he did.

Whatever extravagant idea Mopsey may have had as to the way in which they ought to be received by Mr. Weston, he was not disappointed. Paul's father welcomed them in the most cordial manner possible, and had they been his most intimate and esteemed friends, they could not have been received more kindly.

Paul had given his father a brief account of his life since the time he learned that the steamer had sailed without him, and he had spoken in the warmest terms of the boys who had befriended him when he was in such bitter trouble.

After the boys had entered the room, Mr. Weston explained why it was that he was still in New York city, when it seemed almost certain that he had sailed for Europe.

In a very few moments after the steamer had started from the pier, Mrs. Weston had asked him to send Paul to their cabin, she needing his services in some trifling matter. When Mr. Weston looked around for his son, of course he could not be found.

A hasty and vain search was made, and then the boy whom Paul had left behind to acquaint his father of the important business of buying tops that had called him away told his story. This he would probably have done before had he known which one of the many passengers his new friend's father was.

Leaving his wife and daughter to continue the journey alone, Mr. Weston had come back with the pilot, and from that day until then he had searched for his son, never once thinking that almost any newsboy in the vicinity of City Hall could have given him full particulars.

Paul had told his father of the generosity which his friends had shown in devoting all the theatrical funds, and nearly all of the money they had individually, to the purchase of the ticket to Chicago. Then after Mr. Weston had told them how it was that he had remained in the city, he said, as he took the ticket Paul was holding in his hand to give back to his friends:

"I shall keep this ticket, boys, even though Paul will not need it, for we shall sail for Europe in the next steamer. I want it as a reminder of generosity and nobility as shown by four boys who could not have been blamed if they had let the lost boy work his own way back to his home. I shall have it framed, with your names written on it, and when any one asks the meaning of it, I shall tell them that it was bought for my son by four noble boys of New York city."

Ben's eyes fairly sparkled with delight as Mr. Weston bestowed this praise, and Mopsey drew himself up at full height, as if the idea of doing the charitable deed had originated with him, instead of his having been opposed to it.

"Now, boys," continued Mr. Weston, "I shall try to do something toward repaying you for your kindness to Paul; but first I have another matter to settle with you. I advertised that I would give a reward to any one who should

bring me information of my son. You have done that by bringing the boy himself, and are therefore entitled to the sum I should have paid any one else."

As he spoke he handed some money to Paul, and he in turn handed it to Ben, who said, as he took it rather unwillingly,

"We don't want any pay for comin' here with Polly, an', besides, it warn't very far, so we won't say nothin' 'bout it."

"All we shall say about it, my boy, is that you will keep that money in order that I may keep my word. To-morrow we will see what can be done to reward you for your kindness to Paul, and he and I will call at your house some time in the evening, where I hope you will all wait for us."

Ben concluded from this that Mr. Weston wanted to be alone with his son, and he said, as he went toward the door,

"We'll keep the money, though it don't seem jest right. It kinder looks as though we was takin' what didn't belong to us, an' the only way I know of to get square on it is for us to give a show all for you alone, an' let you come in for nothin'."

Mr. Weston seemed highly pleased at the novel idea, and he told them, as he shook their hands in parting, that he would be obliged to give the matter some considerable attention before he could accept any such generous offer, but that they would talk the matter over the following evening.

Paul bade them good-night, with the assurance that he would see them the next day, and the boys marched out of the hotel, saying not a word, but looking as if they believed they had grown considerably in importance during their call.

Once in the street, Mopsey stopped under the nearest gas-light, and asked Ben to see how much money Mr. Weston had given them.

Ben unfolded the bills, which he held crumpled up in his hand, and the surprise of all four may be imagined when he unrolled five twenty-dollar notes.

"Jinks!" squeaked Dickey, with delight, after he had turned four consecutive hand-springs to quiet himself down a little, "that's a hundred dollars; an' if we don't swell round with that, it'll be 'cause we don't know how to put on style."

Then, quite as fast as they had left Mrs. Green's, they ran back to relate the startling news, and surprise their landlady and her daughter with the treasure that had come because of their generous act.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DAY'S PLEASURING.

As may be supposed, Paul's good fortune in finding his father was the topic of conversation during the forenoon following that happy event. There was even more excitement in the news-selling world than there had been when the fact was first circulated that Ben and Johnny were getting up a theatrical enterprise.

Of course the good fortune that had come to the firm through Paul was soon known, and whenever one of the partners passed a group of merchants in his same line of business, he was sure to be pointed out as one of the boys who were the happy possessors of a clear hundred dollars.

As it was quite likely that Paul and his father would come down-town during the day, no one of the merchants knowing the facts went very far from City Hall, lest he should miss the chance of seeing them. There was a great deal of pride shown because they had had a rich man's son among their number, even though it had only been for a few days, and those who had tried to drive him away, during the first of his attempts to sell papers, now tried to show how often they had befriended him.

Some even allowed such flights to their imaginations that they came to believe Paul's father would give them money enough to make them all rich, and they began to think of the five cents which they had spent for a theatre ticket as just so much money given directly to Paul.

But the boys who had actually received money from Mr. Weston were so much excited by the wealth which had so suddenly become theirs that they could do no business at all that day. From the time they had reached home with the hundred dollars in their pockets they had been in earnest discussion as to what they should do with their money.

Mopsey had used every argument he could think of to show that it was not only wise but proper for them to invest it all in their theatre. So earnest was he in his attempts to have it thus expended that he took upon himself the great labor of figuring the cash returns of ten performances at the same amount of receipts as those of the previous Saturday. The result showed that they would receive in return the amount of their investment and considerably more.

Ben was willing that a small portion of the amount should be spent for the purchase of a curtain and for more secure foot-lights; but he insisted that the greater portion of it should be invested where it would be safe.

Dickey was of the same opinion as Ben, and he further proposed, since Mopsey was so anxious to carry out his ideas, that rather than spend it all on their theatre, he was in favor of dividing it, so that each could do with his share as he thought best.

Johnny advised buying or starting a news stand in some good location, and this Mrs. Green seemed to think was the most sensible plan of all. Of course the boys knew that she and Nelly each had a share in the money, and her advice had great weight with them.

But they could come to no decision that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEW PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR YOUNG SWIMMERS.

SWIMMING baths have come to be a popular institution in all our sea-board cities. The jolly youngsters on the next page are in full enjoyment of the fun to be had by a half-hour's plunge in the cool salt-water, and they also have an opportunity to learn the art of swimming from a competent master, who is employed in all such places to teach those who wish to learn.

Swimming ought not to be looked upon as an accomplishment, but as a necessary branch of education. Accidents will always happen; boats may be upset, and a rising tide while bathing will occasionally prevent us reaching the shore. These dangers the power of swimming will effectually guard against.

Perhaps the best way of seeing how you ought to swim is to watch a frog in a tub. You will see the limbs drawn up, and then extended, so as to cover as large a surface of the water as possible, and next, the hind-legs brought together so as to reach out in a straight line behind the body, while the force of the stroke shoots the animal through the water.

Try and imitate the frog in your own room. Get a stool (a music stool will do), or put a couple of hassocks one above the other, and use them instead. Place yourself on the top, face downward, draw the knees up as close to the body as you can, and bring the hands under the chin, palms downward, thumbs and fingers straightened, and close together.

Now strike out arms and legs together in this way (counting "one"): push the hands straight out, with the two thumbs touching each other, and there they must remain right out in front of you all the length of the stroke

while you are moving through the water. At the same instant that you push out the hands, kick out the legs right and left (not straight behind you), with the toes turned back to make the soles of the feet flat against the water when you get there, and keep the feet as far apart as possible. When the knees are straight, keep them so, and say "two," for the second motion, and sharply bring the heels together, with the legs fully stretched out. This last motion will drive you through the water and carry you well forward. Pause an instant in this position, with the arms and legs all in the same straight line, and the stroke is complete.

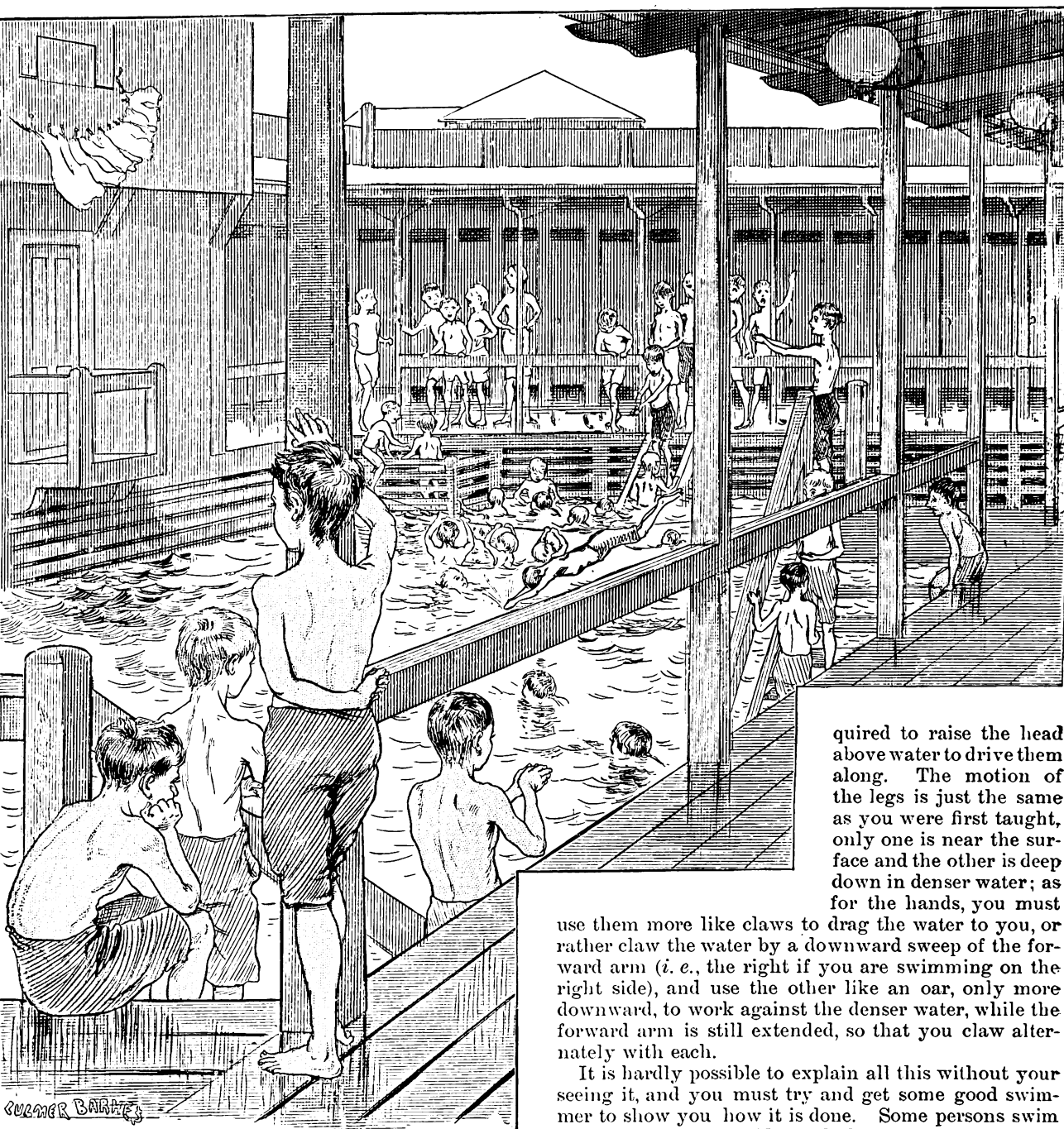
Now you are ready for the next stroke, and you may say "three," and prepare for it thus. Sweep the hands right and left with a semicircular motion, and hollow the palms slightly, pressing downward with them, until you bring them back to the chest; this will raise the head well above the water and enable you to take breath without fear of any water entering the mouth; as you bring the hands back, draw up the knees close under the body, and begin again. *One*, strike out; *two*, bring the heels together; *three*, draw back the feet and hands, elbows and knees, close to the body. Get some one to count for you if you can, and take plenty of time. Do not hurry on any account, and when you get into the water dwell as long on the stroke as possible until the mouth (mind it is kept shut) sinks just under water; then is the time to raise the head by preparing for a fresh stroke, and drawing back the hands.

This is swimming on the face. You may swim very fast in this way if you remember the three motions, and if you strike out vigorously and dwell on the stroke while you are offering the least resistance to the water. At first you may have a little difficulty about taking breath, but don't think about it. While you are pressing the hands downward, the head and shoulders will come well out of the water, and you will soon get in the way of taking breath at that moment without ever thinking about it. Keep on practicing this for some time until you are quite perfect, and then you may take to the water confident that a very few days will be sufficient for you to support yourself; speed will come later on with practice.

You had better begin by trying to swim in water breast deep. Walk out on a calm day until the water comes up to the chest, then turn round, and throw yourself forward on your face with your arms out; your feet will rise off the ground, and you can strike out slowly. Every stroke will carry you into shallower water, but do not let your feet touch the bottom if you can help it. When you are tired, roll over on your back, and gently paddle with the hands extended at right angles to the body, while you slowly strike out the feet just as you did in swimming on your face.

If you press your hands downward, you will raise the head, as before, but you will rest better if you throw the head right back with the ears under water, and fold your arms across the chest; in fact, you will very likely be able to float in this position without any movement of hand or foot, but if you gently strike out with the feet, you raise the head a little, and are less likely to have a wave wash over your face. If this happens, do not be frightened; you are not sinking, and the water only washes over you because it is quite impossible to meet with an absolutely calm sea except on very rare occasions.

Floating is more difficult than swimming on the back, especially in fresh-water, which is not so buoyant as salt; but when you can swim a little on the back, gradually cease all movement, let the feet come together and float up to the surface, throw up the chest a little, but not too much, and throw the head well back. You may either leave your hands stretched out, or bring them to your side and lie perfectly still. Some persons can float



A SWIMMING BATH.

much more easily than others, but do not be disappointed if you do not fall into it at once; you will do it after a time.

Swimming on the side is your next step, and is the fastest way of getting through the water, mainly because you thus present less surface to the water in the direction you are moving, but partly also because you get deeper down and you strike against somewhat denser water. In this mode of swimming turn on the side, and push out the arm on the same side far beyond the other, letting the head fall on the shoulder and the mouth drop under water, while the other hand works in front of you, but downward like a paddle. Some good swimmers let nearly the whole face go under water in this position, and remain there except at the moment of coming up to breathe, and they do so because they use the force which would otherwise be re-

quired to raise the head above water to drive them along. The motion of the legs is just the same as you were first taught, only one is near the surface and the other is deep down in denser water; as for the hands, you must

use them more like claws to drag the water to you, or rather claw the water by a downward sweep of the forward arm (*i. e.*, the right if you are swimming on the right side), and use the other like an oar, only more downward, to work against the denser water, while the forward arm is still extended, so that you claw alternately with each.

It is hardly possible to explain all this without your seeing it, and you must try and get some good swimmer to show you how it is done. Some persons swim one stroke on one side, and the next on the other, and they make each arm describe as nearly a circle as they can, swinging each alternately high in the air, and as it falls on the water they roll over to that side, then sweep the arm downward and backward, when the movement is repeated on the other side. It is very fatiguing, but very effective for a few strokes. This also is better learned by imitation.

Treading water, on the other hand, wants no teaching at all; just paddle with your hands, and fancy you are walking upstairs, and you will find yourself, if not exactly walking to the top of the water, yet supporting yourself without much trouble. This requires deep water. Allied to this is

Swimming like a dog.—Strike out each leg alternately along with the opposite arm; thus, right leg and left arm and left leg and right arm together. All these variations of movement are a great resource if you are upset and left in the water for a long time, for the change in the muscles used is almost as good as a complete rest.

VE SONIC OF THE GOSSIP



1

One old maid,
And another old maid,
And another old maid - that's three -
And they were agossiping, I am afraid,
As they sat sipping their tea.

2

They talked of this,
And they talked of that,
In the usual gossiping way
Until everybody was black as your hat,
And the only ones white were they.

3

One old maid,
And another old maid, -
For the third had gone into the street -
Who talked in a way of that third old maid,
Which never would do to repeat.



4

And now but one
Dame sat all alone,
For the others were both away.
"I've never yet met," said she, with a groan,
"Such scandalous talkers as they."

5

Alas! and alack! "
"We're all of a pack!
For no matter how we walk,
Or what folk say to our face, our back
Is sure to breed gossip and talk."



H. PYLE.



BLAIRSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—I am a wee, little girl, and my mamma and aunts read me your letters in the Post-office Box, and I just love to hear about your toys and pets, and thought perhaps you would like to hear about mine. Out in the yard mamma had a big sand pile put for me to play in. I have a shovel there, and a hoe and rake and spade, a little bucket, wheel-barrow, and express wagon. I build railroads in the sand, and make tunnels and bridges. (Papa is superintendent of a railroad, and that is how I happen to know about them.) Then I have a swing out in the yard that Uncle John sent me from Michigan. The seat can be drawn out and made into a nice little bed that I can lie down in and swing. I have a hammock, too, in the grape arbor, but what I like most now is my tricycle; Uncle Demp taught me how to ride it. Then I have a little buggy to take my dollies riding in. I take rides on papa's horse sometimes. Some one always holds me on and leads the horse, though. I had a nice horse that ran on wheels; his name was Billy. He would nod his head all the time he would be going, but something got the matter with his neck, and his head fell down inside of him. I have two play-houses—one in the back parlor and one on the upper veranda. It would make this letter too long to tell what is in them, but if any one would like me to write another letter I will (Auntie Tat will copy it for me, as she has done this one, I know). I was baptized last Sabbath, and my name is

RUTH CAROLINE K.

One little girl has good times; hasn't she?

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

This is my first attempt at writing to strangers, but I have written a few letters to my grandma and auntie, who live in Columbus, Ohio. I expect to make them a visit before vacation is over. My uncle Fred, who is a lieutenant in the navy, used to tell us about the places and people he had seen all over the world, and it was very interesting. We shall all be glad when he comes to see us again. Last Christmas he gave us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a present. We enjoy it very much. We liked "The Ice Queen" very much. We are now reading "Left Behind," and are very much interested in it. We can hardly wait for the next number to come. Papa and mamma also enjoy reading it. We all think the boys' theatre very funny. I hope Paul will find his papa and mamma. I have a little brother Charlie, nine years old, and a little baby brother four and a half months old. Charlie and I go to Sunday-school and church. We take the text every Sunday; if we do this for one year, we and the other boys and girls get a gold dollar from our pastor. We have not missed one since the first of January. I like to go to school, and I am the general monitor of our room, and one of the best scholars in my classes. If you think this letter is good enough, I should like to see it in print.

NAT. H. L.

MESA GRANDE, CALIFORNIA.

I enjoy so much reading the letters from the little children that I thought I would tell you about my mountain home in southern California. We live sixty miles from San Diego, which is the oldest city in the State. We have no railroad, but have to go there in a stage. We are about 3500 feet above San Diego. Our neighborhood is called La Mesa Grande, which means the great table. It was named by the Spaniards. There is an Indian village, called a rancharia, on this mesa, about seven miles from us; and several hundred feet below us, in a beautiful valley, is another rancharia, named San Ysbel. There are many others all over the county, and all have Spanish names, given when the Spaniards settled here. The Indians speak the Spanish tongue, which they learned from the priests at the missions many years ago. The Indians here have some very curious festivals. They are ingenious, and make clay vessels and do very pretty needle-work, and they make baskets of different shapes, some of which have deer and people on them. These are very strong, and some will hold water. On Good-Friday they had an effigy of Satan (El Diablo), who went to the houses and tried to get in, but was always driven away. On Easter-Sunday they put an effigy of Judas Iscariot upon a wild horse, and chased him over the hills and through the brush until Judas and the saddle were all torn to pieces. The Indians are great gamblers. They are very fond of horse-racing and of whiskey. We have Indians, half-breeds, and Mexicans in our school. The Indians do not like the white people very much. Some of them have herds of goats. The white goats are very pretty on the green hill-sides. In

the San Ysbel are beautiful flowers; the yellow violet (we have no blue), nemophila, and a hundred more. The hill-sides are blue and white with lilacs. There are many different kinds of ferns and mosses here, and some very pretty ones. We, like other public schools in California, have two twenty minutes' recesses in the morning and an hour at noon. I think "The Ice Queen" was a very good story. I have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I enjoy the stories very much.

NETTIE I.

This is a very good descriptive letter.

SALIDA, COLORADO.

I am a boy ten years of age. There are mountains all around Salida, and in some of the gulches in the mountains the snow is, in winter, fully a hundred feet deep, but in this beautiful valley we have no snow, and have a growing city only four years old, and already it has over 3000 people. I came here with papa when the town started, and I believe that we shall have a big city yet.

ARTHUR R.

You are a pioneer boy. One of these days you may be Mayor of Salida, or one of its most prominent citizens.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am thirteen years old, and I have successfully passed the examination for the High School. I take music lessons, but have stopped now until October. I have only one pet, which is a canary-bird named Pete. I think all the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are splendid. I wrote once before, but my letter was not published. I hope this will be, as I want a little friend in Georgia to see it.

LIZZIE C.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

I have a large cat and a pony and cart. I am twelve years old, and have a sister who is ten. I have a lovely French doll, which has fourteen dresses and six bonnets. I go to school. I like the Post-office Box ever so much. I received this paper, the first year it was published, in the bound volume, which I still get every Christmas from New York.

CARRIE R. M.

BETHANIA, NORTH CAROLINA.

I live in the country, away down here in North Carolina, but I go to school in town, where my papa and my uncle have a large tobacco factory and store. It is very interesting to see the tobacco-workers—how fast their fingers fly. Many of them are colored people, and some are no larger than I am. They often sing together, and have such sweet, full voices that people passing by often stop to listen. I have quite a good little collection of minerals and stones, some rare and curious ones, such as pea-stone from Carlsbad, Germany; flexible sandstone, corundum, and chalcedony from this State, besides many others. My brother Tom and I made a small threshing-machine, and have threshed out a nice lot of wheat for a small machine. JAMIE L. K.

AUBURN, NEW YORK.

My home is in Washington, but I am here for the summer. I write to tell you of the Auburn State-prison. It is a beautiful building, and reminds one of a fort. On the extreme top is a soldier—of course not a real soldier, but a soldier made of copper; he wears the old Continental uniform, and has stood there for years. It is very interesting to see the convicts march in to dinner. You ascend a flight of steps, and look into the court-yard, and see them marching in squads. All sorts of men pass you, convicted of all crimes, some to serve their lifetime. Just back of the prison proper is the State Asylum, for those who after their entrance are found to be insane. A very high wall surrounds the grounds to keep the prisoners from escaping. The windows of the cells in which they sleep are all heavily grated with iron bars. They are made to work all day, and they manufacture large quantities of shoes.

HENRY R.

The Bible says the way of the transgressor is hard. Some of these prisoners may have had happy homes once. All were once little innocent children, but they have broken the laws, and must pay the penalty.

BLANSHARD, ONTARIO.

I am one of your little girls that read this delightful paper. I live in the country on a farm. There is a creek that runs through our farm, so you may be sure we have fine times wading in the water. Last year when the ice was going away it jammed before our house, and the water came all over our fields. We could sail a boat in grandpa's garden. He is a sailor, and was always down around the creek; I think it put him in mind of the ocean. I have a cow; grandma gave her to me, and she called her Jessie, after myself; I am learning to milk. The first birds I saw last spring were a robin, a gray bird, a blue jay, and an old black crow. I would like to see the birds in the far-away South. I am piecing a quilt, named Jacob's Ladder. My aunt gives me music lessons. I go to school, and study arithmetic,

reading, spelling, grammar, geography, and writing. If you ever come to Canada, come and see me. We get HARPER'S BAZAR, MAGAZINE, and YOUNG PEOPLE. One day my brother went into the shop and asked if there were any YOUNG PEOPLE in town, and the gentleman told him, "Yes, lots of them." I was ten years old on the last day of May. We have three lambs and one calf; what do you think would be nice to call the latter?

JESSIE D.

Fanchon, Whiteface, Rosie, Fairy, Fleetfoot, are pretty names for a calf.

FULTON HOUSE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am almost ten years old. I go to school in the winter, but now it is closed; I study reading, writing, spelling, mental arithmetic, and geography. I have two sisters and one brother. We live in the country, and have much fun both summer and winter. We have no pets now. We had a pet squirrel last summer, and it was very cunning. It would come into the house and carry things out of mamma's work-basket, and would go upstairs and gnaw the tassels off the curtains. It thought a great deal of us, and when school began it missed us so that it ran off, and never came back. We have two cats, named Colonel and Ned, and a dog named Jack; he is thirteen years old.

MATTIE S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little girl nine years old, and go to school. I have one brother older than I; his name is Robert. We have lived in California for three years. We had a good many pets; we had chickens that were so tame we could pick them up any place in the yard, and we also had guinea-pigs, rabbits, cats and kittens, and a bird. I have been in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Mamma takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us; we like it very much.

KATIE C.

WEST GARDNER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the 62d number, and it grows more and more interesting to me. I was fourteen years old last April. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have a piano at home, and I can play quite well on it. I play at school, for the children to sing, on an organ. I do not like the organ nearly as well as the piano. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, history, arithmetic, writing, and drawing. How do you think I write, for one who uses her left hand?

DELIA M. L.

Wonderfully well, but you should use the right hand too.

ATTICA, NEW YORK.

I am very anxious to find out whether little Paul will find his papa and mamma. I got a piano for Christmas, and have been taking music lessons ever since. I have a little brother, who is nearly five years old, and his name is Frankie. I have a cunning little kitty that is all Maltese. Please publish this letter, because I want my auntie and cousin to see it, and it is the first one that I have ever written to any paper. I am ten years old.

GRACE R. J.

RURAL, WISCONSIN.

I have a pony named Pocahontas, a bird named Grant, and I did have a kitten named Topsy, but it ran away. I am at my grandma's house now. I live in Eau Claire, and go to school every day. I enjoy your paper very much. I liked "Nan" about the best of any of the stories.

NELLIE MCG.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

I am a little girl nine years old. This is the first letter I have ever written to you, and I hope you will print it. Mother gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my birthday. I have two sisters and two brothers. I am going to have a little garden this summer. I do not go to school; my mother teaches me. I study geography, spelling, grammar, reading, and arithmetic. I play on the piano. I am writing this myself on the caligraph. Your little reader,

M. E. L'E.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I go to school in the winter. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number. I never had any brother or sister, and I am often very lonely. We have five little birdies. I take music lessons twice a week. I wish Mr. Otis would let Paul go back to his parents. I expect to go away very soon. Is there a sequel to "Toby Tyler"?

NELL L.

"Mr. Stubbs's Brother" is a sequel to "Toby Tyler."

ELIZABETHTOWN, NEW YORK.

The Postmistress said that we should not begin with our age, so I thought I would not this time. About a week ago my brother received an answer to an exchange which he sent to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and being in the country, he did not receive it till quite a while after; it had been sent to our city home. After receiving it

It was lost, and he wants to know if any boy in Iowa remembers having sent an answer to an exchange to B. M. S., 41 W. 30th St., New York city. If so, if he will write, we will send him stamps, which are two French, one Canadian, and two Japanese, and he need not send another Turkish, which my brother asked for, and is in the last letter. Will the Postmistress please put this letter in print, as I want the boy to see it? I am one of your twelve-year-old readers. LULU.

Exchangers will observe that at this season, when people are often going from place to place and changing their residences for the vacation, delays can hardly be prevented. I hope Lulu's brother will soon hear from his Iowa correspondent.

HASTINGS, NEBRASKA.

Every week when we get our paper either mamma or papa reads the story "Left Behind" aloud, because we all like to hear it. We did live in Milwaukee, but we came to Hastings to live on a farm. There are just four of us—mamma, papa, brother Jimmie, and myself. When we lived in Milwaukee we went to see the trained horses. We saw Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb the day before the Newhall House fire. We have a mile and a half to walk to school. I am nearly nine years old. GRACE B.

AUBURN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eight years old, and have no pets, as most of you have; but I do not need any pets, for I have two little sisters, a little brother, and two older sisters. I go to school, and study writing, arithmetic, reading, spelling, drawing, singing, and every week I write a little composition. My two older sisters take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it better than any paper we take; I like to read the letters from little girls best. This is the first letter I have written, and I hope it will be published. MARY T. D.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have not any pets except my doll. I have just composed a story, which, if you will receive it, I will send to you. The name of it is "A Country Scene." Will you please excuse me if I don't send it to you soon? I hope you will print this letter. My mamma is going to Long Branch this afternoon. It is vacation now. Have you ever been to Orange, New Jersey? I wish I had a little kitten and a canary-bird. I am a little girl ten years old. I think that "The Ice Queen" and "Ten Days a Newsboy" are the nicest stories. Good-by. ETHEL L.

Your kitten, if you had one, might make love to your canary and eat it up, so you are easier in your mind with neither. Send the story when it is finished, and take plenty of time to write it.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eight years old. My name is Robbie. I go to school; I am in the First Division, Primary; I like to go to school. I have a little sister named Jennie, who was five years old February 25, 1884; my big brother and I made her a present of a coach for her baby, and mamma gave her a birthday card. I have a bound copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and papa is going to get bound YOUNG PEOPLE for 1885. I can hardly wait till Wednesday night for the paper to come. We have two pets, a canary and a cat; both names are Dick. Papa wrote this letter for me, and don't forget to print it in the Post-office Box. This is a stormy day. I have just come home from Sunday-school. ROBBIE McL.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I am a little girl who used to live in San Francisco, but last March I came up here. I like it very much here. Puget Sound is a lovely body of water, I think. I attend the University of Washington Territory, but it is vacation now, so I am at home all day. I saw the procession today (it's Fourth of July), and thought it rather nice. Of course it was not very large, as this is not a large city. Last week we went away across the Sound to fish; we caught about one hundred pounds of black bass and rock-cod; there are more black bass, toad-fish, and star-fish than any place I have ever been. I thought that "Our Little Duncie" was real nice; so was "The Ice Queen"; and I like "Left Behind" very much. NANNIE.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy eight years old, and attend school. It is now vacation. I like my school and teacher very much, and am striving hard to learn, so that if I live to grow up to be a man I shall have an education. I am studying Harper's Independent Geography, the Normal Union Arithmetic, Part I, Watson's Complete Speller, and Watson's Independent Second Reader. I have not yet learned to write well enough to write this letter, but hope soon to be able to write you one. I want to tell you about our pets. We have three Brazilian parrots, green in color, with red backs; they are good talkers, and one of them is a good singer and whistler. We have

also a Brazilian macaw, or arrara, a fine large bird with scarlet plumage, which is a great talker; he is a very destructive bird, and everything around him, except his perch, has to be covered with tin or zinc. In the summer season we let the parrots and arrara run loose in the yard. I had a pair of parrots, but last winter one of them died. I have taught the other a great many tricks, such as climbing up a small ladder, and he will sit upon my hand and pick particles out of my teeth with his bill. I am going to try to teach him many other little tricks. I should be pleased to receive letters from any little boy who may read this, and I will endeavor to answer the same. I have been in receipt of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as a Christmas present, and I like it very much. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, although I have much more I would like to write you. Good-by, dear Postmistress.

WILLIE D. B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I thought I would like to write to you some day, so, as the day is stormy, I will do it now. I was twelve years old the day after Anniversary-day. It was so pleasant on Anniversary-day that I asked mamma if I might celebrate it then. I was so glad when she consented. I got a great many lovely presents. Among the number of nice presents was HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which I was so glad to receive. I had all the numbers from Christmas up. I am going to get all the numbers bound at the end of the year. I enjoy the letters in the Post-office Box so much that I never let a paper go without reading every letter in it. I have four sisters; two of them are married. I have a little nephew, Walter; he is a little over four years old, and is very strong and healthy at the present time. I also had four brothers, but one of them died before I was born. I am writing too much, I am afraid, so I will close my letter with much love from my nephew Walter and VIOLET V. C.

Anniversary-day in Brooklyn comes near the end of May, and is next to Christmas in the regards of the children, as on that day the Sunday-schools parade. Violet must have enjoyed her celebration.

This is from another Brooklyn girl.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a young girl fifteen years old, and the oldest of six children. The oldest boy is lame, and is at St. Mary's Hospital being treated, so I go over there every week, and the Sisters are the dearest ladies that ever lived. Archie is in St. Raphael's Ward, and is the oldest boy in the ward. Sister Esther speaks of him as a "little comfort." Some day I will describe the whole hospital—that is, if you like. All the children are at Rockaway now. Dear Postmistress, if you ever go to the hospital, please ask for Archie L. Both he and I are great lovers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I write this letter so as to surprise him if it is published. I ask some little girl to write a list of things to embroider on crazy-work. With much love, I remain MAY L.

I will surely inquire for Archie when I go.

NEW YORK CITY.

I thought I would write and tell you about my pets. I have a pug-dog, a cat, and a canary-bird. The cat's name is Pellar, and the bird's Topsy. My grandma has a little greyhound named Nixie; she is the handsomest one I ever saw. With much love, BESSIE B.

Bruce W.: Your little sister is very cunning. I hope you will enjoy your life in Florida when you go there to cultivate oranges.—Lena P.: I am glad you have already learned to make bread. Try to learn everything else about housekeeping.—Addie C. S.: Your bay-window, with its beautiful hanging-baskets, vines, and geraniums in bloom, must be a lovely sight, and your friends, no doubt, enjoy the flowers as well as the family. I am pleased to hear about your prizes.—May S. C. has a very clever parrot.—Emily C. sends some pretty stanzas by Bessie C., her little sister, one of which I quote:—

"O beautiful, beautiful cloud-land,
O soft and dreamy shade,
Did I hear one say that you'd fade away?—
But no! how can you fade?
I see a tall and looming wave
That rolls o'er a sea so grand;
I see a dark and misty cave
In the beautiful cloud-land."

Lillian L. has two dogs and two birds, can drive her pony herself, and has six dolls, all pretty. She is my California Lily.—A Lily nearer home, Lillie M. H., of New Jersey, has two dollies, Daisy and Mabel, and has a happy time every day.—Mary E. H. has a calf so gentle that she will come at a call, knowing her name perfectly.—Josie S. likes that poor little Katinka. So do I.—Mary B. B.: What will you do with ten kittens?—Pattie would like a good receipt for seed-cakes.

—A Little Friend: The amount you mention is enough for your purpose. White aprons embroidered with red would be prettiest, and you should send to the nearest large city for your material and patterns.—Nellie: I have seen the panels of doors ornamented very beautifully with cards, and as you have so many you might decorate yours, if your mamma is willing to let you try.—Henry C.: Rabbits are nice pets.—If Miss Fannie Hemenway is still willing to paint pieces of silk, etc., in exchange for plain pieces, will she please send her address to the Post-office Box and oblige an inquirer?—I can not advise my little friend, whose age is thirteen, how to make pin-money without knowing more about her. If she can embroider nicely she may find work among her friends, as many ladies are very glad to pay a youthful needle-woman for working their table scarfs, napkins, lambrequins, etc., while they provide the materials. As a rule, if a person knows how to do a thing well and thoroughly, there will always be found somebody to pay her for doing it.—Addie C.: You might offer your paper dolls for something else through the Exchange columns, but the rules of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE do not permit you to dispose of them for money.—Nina P., Myrtle G., Amanda L., and Yessie W.: Your letters are so much alike that I think you must have had fun in writing them. Thank you.—Angareva: Your contribution, \$1, was sent to Sister Catharine, of St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, for the inmate of Young People's Cot.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Small inlets or creeks. 2. Vile. 3. Secret science. 4. A kind of coarse cloth.—Primals and finals combined compose a rope used to support a ship's mast. THE MAN IN THE MOON.

No. 2.

TWO HIDDEN PROVERBS (A WORD IN EACH SENTENCE).

1.—1. She is well. 2. Has she begun her work? 3. She is very kind. 4. She gave me half an apple. 5. The work has not been done. 2.—1. She is very fair. 2. I saw no familiar faces. 3. I need your aid. 4. No one has arrived. 5. Do you paint portraits? BUTTERFLY.

No. 3.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a boy's name, and leave a row of men. 2. An animal, and leave an animal. 3. A space, and leave an edging. 4. What painters use, and leave a plant. 5. A ribbon, and leave a tree. 6. A fish, and leave a defeat. 7. A small boat, and leave an animal. Mac E. C.

No. 4.

FOUR EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A vowel. 2. A unit. 3. The fruit of an oak. 4. An epoch. 5. A consonant. 2.—1. A vowel. 2. A deed. 3. Bitter. 4. A metal. 5. A consonant. 3.—1. A vowel. 2. A song. 3. A proverb. 4. A cell. 5. A vowel. 4.—1. A vowel. 2. Cold. 3. One who takes a part. 4. A pronoun. 5. A consonant. R. B. BEALS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 246.

No. 1.— Paris. Apple. Spain.

No. 2.—
S
F O G
S U M A C
F U M B L E R
S O M B R E R O S
G A L E N I C
C E R I C
R O C
S

No. 3.—
C O A T
O G L E
A L M S
T E S T

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Charlie Davis, Martin Hektoun, Ernest McConnell, E. Harris Jones, Florence Anderson, Mary B., Jennie L., Willie A. Scott, Phil Cohen, H. Rochester, Mr. Eus., Paul B., Mamie Williams, George H. Jacobs, J. R. Holme, Butterfly, The Man in the Moon, Navajo, Oliver Twist, Sadie Holmes, Martie and Lulu Auspacher, S. M. Fecheimer, Eugenia Rockwood, Thomas Lee, Flora Ferguson, Emily Ballagh, John Van Voorhees, Tim M. D., L. P. Green, and A. C. Perry, Jun.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A TANDEM, WITH THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

ENIGMA.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

WHAT is that serpent, tell me—
Not bred on earth, I ween—
In courage, strength, and swiftness
Whose like was never seen?

With loud and fearful bellow
She darts upon her prey;
At one fell swoop the rider
And strongest horse will slay.

The highest points she chooses;
She seeks the coat of mail;
Nor lock nor bar can save you
If she your house assail.

The strongest oak she'll shatter
As if a blade of grass;
She'll break the strongest fetters,
And burst the gates of brass.

This monster (need I name her?)
But once her power tries;
Her own wild flames devour her,
And when she strikes she dies.

INSECTS PLAYING AT SEESAW.

IN strolling through the woods I have often noticed insects and various animals engaged in games and sports that did not differ greatly from some of those which children play. Once I saw two ants who were having a mock battle; another time

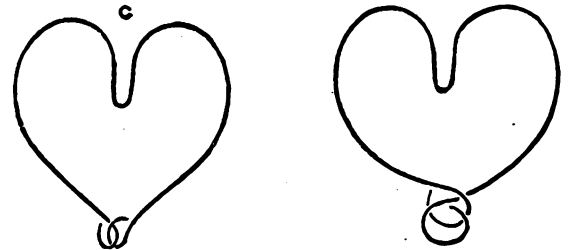
two flies were detected in a real game of tag, hiding behind twigs and leaves, and then darting out and away.

A wise professor once watched a solemn toad at play. It was standing on its hind-legs, holding in its mouth a twig exactly as if it were trying to play the flute. I once saw a game of seesaw which actually occurred, although it might have been purely accidental. A toad-stool that grew in a damp spot beside the walk formed the rest, and across it had blown a spear of hay or grass, so that it almost balanced.

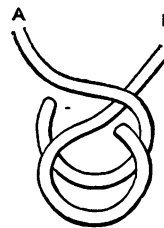
While the spear was thus balanced a butterfly came sailing along, and seeing the invited roost, alighted for a moment's rest. But a moment later a comical green grasshopper, with two long waving whiskers, was seen to alight upon the other end of the seesaw, just bearing it down, and as he advanced up the spear he was in turn raised in the air by the butterfly.

THE UNITED HEARTS.

BEND with pincers two pieces of iron wire, about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, as shown in the diagrams,



only about three or four times the size. The details of the ends of the wires are shown below, about natural size.



The bending of these ends must be carefully followed, except that the loop formed by A may be at right angles to the loop formed by B, instead of being flat, as drawn. This arrangement makes the solution less obvious.

Galvanized wire is recommended, as it does not get rusty. The wire should not be of soft iron, like bottle wire, or the hearts will not keep their shape, but it must be soft enough to



yield readily to the pressure of a pair of pincers, such as are generally combined with wire-nippers.

The puzzle is to link the hearts together, or, if given linked, to separate them.



A FAN PARTY.

THEY were asked to a beautiful ball
In a spacious and elegant hall;
But the night was so hot
That dance they could not,
Which made them quite sorrowful all.

Said they, "We will patiently try
To wait, without murmur or sigh,
Till the ice-cream is brought;
But we'll never be caught
Again at a ball in July."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 250.

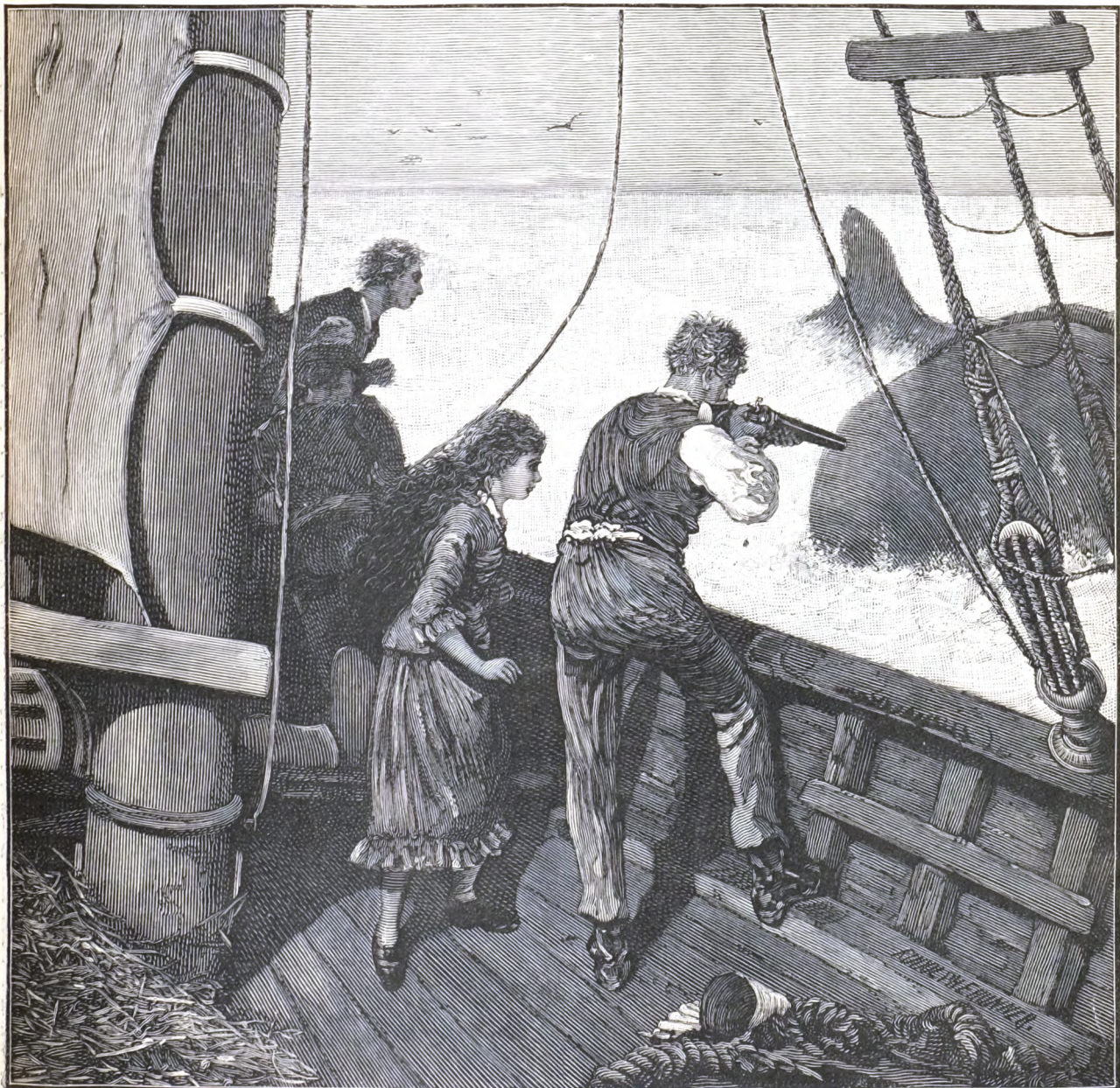
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"ZE BIG FEESH VOS RUN AWAY MIT DER 'DOLLY.'"—SEE PAGE 643.

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THE "LUCK" OF THE SCHOONER "DOLLY."

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

A WAY back in the year 1804—eight years previous to what New-Englanders are accustomed to call "the war of '12," in which year the famous naval duel between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* took place off the coast of Maine—good old Deacon Elnathan Jones built and launched from his own little ship-yard the schooner *Dolly* (called after his wife, whose baptismal name was Mary Alcidora Matilda), a—for those days—well-proportioned vessel of some eighty-five tons burden. In the early times of which I write, the *Dolly* was considered to be altogether too large for ordinary coasting purposes.

"An eighty-ton schooner!—who ever heard of sech a thing?" growled one old sea-captain, blissfully unconscious that in less than three-quarters of a century four-masted schooners capable of carrying nearly two thousand tons dead-weight would be built. And let me add, in this connection, that in those days a full-rigged ship of three hundred tons burden was looked upon very much as you and I, dear reader, would regard the great iron four-thousand-ton ship recently launched at Belfast, Ireland.

But as I was saying, the good schooner *Dolly*, in the year of our Lord 1804, was regarded as an enormous piece of naval architecture, and certain sea-faring men, in making mention of her, were accustomed to refer to the vessel in question as Jones's Folly. But, all the same, the good Deacon believed that his new enterprise would pay—and he was right.

In due time Deacon Jones was gathered to his fathers, and by the terms of his will his eldest son Ichabod was forbidden to sell the schooner except in the event of the direst necessity.

"Without beeing Superstitious"—so ran the document, which is yet on file in a dusty pigeon-hole in a certain county record office—"I have a fancy that ye pet name of my Beloved wyfe Mary will bring good Fortune to ye vessel and her owners, hence it is my express wish and desyre that s'd vessel be kept in ye family so long as may be for Interest of all concerned."

And so it is that through several successive generations the schooner has been owned and commanded by some one of Deacon Jones's descendants. In the war of 1812 Captain Jordan Jones, of Machiasport, took out letters of marque, and transformed the *Dolly* into a privateer for the time being. In less than six months the little vessel captured and brought into the port of Castine three prizes, the value of any one of which was more than double that of the schooner herself. Ten years later, while in the West India trade, the *Dolly* herself was captured by the then notorious pirate Maxwell, who put a prize crew, consisting of four men and his second officer, on board her.

One of the Windward Islands, where the buccaneers had their stronghold, was her destination. But there was a cask of spirits in the hold; the pirates became intoxicated, and Captain Jordan Jones, Jun., managing to free himself from his shackles, released the three men composing his own crew, bound their previous captors, and brought them into Salem, Massachusetts, where, according to local history, they were hung in chains.

And so down through the years the *Dolly* was in many respects what is called a "lucky" vessel. In summer-time she carried lumber from Bangor to Boston; in winter, if freights were good, ran down to Mexico for mahogany, or Cuba for sugar. During all her voyaging the *Dolly* was never known to lose either spars or sails, and after more than seventy-five years of service Captain Adoniram Jones was wont to proudly boast that the "ol' *Dolly* was jest as sound as the day she was rushed off the stocks."

But while the *Dolly* was lucky in this particular respect, in a financial point of view she was unlucky as the

years went on. The increase of steam navigation and a corresponding decline in freights had made a marked change in the vessel's receipts.

"We won't much more'n pay our runnin' expenses *this* trip, *Dolly*," Captain Adoniram rather gloomily observed, as on a certain bright June morning the old schooner, with a deck-load of baled hay, lay becalmed a few miles to the eastward of Cape Ann. The sun shone down on a glassy sea, unruffled by a breath of wind, and as the vessel rose and fell on the long sluggish swells, the "flap" of the reef points against the slatting sails, and perpetual swing and squeak of the booms, had a most exasperating effect upon the Captain's nerves, the more particularly as being suggestive of a probable day's delay in arriving at Boston.

"I'm afraid not," cheerfully answered *Dolly*, the Captain's fifteen-year-old daughter, who had been named after the vessel with which his fortunes and misfortunes were so intimately connected. For following close upon the death of his wife, a few years previous, came the loss of his little property, since when neither Captain Adoniram nor his daughter had been able to claim any other home than the schooner's cabin, which, however, was comfortably and even cozily fitted up, *Dolly*'s sleeping-apartment being a tiny state-room in the after-part of the vessel.

"No gettin' into Provincetown to-night, *that's* certain," remarked Eph Cummings, the Captain's nephew and entire starboard watch, as he leaned in a leisurely—not to say indolent—manner against the wheel, chewing a bit of hay pulled from the nearest bale.

Captain Adoniram shook his head.

"There's no chance of gettin' anywhere for the next twenty-four hours, far's I can tell," he returned, rather despondently, "and there's Cap'n Cracker all ready for sea, and we layin' here becalmed with all his 'gear' aboard. Plague take sech luck, I say!"

"Gear," let me explain, is a term used by sailors to describe the entire outfit of a boat. In the case of a whale-boat it would include six to ten harpoons (or "irons") and lances, properly arranged in becketts, boat knife, hatchet, spade, waifs, lantern, compass, line-tubs, etc. Captain Cracker, of the whaling brig *Sea Fox*, having bought the "gear" of a condemned whaler in an Eastern port, had shipped the same to Provincetown per schooner *Dolly*, and was impatiently awaiting its arrival.

Meanwhile *Dolly*, who was a slim, hazel-eyed girl, with a profusion of crinkly dark hair flowing from beneath the cape of her sun-bonnet far below her waist, was gazing intently through her father's battered canvas-covered spy-glass at some occasionally appearing jets of vapor dimly outlined against the distant horizon. Captain Adoniram's attention was attracted in the same direction.

"What is it, *Dolly*—a sail?" he asked; then in the same breath bellowed, as from the mast-head of a whaler, the loud-voiced, long-drawn, "Ar-r-r-r blows! ar-ar-ar blows!" indicative of whales "spouting" in the distance; for Captain Adoniram, in his thirty odd years of sea-faring life, had made more than one whaling voyage, and the old instincts peculiar to this class of sea-farers were still strong within him.

"I thought you see a breeze comin', and, so fur's I can see, it's nothin' but some old whales," muttered Ephraim, in an injured voice.

Whales were no novelty in the eyes of the youth, who had often seen them blowing in the distance while on different coasting trips. And Ephraim, who had quite a taste for good eating, was anxious to get into port, for having been four days out, the beans had run short, and Eph was as fond of pork and beans as the most pronounced Bostonian.

Whales? yes; but as the spouts increased in number and nearness, even Captain Adoniram was fain to remark that he'd be "hornsnogged"—the nearest approach to pro-

fanity that he ever indulged in—if he ever see sech a pas-sel of 'em together to once in all his born days. Hump-backs, with the curving protuberance not unlike that peculiar to the back of a camel projecting above the water, lean, long-bodied "right" whales, noted for making more fight than oil, immense "bowheads" from the northern seas, and most formidable in appearance among them all perhaps was the cachelot, or sperm-whale, with his square, blunt head and lance-like lower jaw, with which in his anger he can cut and slash at an overturned boat until it is reduced to splinters.

On they came, a mighty phalanx of marine monsters, puffing and blowing out great jets of vapor with a noise like that made by so many low-pressure Mississippi steamers. They surrounded the schooner, lashing the surface of the sea into a smother of foam in their clumsy gambols, and at times coming so near the vessel's side as to cause young Mr. Cummings to turn very pale, and remark that if he'd 'a knowed it was goin' to be any sech trip as this—dead calms, and whales pretty nigh comin' right in on deck—he'd 'a staid to home on the farm.*

"There isn't any danger, is there, father?" asked Dolly, who had been watching this really wonderful sight with the deepest interest, not unmixed with a little natural fear as some whale would rise to the surface, almost directly under the schooner's quarter, with a snort—if I may so express it—like the steam from a gigantic escape-valve.

"Land sake alive! no, child," answered her father, whose eyes were glistening with excitement, "and I only wish—"

The sentence was not completed. All at once an immense mountain of dun-colored flesh, down whose glistening sides streamed vast sheets of foaming water, rose to the surface so close as to touch the vessel's hull with his huge body.

But this was not all. Being still "on soundings," the anchor lay on the rail with one fluke-projecting outboard, ready for letting go at short notice. And as the leviathan of the deep threw his vast head in the air, bringing his jaws together with a vicious snap, the outboard anchor fluke in some way hooked itself just inside the thick folds of flesh at the junction of the jaws, and in another moment disappeared from the rail, while after it flew about fifteen fathoms of chain.

Then came a jerk which shook the schooner from stem to stern, causing Ephraim to fall over the barrel of the wheel with great expedition, while Captain Adoniram, quite bewildered, ran forward to see what the trouble was.

He very soon found out. The *Dolly* was rushing through the calm water at a rate far excelling any previous record that she had made, even when driving before a cyclone in the Caribbean Sea under the merest rag of sail. As the terrified Belgian who composed the entire port watch expressed it, "Ze big feesh vos run away mit der *Dolly*."

For almost the first time in his many years of sea-faring life, Captain Adoniram was puzzled to know just what to do. A cold-chisel with which to have cut one of the links of the tautened chain would have solved the difficulty, but unfortunately there was nothing of the kind on board.

"Mebbe he'll tow us straight inter Provincetown—he's headin' direc' for Cape Cod," grimly observed the Captain, glancing at the compass.

"But, father"—began Dolly, when a new and unexpected danger threatened them.

Suddenly slackening his mad onward rush, the whale "milled" round, and lay motionless for a moment or two—the chain hanging in a great bight, over which the vessel was carried by her own impetus, directly toward the monster.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Captain Adoniram, tugging excitedly at his grizzled beard, as the recollection of the loss of the ship *Essex* by a blow from the head of an infuriated whale flashed across his mind, "he's a-layin' for us. What'n creation are we goin' to do."

"Father," eagerly cried Dolly, who, though very pale, had behaved with remarkable coolness from the very first, as the remembrance of an incident narrated by her father came to her as a sort of inspiration, "perhaps a bomb-lance would frighten him."

Catching eagerly at the suggestion, the Captain dived below, and in rather less than five seconds appeared on deck with a heavy rifle of extraordinarily large bore. Charging it with a thimbleful of "Dupont's best," he rapidly pressed down upon the powder a hollow pointed iron tube some six inches in length, which is filled with an explosive material that the powder lights when the gun is discharged. Capping and cocking the heavy weapon, Captain Adoniram raised it to his shoulder, and not a moment too soon.

The whale, beating the water with his tremendous flukes, was backing with an evident purpose of getting more headway for his intended blow, while the vessel was so near that those on board could easily see his small eye, which seemed to gleam with rage.

The ribs of the whale are so near together that oftentimes the bomb-lance, imbedded in the thick blubber, strikes one of the great bones, and explodes harmlessly in the oily mass. But it was not the first time that the Captain had sighted a whale-gun, and as the cachelot started for the *Dolly*, Captain Adoniram fired.

The "thud" of the bomb-lance as it penetrated the monster's hide was followed by a dull explosion, and the enormous whale, throwing himself entirely clear of the water, fell back with a crash that churned the surrounding sea into a mass of foam, and then with one great gasp the mighty leviathan of the deep rolled partly over upon his side, and the waves were crimsoned with his life-blood, while the great body of whales on every side struck off at a terrific rate of speed, as though by common consent.

"That 'ere bomb-lance went right direc' to the critter's vitals," shouted Captain Adoniram, dropping the gun and hugging Dolly wildly; "and if we can tow him into Provincetown, he's worth a clean six thousan' dollars, for he'll try out eighty barrels sure!"*

I should like to describe to you how with infinite difficulty the whale was secured alongside, the slack chain hove in, and a breeze springing up shortly afterward, the *Dolly* slowly made her way to Provincetown with her valuable prize, which was readily disposed of to old Captain Sylvester for a little more than the sum mentioned by Captain Jones; but I have already made my story longer than I at first intended.

But though Dolly the maiden, who is now a well-grown young lady of eighteen, no longer follows the sea (the Captain having bought a snug little home near Rockland, Maine), *Dolly* the vessel does; and only last week, after a thorough overhauling, she began her voyaging again, and Captain Adoniram Jones confidently declares that she's bound to make his fortune, before he gives up sea-going, "in spite of fate."

* The schooner *M. B. Millen*, Captain Young, arrived this morning (June 23, 1884), from Savannah after a passage of nine days. Captain Young reports that on June 20, at noon, in latitude 35° 50', longitude 74° 14' W., during a dead calm, the vessel was surrounded by a school of whales, which could be seen as far as the eyes could reach, coming to the surface and blowing. They came so close to the vessel that they could be reached from the deck with a common harpoon.

* The whale caught by the crew of the schooner *Lizzie P. Simmons*, of New London, at Cumberland Inlet, turned out to be more valuable than was at first supposed. The exact returns of the sale were as follows: from whalebone, \$12,230; oil, \$3490; total, \$15,720. This is the largest amount ever realized from a single whale.



"THE PROSPEROUS ONE."

MR. THOMPSON AND THE RABBITS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"He does look like a rabbit."

"He! That homely fellow! Why, you are insulting your species."

Mr. Thompson looked around. He was sitting on a bank under the shade of the hedge, thinking of Miss Angelina, when he heard the conversation which begins our story. He insists that he was wide awake. "Do you think I could sleep when my mind was full of her?" he inquired, in an injured tone, when I suggested he might have been napping; so I did not pursue the subject further, and we will accept his statement that he was wide awake.

Mr. Thompson looked around. There, only a few feet away, sat two rabbits, eying him intently. One was a large fat rabbit, with long sleek ears held straight up in the air; he had a deep voice, and a general appearance of self-satisfaction and importance; he looked as if he might be a politician or a successful merchant. The other was thin and ragged, his ears hung down dejectedly, and he appeared as if a full meal had been a stranger to him for many a day. Mr. Thompson at once concluded that he was a sort of hanger-on of the great man, and felt his heart go out toward him in pity for his miserable appearance.

In the mean time the two were gazing at him curiously, in much the same manner as one would look at some new kind of bug or a curious animal.

"He does resemble a rabbit, now I see his full face," admitted the larger of the two, after a few moments' thought.

"Especially about the ears," said the other, with a titter.

Mr. Thompson frowned. To resemble a rabbit in the face was bad enough; but about the ears—the rabbit's ears were at least six inches in length—was *too* insulting. The rabbit did not seem to regard it in the same light, however; he seemed to think the insult was on the other side, for he shook his own long furry ears in token of disapprobation, and favored his follower with so severe a look that the poor fellow sunk back with a most dejected expression.

"He is growing more like a rabbit every minute," said the prosperous one, after a pause. Another interval of silence, and he exclaimed, "He *is* a rabbit!" and continued to stare at Mr. Thompson in open-eyed wonder.

As for that gentleman, he was not aware of any change in himself until he attempted to brush away a fly which had been annoying him, and to his astonishment found that his hand came in contact with a long furry ear. He looked at his hands, soft, brown, and furry; they certainly were rabbit's paws.

His movements had for the moment frightened the rabbits, but they soon recovered themselves. The larger one approached Mr. Thompson with a pompous air, and said, in a patronizing tone,

"Will you tell me, my good fellow, how you managed to change your appearance so suddenly, and by what right you masquerade as a respectable rabbit, when you are really a horrible man?"

"I don't know how I changed," responded Mr. Thompson, meekly; "and as for being a horrible man, I don't see why you should call me that: I never did you any harm."

"All men are our natural enemies," said the rabbit.

"I am not," urged Mr. Thompson, eagerly. "I am the friend of all the animals."

"You are?" replied the rabbit. "Well, I suppose I must take your word for it, though appearances are against you. Didn't you say the other day that you were very fond of rabbit pie?"

Mr. Thompson could make no answer, but looked so unhappy that the rabbit relented, and said, in a more kindly tone, "But now that you have become one of us, I presume that you will give up all such depraved tastes."

Mr. Thompson said that he would. After another approving look, the rabbit said,

"Won't you come and take a look around the grove?"

Mr. Thompson followed him. Presently they came to a small hole under the root of a thick bush.

"Here is my house," said the rabbit. "Come in."

Mr. Thompson followed his guide. The hole was not more than three feet deep, and the chamber at the end was barely large enough to turn around in. Curled up in it lay Mamma Rabbit and four young ones, soft brown little things, about the size of young rats. After Mr. Thompson had admired the young ones sufficiently he followed his new friend into the open air, and they both sat themselves at the root of a large oak-tree.

"How old are your children?" inquired Mr. Thompson, politely.

"Two weeks to-morrow," answered the proud father.

"But they look older; they—they—a—their eyes are open," said Mr. Thompson, hesitatingly.

"Oh yes. Rabbits are unlike dogs, or, in fact, most of the smaller animals, in that we are born with our eyes open. Another thing about our eyes is that we can see behind us as well as in front, and they work independently; when I am running I can look behind with one eye and in front with the other;" and the rabbit presented a most comical appearance, with one round eye gazing straight ahead, and the other cocked toward his stump of a tail.

"How extremely interesting!"

"Oh! there are a great many interesting things about

us. Did you ever know why when chased by dogs a rabbit will run up a hill if one is near?"

"No," said Mr. Thompson.

"Well," continued the rabbit, "a rabbit's hind-legs are longer than the front ones, so he can run up a hill as fast and rather easier than he can on a level, while a dog, having all four legs of the same length, is of course obliged to go more slowly."

"Strange!" muttered Mr. Thompson, making a mental note of the story.

"Yes. And another thing," continued the rabbit: "we are much more forward than other animals. When twenty days old we begin to take care of ourselves. What would you great clumsy men think if your babies were to make their own living before they were a month old?"

"How long is the average life of a rabbit?" inquired Mr. Thompson in reply.

"About eight years, if he is not killed either by men, or dogs, or cats, or weasels, or foxes, or hawks. You see, we are constantly pursued. The English poet Cowper had three tame rabbits, one of which died from an accident at the age of nine, and another died when eleven. He was very fond of them; he called them Bess, Tiny, and Puss, and describes the tricks they used to play—how Puss would jump on his lap, and nibble his eyebrows and lick his face in order to coax him to go into the garden; how Bess became jealous of the cat, and pursued her into the corner, giving her such a beating that it was ever after impossible to persuade her to come into the room where the rabbits were."

"Why, you seem to be remarkably well informed concerning the history of your race."

"Oh yes. There is one story that I want to correct; that is, about the 'Hare and the Tortoise' and the great walking match they had. I have tried it any number of times, and always with the same result. I would arrive at the goal, get tired of waiting, and long before the tortoise came up I would be miles away. Then he would claim the race," concluded the rabbit, in an injured tone.

"Why are your ears so long?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"So that we can hear our enemies when they come. You see they can be turned in any direction, so that they act like great ear-trumpets; besides, our hearing is very acute. But if you want to see ears, you should see the great Colorado rabbit, or, as he is known in the West, the jackass-rabbit. His ears are often over a foot long, and when he runs he lays them down over his back like a blanket. But here comes a woman; let's run!" exclaimed the rabbit, interrupting himself.

Mr. Thompson looked. It was Miss Angelina. Run from her! Perish the thought! He cried out to his rabbit friend that she would not harm them, but it was of no use. The rabbit disappeared under a bush, and Miss Angelina approached, totally unconscious of Mr. Thompson's presence. When but a few feet away from her he sprang to meet her. With a wild scream she dropped her book, her parasol, her fan, her handkerchief, her opera-glass, her smelling-salts, her fancy-work, and the various other trifles which a lady always carries with her when she starts for a ramble in the woods. She ran down the road screaming, and Mr. Thompson picked up her hand-

kerchief between his teeth and started after her. But it was of no use; encumbered with her handkerchief, he could make no headway, and soon gave it up.

Now Miss Angelina, as soon as her fears had subsided, made a detour, and also bent her steps toward the hedge. As she approached, Mr. Thompson rose politely. There was another very shrill scream, which caused Mr. Thompson to mutter, "There she goes again!"

But this time it was a scream of joy. She sprang toward him, and exclaiming, "Oh, save me! save me! I have been chased by a horrible great animal, a wolf or a bear," she assumed a graceful position, and fainted in Mr. Thompson's arms.

After considerable effort Mr. Thompson restored her to consciousness, and, in order to re-assure her, told her the whole story. She believed it all, and promised solemnly "never to breathe it to a living soul," which is how I came to hear of it the next day, when it was all over the boarding-house.

THE STORY OF A RING.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," ETC.

IV.

JUST as it had always been since the day Selina first entered it was the Red Room now. Large and still and old-fashioned—the bed so sombrely hung, but so smooth and white; the fire-place and andirons clean, yet looking as though no fire had ever smouldered there; and to the



"SELINA," SHE WHISPERED, "IT IS GONE!"

right the recess, with its queer windows, and the large, quaint lavender chest.

Very carefully Effie made her way into the room, and to the desired spot; and then, standing before the chest, she tried one key after another, until with quivering fingers she opened the upper drawer.

She would have been delighted to have examined the contents of the entire chest, but as that could not be, she looked eagerly for the special treasure. It was a long time since that chest had been opened. The drawer creaked, and its contents shook up and down, giving out a faint odor of lavender, and a little cloud of dust. But there was the box. Effie pulled the cover off, and lifted the "Calman" ring delightedly to her view.

Dazzle and sparkle went the lights in the stones. They did not fascinate the more matter-of-fact Effie as they had Selina, but still she felt that enough of romance and mystery was connected with them to make the moment and her adventure very interesting.

She slipped the ring on her largest finger, and held it up to see the light shift back and forth, and in the fading afternoon glow she danced up and down, smiling half mischievously, half gleefully.

How she would like to tease Selina! Selina the proper—the model. Effie laughed to herself, and no sooner had she thought of this than her quick mind determined upon putting it in practice.

She pushed back the drawer, and ran out of the room, holding her treasure tightly, and locking the Red Room door with a little bang.

No one was in the hall; she saw that at a glance; and tossing the keys back into the basket, she hurried down the kitchen stairs.

"Selina!" she called, and danced into the pastry-room, where Virgil and his cousin were watching some pigeons outside the window.

"I'm a witch," she went on, in a saucy, teasing voice, "and I found a treasure, and I shall keep it forever to call up other witches with."

All her life long Selina will remember her feeling of ice-cold horror as she looked up to behold Effie with her hand high above her head, and the "Calman" flashing on her brown forefinger.

"Effie!" she screamed—"oh, Effie, put it back! How did you get it? It will bring you ill luck if it is taken out. Oh, Effie! Effie!"

But Effie was not going to lose her pleasure in tormenting Selina. Around and around she danced, slipping away as her cousin tried to grasp her arm, while Virgil looked on not particularly interested, for what did he care for the "Calman"?

"Effie," cried poor Selina, tears in her eyes and voice, "here comes Deborah. You must give it back."

"No, no," replied the other; "I shall keep it, and I shall be a witch. I shall always be your witch cousin."

"Effie," once more faltered Selina. She moved forward, when suddenly a look of horror came over Effie's face. She stopped short, and put out her hands tremblingly.

"Selina," she whispered, "it is *gone*!"

"Ah," cried Selina, "don't tease any more!"

But Effie's distress was only too real. As if by magic the ring had vanished.

But how or whence? The well-scrubbed floor of the pastry-room was searched by the two children thoroughly; its few articles of furniture turned upside down; the folds of Effie's dress, her pockets, shaken in and out, but with no result.

The "Calman" had disappeared.

Deborah's steps were heard crossing the stone flagging outside.

"Come," whispered Selina, "let us hurry upstairs and

think what to do. Of course we must tell Aunt Retta; but oh, what *shall* we say to her?"

Effie's cheeks were pale, and her lips trembled.

"I will tell her the truth," she said, a little proudly, "but not just yet, Selina, because it would spoil all the fun."

"We must tell her at once," said Selina, sternly.

Effie shook her cousin by the arm. "Selina," she said, in as determined a voice as she could assume, "listen to me, miss. If you venture to speak of it for a day or two to Aunt Retta, I'll do something perfectly *horrible*!"

The children were in the upper hall by this time. Selina looked with a beating heart in the direction of the library, whence Miss Retta and the visitors would soon appear.

"Do you hear me, miss?" inquired Effie, giving to Selina's arm another shake, and a look even more terrible than her last. "I shall *tell a lie* if you do, and then all your life long you will have it on your conscience, and when you are dying they will say to you, 'Where is your poor cousin Effie, who went to wreck and ruin because you made her *lie*?' and, if I am dead, I will haunt you—and—and—"

"Oh, Effie! Effie!" pleaded Selina.

It is to be feared that if the one cousin had a strong imagination, the other was not lacking in her power to make improbable things seem very likely to occur and to appear horrible, and Effie, who could not in the least comprehend Selina's scruples, was delighted by the effect her words had produced.

"I agree to wait a day or two, Effie, if you *promise* then to tell the truth, and the *whole* truth."

Selina spoke like a judge who softened a just sentence strongly against his will.

Effie slowly let go her grip on Selina's arm.

"I never break my word," she answered, solemnly. "I promise to tell it all the day we leave."

If Selina had to suffer for her cousin's mischief-making, there was at least the consolation that she would speak the truth finally, and then, thought the child, perhaps Aunt Retta knew of some magic power whereby the "Calman" could be summoned back. Which will prove, I hope, how very strongly Selina had allowed her superstitious fancies to take possession of her.

As for Effie, her high spirits returned speedily. Since it *was* lost, she rather enjoyed having been the centre of what nobody could help considering a startling adventure. It would do so well to tell the girls at school; it would certainly make her an object of interest before the grown-up cousins, when she came to relate the story; and always delighted to think of herself as conspicuous, Effie rehearsed the scene over and over in her own mind, taking so much comfort from her part in it as to decide at last that Selina was a "silly goose" to care at all.

"And don't you see," she said to Selina, when they were dressing for the tea party next day, "it will make that picture of great-grandmamma so much more valuable. They can go on and tell how singularly the ring was lost; and I am a Livingstone, though you are not," she added, compassionately, "so it is quite right I should have looked at it."

"On the sly?" said Selina, with contempt.

"Any kind of a way," retorted her cousin, though with a little deepening of color. "And perhaps I'll get papa to have my picture painted in the act of losing the ring. It will be vanishing in smoke. There might be some East Indian forms clutching at it."

But at this, though she laughed, Selina had to shudder.

Effie was in the full tide of good spirits, however, and continued: "And I'll tell you what, Selina, I think I'll begin to 'go in,' as Virgil says, for everything East Indian. That will make me all the more remarkable when I'm a young lady, and people hear my story. I shall learn East Indian dances—see."

And Effie began whirling about the room, uttering various wailing sounds extremely unlike anything Selina had ever considered music.

In the midst of this entertainment, however, came Miss Retta's voice at the door, and Effie, a little abashed, stood still, while Selina began to laugh nervously.

"My dear Effie," said Miss Retta's quiet voice, "what are you doing? Come, children, you will be late."

Selina's heart had begun to beat lest something had been heard of the great loss, but Miss Retta went away showing no sign of its discovery; and if anything could have made Selina forget her grief, it would have been the tea party.

Never had the old house looked brighter or happier; never had its rooms and its hostess seemed so hospitable. The young folks sat at one end of the table, from which peals of laughter continued to be heard, and then the presents designed as "valentines" began to be distributed. They were handed about on a silver salver, each one done up in paper, with the name of the recipient on a pretty card.

Selina took hers eagerly, opened it, gave a little cry—half dismay, half delight—for it was one of the great-grandmamma's East Indian bracelets.

Miss Retta, from her end of the table, smiled and nodded at her niece.

"Selina is so fond of old things," she said to everybody, "particularly if they come from India. I can't imagine why she has always been so devoted to India."

A burning blush spread itself over Selina's pretty, fair face; she looked at her aunt, as much as to say, "Can't you tell why?" but words would not come. The old sense of preserving the secret and the mystery of the Red Room overcame her desire to say out what she felt. She held down her head, twirling the bracelet about, and as she put it on she saw a look of deep vexation on Effie's face.

Effie had opened her parcel. It contained a pretty pair of ear-rings, but they were newly bought, and had none of the distinction which belonged to Selina's gift. What she might have said was prevented by Captain Livingstone suddenly remarking:

"By-the-way, Cousin Retta, where is the dear old 'Calman'? I heard so much of the charm and value of green sapphires in India that I long to have another look at it. The Indian sapphire of that peculiar hue is growing rarer and rarer every day. As well as I remember it, the ring was set with pale sapphires, and a hyacinth in the centre. Can we see it?"

Miss Retta's beautiful face had lost some of its tranquil expression. She smiled, waited a moment in silence, and then rose, saying, "I will go and bring it down, and let you all see it."

Selina will never forget that moment. Any time she shuts her eyes and thinks of it she can see Miss Retta's tall figure going down the room, her dark velvet dress sweeping the polished floor, her face a little downcast as she went out of the door. Then—the door being left open—they all watched Miss Retta cross the hall and go with stately steps up the stairs. Selina counted the time it would take her aunt to reach the Red Room door, to unlock it, to find the drawer, and then—oh! Selina could think no further. She began to have a great pity for poor Effie.

That light-hearted young person was trying her best to attract Selina's attention, and the latter, looking up, saw a mocking smile on her cousin's face.

"I will tell it all," she whispered.

By the time Miss Retta's steps were heard returning, Effie had straightened herself, and began to wear an air of triumphant vanity.

Selina had expected a cry or some loud demonstration from her aunt, but there was none. She came in very quickly, and there was no sound for a moment from her

lips. Then the girl thought anything would have been preferable to the pained, horrified expression on her face. She said, very quietly,

"A strange thing has happened. The 'Calman' is not in its place."

Captain Livingstone laughed. "Shades of our great-grandmother!" he exclaimed. "Think of such a thing! Haven't you put it away somewhere else, Cousin Retta?"

Obedying a common impulse, everybody had followed Miss Retta out into the hall. She turned to look at the Captain, and shook her head solemnly.

"Certainly not, Alfred. The 'Calman' is never touched. It has been locked away in that drawer for nearly fifty years. You know that my mother had a strange superstition about it—just as her grandmother had—and could not bear to have it worn."

"Of course it is stolen, then," said the Captain, in quite an altered tone. "Those gems are worth three or four thousand dollars."

"Oh!" came from one of the company whom no one had noticed, and Effie darted into the centre of the hall, and tried to command every one's attention.

"Listen to me everybody. I will tell the truth, and I will tell it you."

It was so surprising an announcement that every one did keep silent and listened with rapt attention to Effie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BIRD'S SONG IN THE NIGHT.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

SMALL Ada woke one summer night
(Asleep for hours she'd been),
And saw outside her window some
Moon-flowers peeping in;
And from the sky the big round moon
Itself looked down on her,
And in the whole wide world there seemed
To be no sound nor stir.
So silent were all things, her heart
Beat with a nameless fear,
When suddenly a little bird
Near by sang, loud and clear,
A pretty trilling song that rang
Out gaily on the night,
As though the singer's heart was full
Of innocent delight.
And as he sang, "Dear birdie, thanks,"
The child said, joyfully.
"You tell me that if *you* are not
Afraid, *I* should not be,
For the angels who take care of *you*
Watch over *me* will keep.
Good-night, dear bird." And very soon
Once more she was asleep.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

TO find examples of courage one does not need to go back into history. Nearly every day we read in the papers of brave deeds which people are doing, and it very often happens that they are done by boys and girls.

Not long ago the story was told in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of a courageous little girl who, when the house took fire, saved her baby sister from being burned. This time it is two boys who have distinguished themselves by rescuing two girls from drowning.

William and Frank Hardina are the sons of a Bohemian cigar-maker in West Farms, just above New York city. Frank, who is twelve years old, still goes to school, but William, being two years older, helps his father at home. In the family they speak the Bohemian tongue, but to the gentleman who interviewed them for this article their language was pure American. Most street boys in New York have a dialect of their own—a sort of "English as she is spoke"—which improves upon the ordinary

tongue by turning *th* into *d*, and using a great many words which neither Mr. Webster nor Mr. Worcester ever heard of. From these faults the speech of the Hardina boys is quite free; neither is it marked by any foreign accent.

Before coming to New York they lived in Springfield, Massachusetts, and Detroit, Michigan, and it was in the latter place that they learned to swim.

"They'd chuck us into the water," said the elder, by way of explanation, "and we'd either have to swim or sink." So by practice in the art the boys became as much at home in the water as out of it. They were told, too, by their father that if they ever saw any one drowning,

Annie and Mamie, who live in Tremont, a short distance from West Farms, had gone on a picnic one afternoon in July, with Annie's aunt and some other friends. The picnic was held in a grove on the banks of the Bronx River, and near by a Sunday-school picnic was also being held. Any one who has travelled on the Harlem and New Haven railroads will recollect the winding little stream that follows the course of the road, as one nears New York, with as many twists and turns as if it were a serpent. Near the shore the river is shallow enough, and in parts of its course it drifts lazily along, and clearly shows the pebbly bottom. But here and there are treacherous holes where

the water is at least thirty feet deep, and where one might drown as easily as if the little brook were Long Island Sound or the Atlantic Ocean. With care, however, bathing is not unsafe, but whether it was or not, the girls had promised themselves this sport as a part of the picnic. So, having put on their bathing-dresses, they waded out into the water, and stood there for a time watching the motions of Annie's brother, who had swum out beyond them, and was vainly urging them to "come ahead."

By-and-by the brother got tired, and struck out down the stream. The girls then turned their attention to themselves, and playfully tried to see which could "duck" the other. Moving backward step by step, they were getting out into the river, and, without knowing it, one of the great holes was yawning behind them. Now they are on the brink of it. Suddenly one steps over, and with a loud cry, striving to recover herself, grasps the other and drags her down into the watery depths. Before those who are watching from the shore can realize what has taken place, the children have disappeared, and only the widening ripples show where they have sunk. Wild shrieks go up from the shore, and one woman, who is Annie's aunt, be-

comes frantic with terror, and is about to leap in after them. Two mounted policemen gaze stupidly on the scene, unable to do anything, for neither can swim.

No one has noticed two barefooted boys who are fishing on the bank not far away. All at once there is a cry, "We'll save them!" followed by a splash, and two heads are seen swimming in the water. The two boys are the Hardinas, and they have remembered their father's advice.

Quick as they were, however, the girls had already risen and sunk twice. Only one more chance remained, and as one of the girls came up for the third and last time to the surface, William grasped for her, and holding her tight, made for the shore. It was Mamie Carroll, the smaller of



WILLIAM AND FRANK HARDINA.

they must not hesitate to jump in. "Don't wait to take your clothes off," said the father; "even if you do get them wet I sha'n't punish you."

So instructed, they knew what they were to do when the time came. I don't suppose they ever imagined it would come, but all the same they were prepared; and being ready to use one's knowledge is quite as necessary as to have the knowledge itself. I don't suppose, either, that Annie Overpacker and Mamie Carroll ever imagined that they would owe their lives to the circumstance of the Bohemian boys being tossed into the Detroit River. But our lives hang together by very queer threads, and this is what actually happened.

the two, leaving the older and heavier girl to the twelve-year-old boy. Frank, however, was not unequal to the task, and as Annie's head came to the surface he clutched at the long hair. But it slipped through his wet fingers, and the girl went down, catching at his foot and dragging him along with her. Kicking away her hold, he dived after her, and caught her once more. Then, throwing one arm around her neck, and holding her securely in that position, he rose to the surface, managed to place her on his back, and soon found himself in a place where he could walk to land.

When he could put down his burden—not a light one for a boy of his age—the people who flocked around found her insensible. Indeed, it took over an hour to revive her. Meanwhile the boys wrung out their wet clothes, and received the congratulations of the crowd and somewhat embarrassing embraces of the girl's friends. No one thought of offering any reward but the policeman, and he contributed fifty cents.

"The cop," says William, in telling the story, "gave me half a dollar; but I lost my fishing-line, and the red on my suspenders all came off on my shirt from the wet."

Beyond this, however, their garments were not damaged; and I have no doubt that Mr. Hardina kept his word, and that the boys were praised at home for their courage as much as they deserved. The picture, taken only one day after, shows just how they looked, and the clothes in which they performed the gallant deed.

Now it does not come to everybody as it did to the Hardina boys to save a person from drowning; but there are opportunities in every one's life for the display of just such qualities as these boys displayed—courage, intelligence, and what we call presence of mind, which is simply having one's wits about one, and knowing what to do in a difficult situation. This, after all, is the great thing to learn; and if the boys and girls who are better circumstanced than these two young Bohemian-Americans can only learn it half as well as they, they will have gained one of the most important lessons in life.



FLOWER ORACLE.

"SILK, SATIN, CALICO, RAGS."

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 "Shall I marry a prince with royal air, or a peasant housewife be?"

"LEFT BEHIND,"*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

A DAY'S PLEASURING.

THE morning found the boys still divided in opinion as to what should be done with their great wealth.

None of the boys, not even Mopsey, were able to go to work that day, and the greater part of the morning was spent in City Hall Square, trying to come to some understanding about their money.

As a matter of course they remembered what Mr. Weston had said about rewarding them still further for what they had done for Paul. But since it was Ben and Johnny who had really cared for the boy when he did not know where to go or what to do, they would probably be the only ones benefited, although Mopsey felt that there was a great deal yet due him for the theatrical education which he had bestowed.

While they were still engaged in argument, and with no prospect of coming to any agreement in the matter, Mr. Weston and Paul stood before them. They had approached unobserved, because of the exciting discussion which had occupied the attention of the boys to the exclusion of everything else.

Mr. Weston had heard enough of the conversation to know that the question of what should be done with the money he had given them was under discussion, and after seating himself on one of the benches, with the boys all around him, he succeeded in gaining their confidence so far that they talked unreservedly before him.

When each one had advanced his views on the matter, Mr. Weston agreed with Dickey that it was better for them to divide it equally, and Paul figured out what each one of the six would have as his or her portion.

Then Mr. Weston offered them an invitation which almost took their breath away. He said that he could not keep his appointment with them that evening because of business matters which would require his attention, but instead he would invite them, as well as Mrs. Green and Nelly, to go to Coney Island with himself and Paul for a holiday.

Of course there was but one answer to such a proposal, and they accepted with the greatest pleasure, agreeing to meet him at the pier on the following morning.

Then Mr. Weston and Paul went to the steam-ship office to engage passage to Europe for the coming Saturday, and the partners went to startle Mrs. Green and her daughter with the wonderful news.

To their great surprise, Mrs. Green, even though she did own one-sixth of the hundred dollars, decided that she could not afford to close up her basket store for the day, even when she had been invited to make one of the pleasure party; but she was willing and anxious for Nelly to go, which was perhaps just as well.

Nine o'clock was the time when Mr. Weston had said that Paul and he would meet the party at the pier; but they, fearing lest they might be late, had arrived there a little before eight on the following morning, as full of pleasure as any five children that could have been found in New York city.

Ben and Johnny presented very nearly the same gorgeous appearance as on the night when they first called on Mrs. Green, while Dickey and Mopsey were attired in costumes that were models of their own idea of fashion.

Nelly, who looked very sweet and modest in her clean gingham dress, had tried in vain to persuade her friends to go in their usual working clothes rather than put on such a striking array. But each one of the boys indignantly repelled the idea of showing so little regard for the gentleman who was to give them so much pleasure, as not to make themselves look as beautiful as possible, and she could not persuade them differently.

It was hardly more than half past eight when they began to express their doubts as to whether Mr. Weston would arrive in time to take the steamer he had named, and they were fearing lest they should be disappointed, after all, when Paul and his father appeared.

Mopsey was in favor of giving three cheers as a mark of their appreciation for and admiration of Mr. Weston when that gentleman appeared at the head of the pier. Finding that his companions objected to it, he would have done all the cheering himself if Ben had not forcibly interfered by holding his hand firmly over his mouth.

Paul greeted his friends as warmly as if he had been separated from them for weeks instead of hours, and then the party went on board the steamer, feeling that they were justly the observed of all observers.

Mopsey explained everything they saw with a reckless disregard of facts, and if his companions had not known to the contrary, they would have thought that all his life had been spent on the steamers running from New York to Coney Island.

It was not until Mr. Weston asked him some question about the theatre that he laid aside the duties of guide and historian to launch out in glowing details of their temple of histrionic art, which must one day be the resort of the general public.

The others quietly enjoyed the sail, drinking in deep draughts of pleasure from everything around them, save Mopsey's loud knowledge and boasting.

Johnny seemed plunged in an ecstasy of delight, from which he did not emerge but once, and then it was to express the wish that he might always be a passenger on one of the steamers, with no other object than to enjoy the continual sail.

Nelly and Dickey sat side by side, speaking at intervals, while Paul and Ben discussed the latter's prospects in life, or spoke of the wonderful journey which the former was to make in order to rejoin his mother and sister.

As for Mr. Weston, he appeared to find as much enjoyment in the delight and wonder of his guests as they did in the sail, and there was every prospect that the holiday would be a great success.

When they landed, and were in the very midst of the pleasure-seeking crowd, which appeared to have no other aim than enjoyment, their delight and bewilderment were so great that even Mopsey was silenced, and could hardly have been induced to talk even if he had been directly approached on the subject of the theatre, or the new play he was supposed to be preparing.

After leading the way to one of the hotels, Mr. Weston, thinking that perhaps his presence was some check upon the full enjoyment of his guests, told them that they had all better go off by themselves to see what was new or wonderful, while he remained there until they should return, cautioning them to come back by dinner-time.

It would be almost impossible to describe all they did or what they said during that morning when they were enjoying such a day of pleasure as they never had had before. As Ben afterward expressed it, they "saw about everything there was to be seen, an' they scooped in about as much fun as ever anybody did who went to Coney Island."

Owing to Paul's watchfulness they were back at the hotel at the time Mr. Weston had said they would have dinner, and Dickey asked, wonderingly, as they entered, and Paul looked around for his father,

* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Are we goin' to eat here as if we was reg'lar folks?"
"Of course we are," said Paul, decidedly. "We're all going to sit down to the table with father, and have just as good a dinner as we can get."

Dickey had nothing more to say; he was overwhelmed with the idea of acting like "reg'lar folks," and after that nothing could have astonished him.

Mr. Weston had engaged a private dining-room, in order that his guests might feel more at their ease than if they went into the public dining-room.

The boys and Nelly seated themselves at the table with as much solemnity as if they were participating in some very important ceremony, opening their eyes wide with astonishment as the waiter brought on the different courses, but never neglecting to do full justice to everything that was set before them.

Mr. Weston did all he could to make the dinner seem less formal, but he did not succeed until after the roast chickens were put on the table and the servant left the room.

Then, when they were alone, and with three whole chickens before them, their tongues seemed suddenly to have been loosened, and they talked as fast as the most fun-loving host could have desired, until each one's plate was piled high with chicken and vegetables, when they relapsed again into silent activity.

That visit, and more especially that dinner, was a new experience in their lives, and one which they could never forget. They ate until it seemed impossible they could eat any more, and even then Dickey succeeded in disposing of an extra piece of pie, together with some nuts and raisins.

After the meal was ended, and before they started out again to take one more look at all that was strange around them, Mr. Weston said, as he handed Dickey and Mopsey each five dollars and Nelly ten:

"I want to return to some of you the money you paid for Paul's railroad ticket. Nelly has her mother's share as well as her own."

"But we didn't pay so much as this," said Dickey, in evident perplexity. "It only cost fourteen dollars in all."

"That comes near enough to the amount," replied Mr. Weston, "and you will oblige me by thinking that you have simply had returned to you the money you paid out. As for Ben and Johnny, who took charge of Paul when he was sadly in need of some one's care, I have got what I hope will be a pleasant surprise in store for them, and if they will come to the hotel at nine o'clock in the morning, Paul and I will show them what it is."

There was very little opportunity for any one to make a reply, for, as Mr. Weston spoke, he arose from the table, and then added:

"Now go and see all that you can until five o'clock, and then we will start for home."

It was a tired party who landed in New York quite early that evening, some going to Mrs. Green's, and two to the hotel; but they were quite as happy as they were weary, and had had such a day of enjoyment as they had never even dreamed of before, all of which had grown out of the simple act of befriending a homeless boy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"WHAT MAKES YOU?"

BY M. HELEN LOVETT.

"YOU saucy thing!" said mastiff Don,
To Fuzz, the fly,
"What makes you keep a-buzzing so
When I walk by?"
"Why, noble sir, I'd like to know,"
Said Mr. Fuzz,
"What makes you come a-walking by
Just when I buzz?"

HOW TO KNIT AND SLING A HAMMOCK.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS, U.S.R.M.

DURING these warm summer days who is there that does not like to seek a shady nook and dream a few moments idly away in a hammock? And how many generations of men have enjoyed the same luxury! We are told that the hammock or suspended bed was invented by Alcibiades, the famous Athenian general, about 415 B.C., though the name is derived from *hamac*, an expression used by the natives of the Bahama Islands, and brought to notice by Columbus.

This word has since, with a slight change in its spelling, been universally adopted. There are a great many varieties of hammocks, some being made of tough grasses, others of canvas or cord. It is the design of this article to teach one method of knitting a hammock and getting it ready for use, all of which is a very simple process. The material employed may be either linen or cotton cord, though the latter is the more common, durable enough, and much cheaper.

There are two small implements required, a *needle* and a *fid*, both of which can be easily whittled out of wood with a sharp pocket-knife, the former of hickory or ash, the latter of ordinary white pine. (See Figs. 1 and 2.)

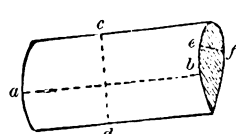


FIG. 1.

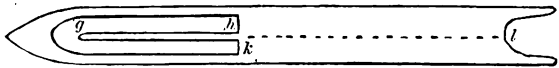


FIG. 2.

a half inches, and *g h* three inches, and the width about an inch, the whole being as flat as a view to strength will allow, and rounded at the edges.

Now procure one and a half pounds of macramé cord, *soft laid*, No. 24, which will cost about fifty cents, and two galvanized iron rings, two and a half inches in diameter, at six cents each. The entire expense of a hammock twelve feet long by eight feet wide will thus be sixty-two cents, which is considerably less than one of the same size could be purchased for ready made. After winding the cord into balls, fill the needle, which is done by holding the latter in the left hand and passing the cord from top to bottom, turning the needle briskly from right to left at each successive downward stroke (Fig. 3).

After the needle is filled, make a loop in the end of the cord as in Fig. 4, allowing the end to extend five inches. Make this fast to some suitable place. Take the fid in the left hand, place it under the cord near the loop and haul it taut, pressing the thumb on the cord and fid as in Fig. 5. Pass the needle up through the loop and draw the cord tight, as represented in Fig. 6; throw the bight (*p*) over the thumb as in Fig. 7, and then pass the needle up between the loop and that part of the cord that goes over the fid (Fig. 8), and make a knot at the edge of the fid by pulling firmly on the cord attached to the needle, keeping the thumb of the left hand securely in place to guide the bight (*p*). Remove the fid and repeat the operation, sticking the needle each time through the mesh last made.

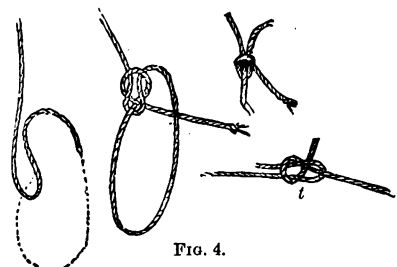


FIG. 4.

Be careful to keep the cord well stretched with the left hand. Make ninety-six of these meshes, or any number divisible by 2 that gives an even quotient, according to the width of the hammock desired—this lat-

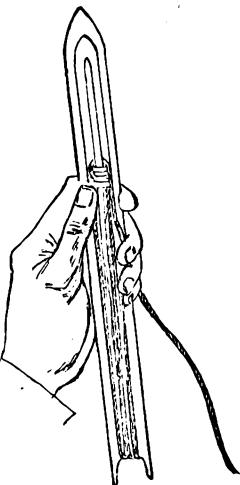


FIG. 3.

Pass the needle up through the loop and draw the cord tight, as represented in Fig. 6; throw the bight (*p*) over the thumb as in Fig. 7, and then pass the needle up between the loop and that part of the cord that goes over the fid (Fig. 8), and make a knot at the edge of the fid by pulling firmly on the cord attached to the needle, keeping the thumb of the left hand securely in place to guide the bight (*p*). Remove the fid and repeat the operation, sticking the needle each time through the mesh last made.

ter being one-half of the number first knitted, as will be seen hereafter, or, in this case, about eight feet. Take the meshes thus made, and run a stout line through them, as in Fig. 9. Tie the line to a hook or convenient place, and knot the end of your cord to *s*, following the same method as in Fig. 4 (*t*). The foundation is now laid, and you can commence to knit *back and forth* until the netting is of suitable length. At the edges, or *selvage*, take the turn around *all* the parts, which will make it stronger.

Although the principle of knitting is the same as previously explained, the knot, as we proceed, is slightly different, being more flat in shape, and thus adding materially to the comfort of the hammock.

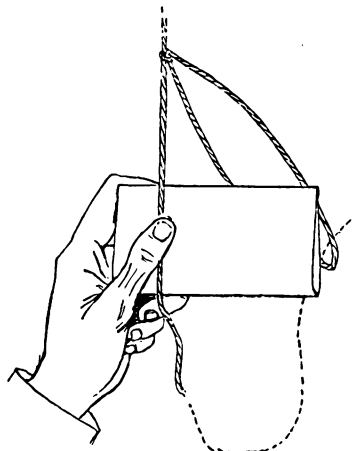


FIG. 5.

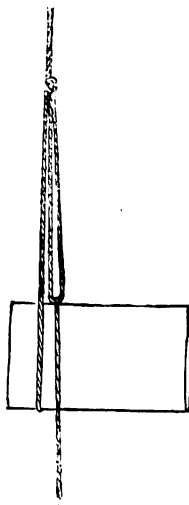


FIG. 6.

Continue as follows: Instead of passing the needle up through the mesh, pass it *down*; when this is pulled tight, it will leave a half turn in the cord near the edge of the fid, as at *w*, Fig. 10; press it back with the thumb of the left hand, at the same time throwing the bight (*p*, Fig. 7) over to the left; now stick the needle up through the *middle* of the mesh, taking only one part, and make a tight knot by pulling the cord firmly down between the thumb and first finger. Care should be taken not to make what is called a *slip knot*, the difference being shown in the illustration. If a slip knot, however, should escape your notice in knitting, it can be easily remedied by pushing down the part *z* (Figs. 16 and 17), and tightening it. In knitting across, the meshes will accumulate on the fid, as shown at *x*, Fig. 10; when they become unhandy, turn the fid once or twice to obtain an even strain, and throw them off to the left. When you reach the opposite selvage, take a turn round both parts, and knit back.

When the cord is exhausted in the needle, the end of the new supply should be knotted on the edge of the hammock instead of

among the meshes, as the latter method detracts greatly from the neat appearance of the work. To accomplish this, count the turns that are wound on the needle, and you can soon determine how much is required to knit three or four times across, and by taking the same amount each time no trouble in this respect will arise. The beauty of a hammock depends upon the evenness of the meshes.

To *sling* a hammock is to get it

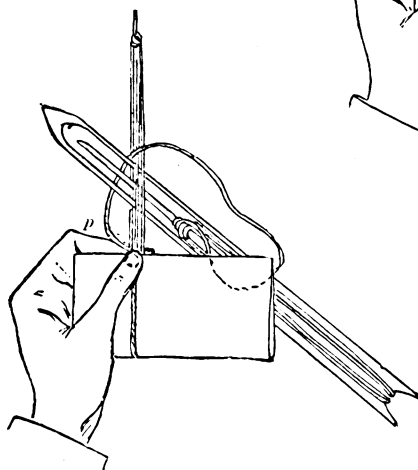


FIG. 8.

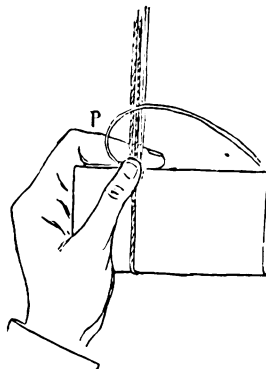


FIG. 7.

ready for use. For this purpose the netting is attached to *clews*, which hold it suspended.

The number of clews is a matter of choice, one to every two meshes being a good rule. With a netting forty-eight meshes wide there would by this be required twenty-four clews, say, each

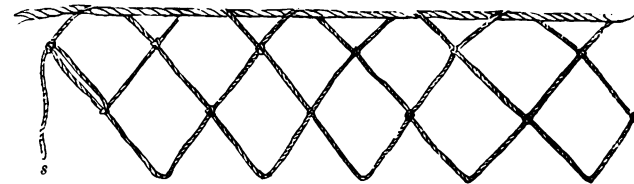


FIG. 9.

from two to three feet long. Cut twelve of these lengths, from four to six feet, middle them (which doubles the number), and pass them over your ring as in Fig. 11. Now interweave the cords alternately, as is shown in Fig. 12, after which take the two *outer* ones (*v y*) and pass

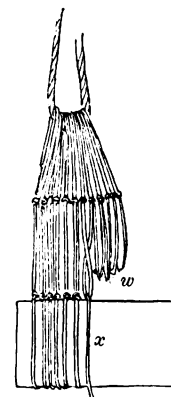


FIG. 10.

them between the ends and underneath the interwoven part as in Fig. 13. Proceed with the remaining cords in the same way, each time omitting the two outer parts after crossing them as explained. You will at last have reduced the number to two; tie these in a single knot, and your plaited work will appear as in Fig. 14. Repeat the operation with your other ring.

The next step is to secure the clews to the *bed* of the hammock. When *stretchers* (Fig. 18) are used, small holes are bored in them, and the clews first passed through. The stretchers can be made any length that suits one's fancy, either straight or curved, the latter conforming more properly to the shape of the hammock. Pass a stick through the meshes at each end of the netting, and with strings suspend it temporarily. Fasten the rings at such a distance as

will correspond to the length of the clews. Tie each clew separately to two (or any number preferred) of the meshes, seeing that all have an equal strain. Any knot will do that will not slip, though two half hitches (Fig. 15) are better.

In knotting your cords leave out sufficient ends, and do not trim them until the hammock has become thoroughly stretched, after which you can stop them down with thread and make a finish.

The hammock is now complete. A more beautiful one

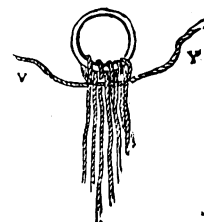


FIG. 13.

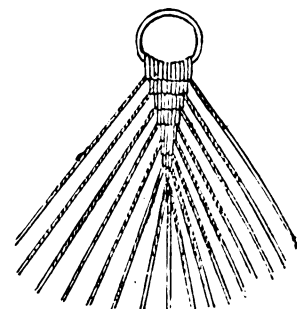


FIG. 14.

could be knitted with different - colored cords, and decorated in various ways.

The course above employed can be applied just as well in knitting fish nets, minnow seines, or, in fact, nets of any description, the size of the fid always regulating the size of the mesh. With this intention a smaller twine would have to be used.



FIG. 15.

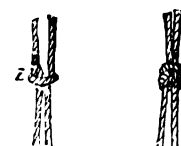


FIG. 16.



FIG. 17.

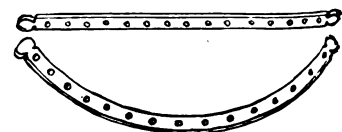


FIG. 18.—STRETCHERS.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.

BY PALMER COX.



DOG and a pussy one fine afternoon
Set out on a pleasure trip in a bal-
loon,
Oh, Pussy was gray, and her eyes they
were green,
And she was the handsomest cat ever
seen;
And Ponto, the dog, why, he had such
an air,
That the prince of all doggies you'd
fancy was there.
And great was the wonder of old and
young people

When up they went flying clear over the steeple;
And long they stood gazing aloft at the skies
To see the brave couple send down their "good-byes."

They sailed to the left and they sailed to the right,
Now over the mountains, then lakes shining bright,
At times rising gently, and then with a bound
That frightened the life out of birds flying round;
And great was their pleasure until the balloon
Flew rather too close to a horn of the moon.

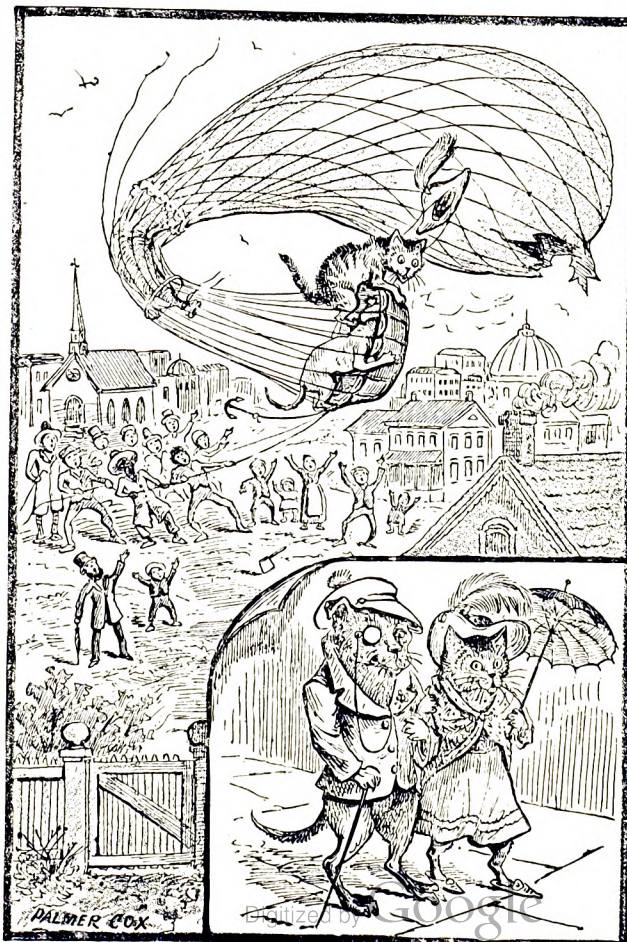


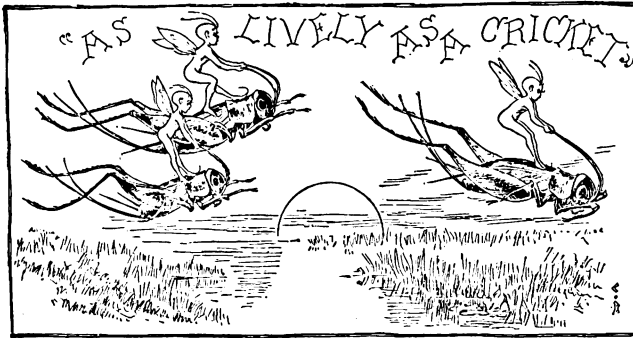
And people would cry, as the couple walked by,
"Oh, look at the pair that went sailing so high!"
While cream of the sweetest and meat that was rare
Were free to them always as water and air.



"Oh dear!" murmured Pussy, "I'm sure we shall die
If we are left hanging up here in the sky."
"Be calm," said her partner, "nor shed a bright tear;
With me at your side there is nothing to fear.
So don't begin wailing, for while you'd say 'Mew,'
Released from this danger, our trip we'll renew."
And soon they were floating away safe and sound,
And dropping quite gracefully back to the ground.

Then people ran round in a great shouting throng
To catch at the ropes that were dragging along,
And safely the journey was brought to a close
Not many yards distant from where they arose.
Then wild was the clapping and loud was the shout
That greeted the pair from their boat stepping out;
For never before, in the country or town,
Had creatures like them won such praise and renown.
Now, dressed in becoming and stylish attire,
They sauntered around or they sat by the fire;





OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I love the dear Postmistress, who says such kind helpful words to the large family who read the letters in the Post-office Box. I am seven years old, but can not write well enough to send to you, so my mamma writes for me. In Lawrence there are many large mills, and strangers are always interested in looking at the crowds who pour out of the large brick buildings at the closing hour. About fifteen minutes before twelve the streets leading to the mills are filled with children who have pails in their hands, in which they are carrying dinners to fathers, mothers, brothers, or sisters. Sometimes a boy who has an express cart will carry five or six pails.

A few days ago two children carrying dinners, were passing near a brick wall, against which men who were digging a cellar had thrown the sand. The wall was old, and the pressure of the sand caused the wall to give way, and it fell outward upon the sidewalk, burying these two little children under a pile of brick and sand. When they were taken out one was quite dead, and the other lived but a few hours.

I would tell you about my pets and about my home, about my dear grandma and my grown-up sister, about the nice times I have with my little friends, about how happy I am all the day long, and how mamma calls me her "Little Sunshine," but my letter is too long already. ANNIE R. C.

Thanks for your letter, little Sunbeam. I am sorry to hear of the sad fate of the two poor little ones.

COWANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have no pets, but my papa has a horse and colt, of which my brother and I are very fond. We call the mare Fanny, and the colt General. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly two years, and think it splendid. My little brother, aged eight years, is nearly wild over YOUNG PEOPLE, and when it comes he can hardly wait till I open it. As this is my first letter to the Postmistress, I do hope she will print it, so that I can surprise my papa, for he does not know that I have written. I have tried a receipt for butter-scotch in YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it very nice. I will send a receipt for gingerbread that any little girl may make. Please may I join the Little Housekeepers?

ALLIE A. M.

You will find the receipt in another part of the Post-office Box, and you may join the Little Housekeepers, of course.

VILLA NOVA STATION.

We have a goat and eleven rabbits and two dogs; one dog is a black-and-tan and the other a copper spaniel, and their names are Dot and Brownie. Dot's mother lives at Frankford. My uncle gave me Brownie, and Brownie likes dolls, and carries one in his mouth. Billy, the goat, is very cross. He got loose yesterday, and he chased us everywhere, and we had great fun. I have a garden, and I have pease and beans and cantaloupes. I am saving my money to buy celery plants. I am going to make a celery bed, and mamma is to buy the celery of me at thirty cents a bunch, as she would do in the market. I have planted two lines of corn in papa's garden; one line is coming up. I wrote you once before, and you did not put it in, but I hope you will put it in this time.

O. P.

This little correspondent forgot to tell me in what State Villa Nova Station is.

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK.

I have lived in Binghamton a little over two months. I like it thus far, but not so well as Grand Rapids, Michigan, my old home. I have but one pet, and that is a canary-bird; it sings almost all day long. I had a kitten, but had to leave it when I came here. I take music lessons, and like the study very much. I like "Left Be-

hind." I am not going to tell you my age. I want to see if you can guess it right. Good-by,
CORA E. S.

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

My home is in New York City, but this summer I am staying at Dobbs Ferry, a small place on the Hudson River. Our house stands on a hill, and we have a lovely view of the river and the grand blue hills that line it on one side and the green that line it on the other. We can see up the river ten miles; then it turns, and we can not see it

any more. There is a place here that Washington used to live in.

Up in Tarrytown there is a monument where Major Andre was captured, and on it is an inscription telling of the event. Some of the houses on the way to Tarrytown were built in the eighteenth century, and mamma says she thinks some of them must have histories, and I would like to know them. I have one pet, and that is a dear little white and brown rabbit with blue eyes. I am a little girl, and I would like you to please try to guess my age. I am reading *Swiss Family Robinson*, and like it very much.

FLOY D.

I can not undertake to guess the ages of my little friends, but I think they are all remarkably proficient for their age.

SRYMOUR, CONNECTICUT.

I live with my papa and mamma and one brother. I have not even one pet. My brother and I play on the piano. I am nine years old, and my birthday will come the first of next month. On my last birthday I had a party. It was such a surprise to me that I went upstairs and cried. My mamma told me I might go to ride about four o'clock with my cousin, when it was nice and cool. My papa is a printer. Good-by.

IVA E.

GRAND MEADOW, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I do not go to school now, because we are having vacation. I have a pet lamb, and its name is Frisky, and two pet canary-birds, named Dickie and Cherry. I have a pet bantam with three little chicks, but they are not bantams, and she is all white. I have four sisters and one brother. I take music lessons from my sister. I send you some pressed flowers from my own garden.

HELGA S.

Thank you very much, dear.

HUMBOLDT, TENNESSEE.

My brother Bennie takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I love to have Thursday come, for that is the day that we get the paper. We all read it. I thought "The Fair for Sick Dolls" was just splendid. I have a little white calf named Dolly, and a pretty pet kitten we call Muff. They are the only pets I have, but I have a great many dolls, books, and playthings. Among other playthings I have a little stove, a doll trunk and buggy, and a beautiful china tea-set. I am seven years old. My sister is going to teach me "The Naming of Maryland" for a speech. It appeared in the Post-office Box last winter. I wish Emily M. would write again; I think her letters were so interesting. I would also like Katie R. and Fletcher H. to write again. I am afraid my letter is getting dull, so I will stop. Your little friend, MATTIE LOU P.

Misses Emily M. and Katie R. and Master Fletcher H. are all invited to write again by the Postmistress as well as by their little admirer, Miss Mattie.

CARTHAGE, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school, but now it is vacation. I am going to my uncle John's next month, and expect to have a nice time, for he lives on a farm and has lots of horses. I send you a puzzle, and if you think it suitable, please print it.

GEORGIE M. G.

The puzzle is in the puzzle column.

ELBERON, NEW JERSEY.

I am twelve years old, and I am short for my age. I want to grow very much. Do you know what will make me grow? We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the beginning, and we all like it very much. I have four brothers and one sister. I am next to the youngest. We have four dogs—two fox-terriers, one Skye terrier, and one collie. The collie will plunge into the ocean after sticks. We have nine canaries, and a white rat with pink eyes; it is very tame, and will crawl into anybody's pocket and go to sleep. I am

afraid if I write too long a letter it will not be printed, so I will stop.

TINA T. W.

Dearie me! I shouldn't fancy its crawling into my pocket if I happened to be calling on you, Miss Tina. Eat oatmeal porridge and roast beef, run on errands for everybody all day long, go to bed early, and you will certainly grow taller than you now are.

TORONTO, CANADA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in Toronto. I have never written to the Post-office Box before, but I am going to try this time. I have no pets to tell about, except a little bird named Charlie; he is a lovely canary, and used to sing beautifully, but he has been moulting for some time, and does not sing very well now. I have one little sister named Gerda; she is six years old; she has pretty curly hair and big brown eyes.

EDNA W. J.

ROCKY COMFORT, ARKANSAS.

Here is another little girl who would like to see her name in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I saw in the last number of YOUNG PEOPLE the letter of a little writer who had a garden which had goobers and pop-corn in it, and you said you did not know goobers. Maybe you know them by another name; I have heard them called by four names—goobers, ground-peas, pinders, and peanuts. I think they are delicious, parched or boiled, when freshly dug. I haven't any pets, except a pony named Jinsie. She was given to me by my papa, who is dead. An Indian came to him to get him to cure his wife (my papa was a doctor), and for payment the Indian let him have the pony. The grown people say this is the warmest weather they have felt since 1870. I am one of your thirteen-year-old readers.

JANET A.

VERMILION, KANSAS.

I am a little boy ten years old. I live on a farm near Vermilion. I have seven pets—a dog named Sam, a cat named Tom, a horse named Fannie, and four pigeons.

FRED F.

IRVING PARK, ILLINOIS.

I love the paper so much that I thought I would write to the Post-office Box. I have never seen a letter from Irving Park, although several children here take your paper. Irving Park is a very pretty place in the summer-time. The prairies now are covered with yellow daisies. There are a great many evergreens, and when the snow is on them they look very pretty. I have just been examined for the sixth grade. I have three sisters and one brother. We have no pets. We set our bird Charley on the window-sill to bathe, and the cat caught it and tore out its tail feathers and wings. We got it away, but it only lived one day.

JENNIE L. V. (10 years).

Poor, wee birdie! How you must have cried!

POTTER'S LANDING.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have two little brothers, Charlie and Arthur. Charlie is six and a half years old, and Arthur is three and a half. I have six dolls; their names are Carrie, Nettie, Georgia, Anna Bell, Maggie, and Bessie. I live in the country with my grandfather. The house is a large old-fashioned brick one on the banks of the Choptank River. I have a very pretty little garden of my own; it has got some lovely flowers in it now. I go to school and study arithmetic, grammar, writing, geography, reading, and spelling. I am glad that summer has come, so I can crab. We gather hickory-nuts and walnuts in the fall.

CARRIE W. V.

MARIETTA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have been wanting to write for some time, but my mamma has always said, "Wait until you are older." I am a little girl nine years old. I have no pets except one old cat. My mamma and sister are away. I go to school, and study spelling, reading, arithmetic, and geography; I like my teacher very much. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and like it very, very much. In a few weeks I shall have something right nice to tell our little ones. Good-by.

MARY BANCROFT C.

Then you must write another letter.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am a little girl ten years old, and will be eleven this August. I go to school, and take piano lessons; I can play very well, and I like it very much. I have three brothers, but no sisters, though I wish I had. Shall I tell you how I came to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE? My brother was at school one day, and he happened to look into an empty desk, and there was one of your papers. He brought it home, and mamma liked it so much that she took it from that day on.

MAG. G.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, — Though I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, this is

my first attempt at writing you a letter. I saw a letter some time ago from Amanda P.; she is a great friend of mine. We have always gone to school together, and have been in the same class. I am thirteen years old, and am in the Sophomore Class. I am reading in the Fourth Book of Virgil, and think it very interesting. My mother is President of Silliman Female Collegiate Institute, and my father is Superintendent of Public Education. Saturday I went with a number of my friends to see the Mississippi Valley Railroad, and was very much surprised to see my father on board the train. It was the largest engine I ever saw.

SALLIE E. F.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga is surrounded by mountains, and from Point Lookout you can gaze into seven States. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Reader. I have a little brother, and he is in the Second Reader. I like geography and music the best of all my studies. Mamma likes the Post-office Box, and says that she thinks it is a good way to teach children to write letters. I will write some time, if you like, and tell you about a pet 'coon we had once.

ANNIE G. A.

Do.

BRIGHTON, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl six years old, and go to the Primary School, and have a nice teacher. I have one sister smaller than I, and her name is Gerie; she is only four years old; and I have another sister, Gracie, who is eight years old, and she does not go to school, because she is sick almost all the time. I have a big brother who has just graduated from the English High School in Boston; I have also a brother and sister older than I who go to the Grammar School. There was a little boy who lived near me, and I was going to the entertainment with him on the Fourth of July with our school tickets, but last Saturday he was taken ill, and on Tuesday he died, and I went to the funeral. I felt real sorry for him; he was in my room in school, and would have been seven years old on the Fourth of July if he had lived; his name was Tommie L. I can not write very much, so mamma is writing this for me. It is vacation now, so I don't have to go to school. We have very nice times out here. Papa got us a swing in which we sit and pull a rope, and it will go. We have two hammocks in which we swing when it is too hot to play. When our school closed, our teacher was going to give us a little party at her house, but it rained, so she gave us each a card and some candy.

MAMIE F. W.

No wonder you grieved at the sudden death of your little playmate.

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. Papa has gone away, and so I thought I would surprise him by writing to the Post-office Box. We have taken this paper for two or three years, and I like it very much, particularly the letters. I go to a private school; my teacher's name is Miss P. I have but one pet, a canary-bird, which I call Dicky. I am in four books at school—reading, spelling, arithmetic, and geography.

MABEL A. B.

Corry, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl eleven years old, and I live in Corry. I am an only daughter, and have no brothers or sisters. I like the "Little Housekeepers" very much, and every week I look for papa to come home bringing YOUNG PEOPLE, with its stories, puzzles, letters, and exchanges. We take the BAZAR, WEEKLY, and MAGAZINE. This summer I will be twelve years old. Mamma has just been ill, and I had to cook, sweep, make beds, wash dishes, and do all that was done. I love to cook, though sometimes I make mistakes. I go to school in No. 3, A Class, to Miss S., and generally know my lessons. My seat-mate is Eva S., and she and Lillian B. are my two greatest friends. Lillian B. has a very sweet sister two and a half years old, who calls me Poda. Eva S. had a sister about six, and a little gray kitty. I have had kitties, but have no pets now. A boy friend promised to give me a pair of rabbits. How does my writing look for a girl of eleven? I take music lessons, and like to read Lucy Lillie's articles on "Piano Practice." I like all your stories; my favorites are "The Ice Queen," "A Cat may Look at a King," and "Angelo, A Story of Sicily." My favorite writers are Louisa M. Alcott, Jimmy Brown, Lucy C. Lillie, James Payn, David Ker, Matthew White, Margaret E. Sangster, and last, but not least, the author of "Toby Tyler." Please find room for this letter in a snug little corner of the Post-office Box.

From your loving reader, FLORA II.

TEDDY'S TUMBLE.

(A TRUE STORY.)

One fine summer day Teddy went with his father and brother in the farm wagon to the field where they were going to work; for Teddy lived in the country, and thought it very nice to ride in such a large wagon. When they got to the

place where his father and Al (for that was his brother's name) were going to work, they left Teddy, who was a very little boy, three years old, playing in the wagon with the tools. Now the team was not tied, and in a short time the horses began backing. There was a creek a little distance behind the wagon, and they were backing right toward it. All Teddy could do was to run from one end of the wagon to the other, and say, "Det up! det up!" But they only "det" back, and over they went into the creek. His frightened father and brother ran to the spot, and on looking over the bank, saw the wagon upside down. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" cried his father, thinking that Teddy was surely killed. They climbed down the bank, and found Teddy sitting under one corner of the wagon bed, which had been held up by a piece of sod. "Are you hurt?" said his father; but all Teddy could do was to cry. They lifted him out upon the bank, and went to look after the team. The horses, too, had fallen into the creek, and were in a bad plight, but happily were uninjured. When they were taken out, Al drove them home, and told his mother what had happened, omitting Teddy's part in the affair. She started at once for the creek, and on her way met Teddy coming to the house. "Oh, mamma, I got my new pants wet!" said he. He went with her back to the creek, where his father was at work getting the wagon out. But when mother heard all the particulars she very gently took her little boy home, and put dry pants on him, and did not scold "cos he got his new ones wet," either.

LYMAN.

VILLISCO, IOWA.

A very well-told story, which has what all stories ought to have, a happy ending.

WOODBERRY, MARYLAND.

We have three gold-fish, and had them in a globe, but now in a large dish, for this morning about half past four o'clock we heard a loud sound. I thought it was thunder, but what do you think it was? Why, the fish globe had broken all to pieces, and the fish were on the window-sill. My sister soon picked them up and put them in a basin of water. None of the fish were hurt, but the carpet was soaked. It woke up everybody in the house, and the pebbles that were in the globe were all over the window-sill.

EDITH G. B.

MANITOU, COLORADO.

I am a boy of very "high birth," for I was born in the Rocky Mountains, 11,500 feet above sea-level. We are spending the summer on a ranch in the grand Ute Pass. The ranch is called Cascade Cañon; it is a delightful place; it has lots of tall trees on it, and there are a great many flowers; the ranch contains 480 acres. I have two little sisters, and they have two kittens and a bird, and I have a pony. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; we were very glad that "The Ice Queen" ended so nicely.

JOHN H. D. B.

FOR THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Jennie and Eva were invited to a picnic one day last week. They made their cake precisely as Jessie D. makes hers, and called it

SURPRISE CAKE.—One cup of sugar and half a cup of butter beaten to a cream; two and a half cups of flour sifted twice; one egg thoroughly beaten; one cup of sweet milk, from which two tea-spoonfuls were taken to dissolve the soda and cream of tartar—one level spoonful of the first and two of the latter. A tea-spoonful of lemon extract flavored the cake. Vanilla would have been equally nice.

When the girls were ready to make their cake, they brought all their materials from the closet and refrigerator and placed them on the table. Some little housekeepers, and some older ones too, forget to do this, and so have to take a great many unnecessary steps when they are baking. They asked Aunt Gertrude to tell them about the oven, which was hot enough to bake the cake very quickly. A cold oven would have made their cake heavy.

They took some chocolate creams, for they thought nothing would taste better on the drive home. They made these after Laura T.'s receipt, which has never been known to fail.

CHOCOLATE-CREAMS.—The white of one egg well beaten with the same quantity of water; one pound of pulverized sugar. Mix well, flavor with vanilla to suit the taste, shape into balls, and dip each into melted chocolate.

Mother made their sandwiches. She cut the bread into thin, smooth, even slices, as only mother can, and trimmed off the crusts. Then she buttered the bread, and laid upon it some very finely chopped ham. It was well that she made a great many more sandwiches than the children thought they could possibly eat, for the fresh air and the fun gave them famous appetites, and

they were hungry enough to eat every crumb, and at supper, when they came home, to enjoy a little of the

EGG SALAD.—Take a half-dozen fresh eggs, boil them five minutes, chop them up into little bits, and serve them with a little salt, vinegar, and mustard.

Allie A. M. sends this receipt for

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one cup of warm water or buttermilk, one level table-spoonful of soda, half a tea-spoonful of salt, and half a cup of lard; stir together, and thicken with flour.

Who wants some

SUGAR COOKIES?—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one tea-spoonful of soda, and two of cream of tartar; flour enough to make a dough which can be rolled. Sprinkle them with sugar when you take them from the oven.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HIDDEN FISH.

1. Her ring is magnificent. 2. The psalm on that page is the one he read. 3. He took that route. 4. Perchance he may get it to-night. 5. This melted lead is very hot. 6. Sis had more than the rest. 7. Messrs. B. & Co. did not fail after all.

A GRASSHOPPER.

No. 2.

THREE VERY EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A tool. 2. Fuel. 3. A tree.
2.—1. A pet. 2. Part of the verb to be. 3. A beverage.
3.—1. A tree. 2. Devoured. 3. A small cask.

JAMES PICKENS.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first is never right, 'tis true,
But still may not be wrong.
My second is to exist. My third
An animal fleet and strong.

When HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE arrives,
My whole we quickly seek;
A feast so much do we enjoy,
We scarce can wait the week.

BROWNIE.

No. 4.

ANOTHER SQUARE.

1. Price paid. 2. To comply with. 3. A prophet.
4. A beginner.

No. 5.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. An American poet. 3. Aro
fragrant. 4. A kind of fish. 5. A letter.

BROWNIE.

No. 6.

ENIGMA.

First in rat, but not in mouse.
Second in car, but not in house.
Third in dog, but not in cat.
Fourth in boy, but not in girl.
Whole is a city in New York.

GEORGIE M. GILBERT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 247.

No. 1.—Robin Hood (Robin, hood, door, bin, Rob).
Fractions (eat, not, car, fact, station).
Canajoharie (can, Jo, hare, are, in, near,
no, John).

No. 2.— P I P E
I D E A
P E A S
E A S E

No. 3.— Homer.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Navajo, Walter Tribble, Helen W. Gardner, Crow Esq., M. F. and L. M. W., T. Chalmers Johnston, Jessie J. Smith, Anna Boytie and Minnet, Ernest Wolkwitz, Laura, MacE. M. G., Mabel Hallam, Oliver Twist, Eddie McGrew, Charlie Davis, Brownie, A Grasshopper, Jeanie D., Ellen Benson, Maggie Paul, John Peck, Jimmy Tarrence, G. S. J., E. F. Nicholas, Frank Merchant, Frances Fisher, Willie Gassaway, Bates Wyman, Dotty Adams, and Josie R. Bolton.

SUCCESSFUL WIGGLER.—The Postmistress would be glad to receive the address of E. E. Pennel, who has been successful in reproducing our artist's idea of Wiggle No. 37.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 251.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE STORY OF A RING.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," ETC.

V.

"I WAS sitting here," Effie began, in a dramatic tone, "thinking of the Livingstones, and" (with a glance at the portrait) "how like I was to my great-grandmother, when suddenly a voice seemed to whisper,

"*You must have a look at my Calman.*"

"I saw the keys in the basket near me. I seemed in a sort of dream," said Effie, half shutting her eyes and moving her head back and forth an instant, "and found myself drifting up to the Red Room. The first thing I knew I had opened the drawer, and held the 'Calman' in my hand; and then I seemed to be on my way to the kitchen, and strange Indian figures seemed all about me, and I called Selina, and then I went into the kitchen, and found her there, and the Indian figures seemed to tell me to dance about. I did so, and suddenly the ring moved off my finger, and vanished up through the ceiling."

I could never hope to describe the effect produced upon the company by Miss Effie's audacious recital, nor the expressions on the different faces.

Selina was looking at her cousin, fairly stupefied by what she heard. Several of the young people were trying to stifle their laughter, and one or two of the elders looked decidedly disgusted.



Effie waited for a murmur of applause and anxious, mysterious glances. From under her half-closed eyes she soon saw that the effect was entirely different from what she had anticipated.

"The plain English of all this, Effie Livingstone," said the Captain, in a harsh, angry voice, "is that, with your usual impertinence, you took Cousin Retta's keys, got the 'Calman,' and lost it somewhere in the kitchen. You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, and if I were your father, I'd—"

Miss Retta came forward, looking extremely pained.

"Stop talking nonsense, Euphemia," she said, a little sternly. "Who saw this performance? We must get at some rational account of it," added Miss Retta, looking about. "Selina, how was it?"

Effie's face was pale with mortified vanity and rage.

"I'm glad it's lost!" she cried, fairly sobbing from ill temper. "You're all as hateful and mean as you can be. Oh, go on, Selina; tell it, of course. They'll believe *you*, no doubt."

"Hold your saucy little tongue, Effie," said her cousin Alfred.

"Effie tells the truth," said Selina, hurriedly, "in saying she got the 'Calman,' and brought it down to the kitchen, and lost it there. Of course I don't know anything about the Indians she saw."

Captain Livingstone threw back his head, and laughed loudly.

"Ha! ha! ha! No, Selina, my child, I don't suppose you do. Come, Cousin Retta," he said, sobering down, "the first thing is to search the kitchen."

Effie had rushed away; no one knew whither. The whole company aided in the search for the "Calman" ring. In vain Selina repeated the story and enacted over and again the places they had occupied when Effie danced about with the ring on her finger. No careful search, no lifting of loose boards nor seeking into crevices, no thought of every event of the day, brought the "Calman" back.

As Effie had said, it was *gone*.

The Captain's practical mind suggested a detective, and for months a vigilant person tried to find the ring; but the result was disappointing in the extreme, and at last Miss Retta declared that she would hear no more on the subject.

"There has been too much folly about that ring, Selina," she said one summer evening, as they were strolling about the garden. "I am ashamed when I think of how much harm caring so much for it has produced. I feel that I can never see Effie Livingstone here again, and your cousin Alfred has lost valuable time and patience in searching for it. I have fretted a great deal, all to no purpose, and"—Miss Retta broke off, looking at Selina with a smile—"and you, you foolish child, have got your head full of superstitious nonsense because of it. Do you know, Selina, my dear, I think we'll go away somewhere next winter. Where would you like to go?"

Selina's eyes brightened. "To India," she answered.

"No, indeed," exclaimed Miss Retta, angrily; "we will never go there."

VI.

Where they decided at last to go was to the Pyrenees, away up in the mountains, where here and there little villages were settled down in the midst of the grandest mountains, the wildest, most verdant scenery.

Selina thrived in this happy country. She grew tall and strong, riding up and down over hill and dale, going on excursions to the quaint villages away up near the mountain's summit, talking to the peasantry, learning their dialects, and keeping an exhaustive diary—just the sort of life, any one would have said, to make her forget all about her "Indian craze," as Virgil Livingstone called it. Yet in all she did lurked some of the old fantastic idea that the "Calman" would be found some day, and that in

real truth it had been spirited away by Indian magic to the land of its birth.

She never talked about it. She had found out that Aunt Retta strongly disliked the subject. But one day, after they left the Pyrenees and were in Paris, she came home radiant. She had heard of an Indian store, away up in the outskirts of the town, where there was a collection of rare gems.

Miss Retta was out driving. The sunny apartment in the Champs Élysées which they inhabited was quite deserted. Selina had been out with a party of young friends, and had left them in order to satisfy herself about this shop, and now she rushed into her aunt's room, and fairly commanded Julie, the maid, to come out with her.

Julie was nothing loath, and very soon the two were out on the boulevards, and looking up a nice *fiacre* in which they could drive quickly to the diamond merchant's, two miles away. It was in a dingy street, a small shop, but as soon as Selina entered it her eyes brightened; for, besides the gems, there were all sorts of strange East Indian things—tall vases of bronze with delicate traceries, queer little carved ivory figures studded with turquoises and coral, idols and bamboo-work, all mingling form and color; and then at last the old man produced his case of stones, unset ones, a glistening array on a soft cotton-lined case.

Here were pale green chrysolites, paradots, deep red hyacinths, cat's-eyes, with their milky lights shifting as the old man moved them back and forth, bits of jasper and chalcedony, but no green sapphires, which the old man said were too rare for his purse. He told her the story of Polycrates, King of Samos, who, seven hundred years before Christ, possessed the most famous emerald the world has ever known, and thinking he needed discipline, threw it into the sea.

Selina started: had she not better give up *her* search for the "Calman"?

"Now a lady was here to-day," said the old man, slowly, "who had a very beautiful ring. There were four green sapphires, and in the centre a red hyacinth. It came from India long ago, and had been given her in America." Selina's eager, half-frightened look made him stop suddenly. "Is mademoiselle not well?" he asked, politely.

"Oh, tell me more of that ring!" exclaimed the young girl. "We lost one once. Was there anything engraved inside?"

The old merchant stroked his beard reflectively. "But, yes," he said, mildly; "it had three words inside."

"Ah!" cried Selina, "it is our 'Calman.'"

VII.

Miss Retta was considerably disturbed by Selina's long absence. Julie was with her, to be sure, but it grew dark, and the lamps were lighted before there was any sign of Selina's return; and then it was not the girl herself, but Julie, who came in, very much afraid of a scolding, but bringing a note from Selina, written in great agitation:

"DEAR AUNT,—The 'Calman' is found; but the strangest part of it all is that the lady who owns it declares it was given her by Cousin Mary Weston, who said *you gave it to her*. I will tell you when I see you how I happened to come to this lady's house. It is No. 553 Rue de Rivoli. She is hunting up Cousin Mary Weston's letter about it. Will you come over here?"

Miss Retta was provoked, disturbed, and yet amused. *She* give such a thing as the "Calman" to a feather-headed girl like Mary Weston? *Never!* Miss Retta, as she drove to the Rue de Rivoli, wished devoutly that she had never looked up the Red Room, or kept the ring like a mystery.

Selina was awaiting her in a bright parlor, where a plea-

sant American lady was hostess. The lady was certainly in possession of the "Calman," for Miss Retta no sooner entered than she beheld its familiar flash.

They all talked together for a moment. Selina had told this Mrs. Foster the story, and Miss Retta could only reiterate that she had never given it to Mary Weston, and its disappearance had caused the whole family the greatest annoyance.

"Well, what are we to do?" said Mrs. Foster, laughing.

"I'll tell you," said Selina. "Cable over to Cousin Mary."

"Excellent!" was Miss Retta's answer, and that evening the ocean carried the message:

"When did I give you my Oriental ring? Answer in full."

Selina was wakened early the next morning by the arrival of the answer, and her aunt's voice calling her to come into her room.

Miss Retta was holding a long paper in her hand, and fairly shaking with laughter.

"Selina," she said, "could you bear to have all your romance about the 'Calman' tumble down and be nothing at all?"

Selina only laughed, and put out her hand for the telegram.

"Mary Weston always put too many words in a telegram," remarked Miss Retta, as Selina read aloud:

"You put it in the birthday cake you sent me St. Valentine's Day, two years ago."

Selina stared stonily for a moment, and then she too began to laugh.

"Oh! oh! oh! Aunt Retta!" she cried. "I see it all now: Effie dropped it into the pan of cake, and Deborah cooked it, and you sent it to Mary Weston next day."

And back to her mind came the scene, the pastry-room with its table and the big pan of batter, and Effie whirling about with her hand held aloft.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Selina, when her merriment subsided.

"I'll tell you," said Miss Retta, decidedly. "I am going to request Mrs. Foster to keep it, provided no one again ever has any nonsense on the subject; and I am going to scold Mary Weston for forgetting to acknowledge her birthday box, and helping on this trouble; and one thing more, Selina—well, wait and see."

All of Miss Retta's decisions were carried out. What the last one was, however, Selina did not know until the June day on which they came back to Lennox.

The dear old house, as usual, looked a perfect home, but upstairs Selina found a startling change. The Red Room of old days was no more! Instead was a sunny sitting-room, furnished in pretty chintzes, gay and happy colors, with well-filled book-shelves, a nice work-stand, easy-chairs—everything for comfort and brightness.

"Now, my love," said Miss Retta, "the Red Room belongs to the past. You see how much people can do by indulging in foolish fancies, and not bringing common-sense to bear. If you had not felt the ring to be so mysterious, if Effie had not been so curious and then exaggerated so, if Mary Weston had been polite, if—well, it's no use," laughed Miss Retta. "I was the first foolish one, anyway."

Selina smiled. "No; Grandmamma Livingstone was the first," she said.

"So she was," returned Miss Retta. "Well, only one good thing has come of all the nonsense—Effie Livingstone, I hear, is greatly improved."

Which was true enough; yet Effie and Selina can never harmonize on the rare occasions when they meet. The least allusion to the "Calman" makes Effie uncomfortable and sullen, but as for Selina, she has ceased to think about it as a family treasure.

The old home at Lennox knows it only in the picture

opposite the fire. And the other day I saw Selina's own little girl looking at it wonderingly, and heard her mother tell her it was just a pretty ring which belonged years and years ago to one of her grandmamas.

THE END.

FALLING-STARS—METEORITES.

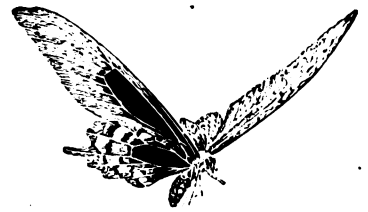
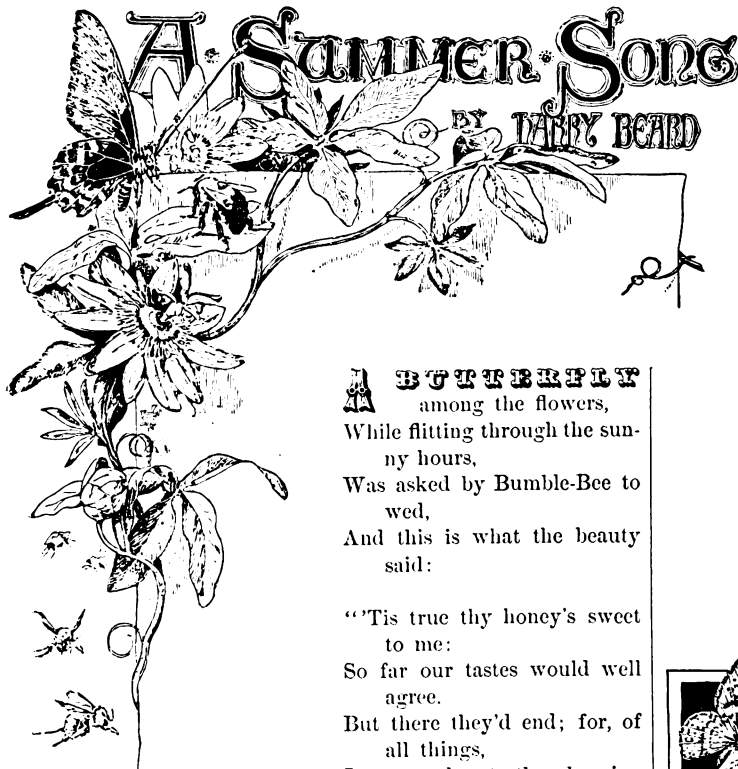
METEORITES are composed chiefly of iron and stone, and fall from the skies. When they appear in the daytime, they come like a thick cloud passing swiftly overhead, and usually explode with a loud report. They are seen very frequently at night all over the country, and shine like a falling-star. One of the largest ever seen in the United States appeared about twenty-four years ago, in the still summer evening, coming from the west. It was almost as bright as the moon. It passed swiftly over the heads of thousands of observers. People in their country houses in Westchester County, men, women, and children, ran out of doors to see the unusual visitor in the sky. Many were very much frightened. But the meteor passed on, harming no one, and seemed at last to burst and disappear over Long Island Sound.

Many interesting stories are told of the strange appearance and violent explosions of these meteors in the sky. Yet no one seems ever to have been harmed by them. At night, April 5, 1800, a bright object of great size—"as large," it was said, "as a house"—moved over our country, and seemed to rush forward with terrible swiftiness. It gave a light as brilliant as that of the sun. It disappeared in the northwest. A violent crash was heard that seemed to shake the earth, and the meteor buried itself in the ground. Where it fell, trees were broken down and burned, the earth torn up, the vegetation scorched as if with fire.

But the most brilliant display of meteors ever witnessed was on November 12-13, 1833, at night. Suddenly the whole heavens shone as if in flames, and countless balls of fire flashed for hours along the sky. It was a rain of fire. In all parts of our country, from Maine to Georgia, the people were awakened, and watched with wonder the falling-stars. Many fancied the earth was burning, and that they themselves would soon perish in the fiery furnace. The colored people in the Southern States, who were very ignorant, came out from their cabins, and often fell into wild convulsions of terror. They prayed, they shouted; they cried out, "The Day of Judgment has come!" The beautiful sight continued until morning. It has never appeared again. But meteors are always seen about the 12th of November, and every thirty-three years they come in great numbers. It would appear as if the earth at those periods passed through a cloud of them. None of them in 1833 fell upon the ground or did any harm. The meteors that come in November are called Leonids, because they seem to fall from the constellation Leo.

The stones that fall from the sky when the meteor explodes are black, brittle, and covered with a shining or dark glaze. Some of them are more than a hundred pounds in weight. They fall in all parts of the earth. The Chinese have recorded great numbers of them in their histories. Among the Greeks and Romans these black stones that fell from the skies were worshipped as if they were gods. One of them was called *the Mother of the Gods*. It was brought to Rome from the East, where it was said to have fallen from the skies in a cloud of fire. The ancient philosophers thought these black stones fell from the sun.

It is remarkable that these falling stones have never done any harm. They have usually fallen in the country or in the sea, or even far away upon some desert island. One may almost always see one or more meteors shooting over the sky on clear nights, and leaving behind a trail of light.



"With light abandon in mid air
I float through life without a care:
Dost think I'd change for life like thine
Such fluttering happiness as mine?"

A BUTTERFLY
among the flowers,
While flitting through the sun-
ny hours,
Was asked by Bumble-Bee to
wed,
And this is what the beauty
said:

"Tis true thy honey's sweet
to me:
So far our tastes would well
agree.
But there they'd end; for, of
all things,
I most detest thy buzzing
wings.

"They're stumpy, short; they're awkward, too,
And several sizes small for you.
Their everlasting busy noise
Disturbs my nervous equipoise.



"From flowers, roses, and the
clover,
With pollen dust all covered over,
And legs bedrabbled in the wax,
Thou gatherest up thy honey tax.



"With busy, endless, droning sound,
From field to hovel under-ground,
In direct line thou bringst thy spoil;
Thou hast no thought beyond thy toil.



After a cold and driving storm,
Sir Bee peeped from his house so warm:
A soiled and crumpled something lay
Half buried in the muddy clay.

"Poor winged worm! hadst taken me,
I could have saved and sheltered thee.
My honey's sweet; my house is dry."
Off buzzed Sir Bee with dewy eye.



"CAMP MELANCHOLY."

BY EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

I.

"IT'S altogether a very unlucky business!" said Allan.
"Been so from the start," grunted Joyce.

"First, a week's delay in getting off to camp; then when we did reach the place and settle down for fun, Allan's malaria. After that a most extraordinary lack of anything worth a shot. Next came—what came next, somebody?" pathetically asked Corry, breaking off his tale of woe.

"What came next?" said Stow, the third brother. "Why, the abominable weather came next, of course. Hope you don't forget that! Rain, rain, rain—drizzle, drizzle, drizzle. The woods soaking, the lake a tempest in a tea-pot; all of us hugging the fire to keep dry—until we were roasted."

"And now, last of all," interrupted Van, the least talkative and generally the most cheerful of "the four Pollaston boys" (as every one in their town called them)—"now comes this letter from father, telling us— But, there, we've got to go—that's all about it! We shall leave you, Ty, to meet Cousin Theodore and explain the reason of our running off without waiting for his arrival—and he our other guest! Looks nice, doesn't it?" Poor Van sighed, and whacked at a weed viciously with a joint of his fishing-rod.

The four Pollaston brothers were making complaint of their fate to a fifth member of their circle, who, I am glad to say, for the sake of variety, was no relation to them. Tybalt Mar, their intimate friend, stood leaning against a tree in front of them. His arms were folded, and his handsome face as cloudy as theirs. He had been invited by the four Pollastons to make one of their camping crowd. Good shot, capital fisherman, and, better than that, pleasant companion that he was, he had said "Yes."

Ty was anything except rich, and there was any quan-

tity of money in the Pollaston family. But that difference was never felt among these five lads. So they had, after the delay Corry spoke of, turned their backs on their home at B—when July came around. The railroad bore them northwest, northwest, almost out of civilization. A steamboat, and finally horses and a guide, had done the rest, landing the four on the wooded shores of Lake Michigan. A ruined hut stood there. It served them royally for a house. Plenty of groceries they brought, so starvation was not to be feared even when they failed to bring down so much as a rabbit. Stow's cooking was known and approved. Thus in spite of the really miserable weather which had overtaken them in their out-of-door life, in spite of Allan Pollaston's catching an ague that kept him in a bad plight for nearly a week, in spite of the remarkable scarcity of game in the region, why, the five boys had enjoyed their camp a good deal more than they knew, and now expected a cousin to join them in it.

Alas! a letter from Mr. Pollaston summoned the brothers back to meet their father at a village a day's journey from their forest retreat. A matter of business, he said, required their presence there with him—they could return to their camp and their friend Ty, and finish out the season if they liked. But come for a few days they must.

So they were going. Ty must be left to welcome Theodore. At least a week out of the precious vacation must be lost to four of the party. A long journey must be made—all for that mysterious cause "business." There was no help for it. No wonder that Allan and Corry and Van and Stow were out of sorts; and declaring that that new calamity caused their cup to overflow, named the scene of their retreat Camp Melancholy.

"Camp Melancholy!" repeated Joyce, and the party groaned in approval.

"Oh, I'll get along all right," said Tybalt, soon, with an effort. "You four will be away only about three days. Perhaps your cousin Theodore may turn up tomorrow. Then I will be alone for a less time. It's too bad to have such a break in our scheme; but then, as you all have said, we've been unlucky about health and sport and the weather so far. Possibly luck will change with this last stroke, and after you get back."

"Corry, Corry," called Stow, interrupting the general bewailing; "isn't the time for fasting nearly over? I'm next thing to famished, as it were, so to speak. Surely that soup is done."

"Oh, gracious! My dear pot, my beloved kettle, have I forgot thee?" exclaimed Corry, leaping up from the moss and hurrying across to the fire. "It's all right," he declared, after examining the contents of his charges. "Come, fly about, every one. Plates! spoons! forks! Dinner is to be served, gentlemen."

They all seated themselves about the rough table which they had built, and fell to with a will. Corry's stew, the coffee, and some canned eatables were pronounced excellent. The eating and planning were at their height.

All at once Allan saw Ty drop his knife. Not only did he drop his knife, but he leaned forward across the table, staring out through the opening, and down to the shore of the lake. In a second of time he had sprung up, dinner and apparently everything else gone out of an excited head. He stood staring still through the open door.

"Look! look there!" he exclaimed to the other four. They quitted their seats. With eager questions each followed his directions. The startling cause of his actions was readily seen by them in a moment.

"A grizzly!" whispered Stow, in his excitement, with a stare and a drawing-in of his breath.

The reader must know that Camp Melancholy fronted a kind of cove in the lake shore. There were shallows and ridges in the lake bottom just there, and in one instance the rock and soil had conspired and formed an actual if extremely narrow promontory, a couple of yards broad for all its length. It ran out some distance into the water. The camping party had found it a spot excellent for fishing. Upon the extreme point of this cape Tybalt's chance glance had discovered, sitting in an upright position, coolly performing some ursine toilet ceremonies, a bear—a very large bear. In the hot haze the beast looked monstrous. A stout snag which had drifted toward the point long before, and remained fast where it struck the soil, brought out this unconscious stranger's shape and size by comparison.

"Quick! All down to the end of the raft!" said Van.

"Yes, best place for a shot! Hurrah for luck."

"No, don't do it! He'll see you."

In spite of which cautions the whole five in a half-moment longer found themselves running in a crouching fashion that an Apache might have approved. Ty and Allan led. Each availed himself of any shrubs or boulders that came handy as screens to their stalking. The small raft which, according to their guide's account, a former hunting party had made, used, and left for future campers' fire-wood, was tethered to the end of a rough dock. Out over this the boys darted lightly. The bear had kept his back to them, or he certainly would have perceived foes. As the two best shots, Ty and Stow levelled—Stow with the aid of Corry's shoulder. Bruin swung round in full profile. Then his great head veered directly about. One glance must have satisfied him.



He dropped on all fours. Bang went the guns. Away went the bear. What witchcraft attacked the bullets of our young Nimrods? Certainly neither marksman hit. The great creature, in place of turning square about, and then retracing his shuffling steps over the little point to the mainland, did a curious thing. He splashed into the water at his left, so that the ridge of rock was between him and the lads. They saw him strike straight out for the most distant sea-shore which was visible a quarter of a mile further beyond.

"At him again! Don't stir from here," called Allan. "You can spot him yet."

"We've one chance left!" cried Stow. "Hurry up with that gun."

"No use running," exclaimed Corry. "This is our best hold. How *could* you both miss him?"

The bear's bulky body could be distinguished making famous headway north. He was behaving precisely like a runaway dog, who knows of "a short-cut home," and makes all he can of it. Neither of the second shots from Ty's or Stow's muzzles did its duty. Then the group realized that the grandest prize of the forest—a prize grown more and more rare, and one which would have made amends for all ill fortune past or to come—had escaped them. Shameful climax!

But their mortification was pushed aside for the moment. Each one of the five had observed a mysterious fact concerning the big bear, now almost out of sight.

"What in the world could the thing have been?" asked Ty.

"It looked exactly like some sort of a collar," replied Van. They were walking dispiritedly up to the cabin.

"A collar! But where could he have come by it? It's not likely he's escaped from a menagerie."

"Part of some trap he has got the best of."

"It couldn't have been a real collar!"

"I saw something, for my part," said Ty, stoutly, "that looked like brass nails glittering on a collar in the sun. Yes, I should say that that bear wore a small leather arrangement with brass nails on it."

They discussed the little puzzle of the bear's curious ornament all the rest of the day; that is, when they were not groaning over his successful flight.

II.

The next morning at dawn the four Pollaston boys set out to join their father, promising again to return to Tybalt within as few days as affairs would let them.

Ty hung about the cabin all the morning. He cleaned up the fire-arms, did his own cooking—not at all unpalatably—and waited for something to turn up, which did not turn up; nor did Theodore Traft. He felt quite as lonely as he had expected. It set him to wishing.

What had our friend to wish as he sat so seriously under the cedar? Much. He wished that he too could end up the summer by going away to a big military academy, as his four friends expected to do. He wished that he were growing up a rich fellow, or the son of a rich father, as was Allan or Van; instead of which our Tybalt was dependent upon the bounty of a by no means wealthy uncle, who had taken care of the boy simply because there was no other to do that act of charity. Ty's father had died before Ty was in his teens. Mr. Mar had had a partner in his business. A time came to the firm when it was absolutely necessary for them to raise a large sum of money in hard cash. Mr. Mar succeeded in getting it together, and his partner succeeded in quietly taking every penny of it into his own hands, and decamping westward or northward or perhaps to Europe with it, certainly to some place which had hid him very securely. The traitor had not been heard of again. Ruined Mr. Mar was broken down by his loss and failure. Within a month after Mr. Ware's flight he died.

Thus Tybalt Mar, who would otherwise have been a rich fellow, with an expensive school and college life as his portion, found himself in the state he was. He would have to carve his own way in the world, and begin the carving soon. This afternoon, alone in the forest, with no one to speak to, fate seemed to Ty unusually cruel. If that man Ware had only been an honest man! He, he had been the root of all Ty's altered lot.

Ha! A crashing in the brush just behind the cabin startled Ty violently, so buried in thought had our hero been. The thick rhododendrons and young saplings were being trampled aside by some heavy animal. Tybalt leaped up from his sitting posture. As he caught up a gun lying at hand, the brush parted with a louder crackling. Then appeared to the boy's eyes, wide open with surprise and alarm, a monstrous black bear, that on perceiving him immediately rose upon its hind-legs. Thus it stood, balanced, waving its fore-paws to and fro, and uttering a low snarl, apparently more in consternation than in anger.

And about the black bear's neck—Ty recognized it as if in a flash—was a collar, a thick leather collar, with glittering brass studs.

The mysterious animal that had escaped Ty's weapon yesterday had blundered directly into giving the humbled young hunter a wonderful chance to retrieve his disgrace.

Ty levelled his piece, his hands shaking so that he could scarcely attempt an aim. His finger was on the trigger. A tenth part of a second would have heard the rifle's report.

A man, tall, bearded, dressed in uncouth clothing, a gun slung at his back, leaped out of the shrubbery just behind the wonderful quadruped.

"Stop! don't shoot!" he called, holding up his hand. With the other he struck the bear on the neck. The great beast dropped at once upon all fours. Ty's gun nearly fell from his grasp.

"Who are you?" he contrived to ask. The wind had risen in the trees above, and carried his young voice toward the young man clearly.

"I own that bear!" called back the new-comer. "He is mine! He is tame!"

"Tame? Yours?"

"Yes, tame as a kitten. I tamed him myself. Who are you, boy, that you are so quick with your gun?" The tall man advanced toward Ty with a less startling air.

"My name is Tybalt Mar," responded Ty. He began to recover from the excitement caused by the sudden advent of these two visitors into camp. Only some one of the trappers of the region out to look after his traps—one who had a fancy for queer pets. That was all.

If he had been familiar with the face of the man before him, Ty would have been astonished at the change that had come over it when he said these words: "My name is Tybalt Mar."

As it was, he heard the trapper give a low exclamation. He saw his eyes run over his own face with a piercing look. "Ty—Ty-balt Mar?" the other repeated. "And was your father Tybalt Mar, a merchant of X—?" He named Ty's birth-place.

"Yes," answered Ty. "He died a good many years ago. I was his only child."

"It is amazing! it is most wonderful!" exclaimed the strange trapper, as if to himself, and in the greatest astonishment. "My lad, my lad, I want you to answer several questions right straight off. My name is Dan Smith. Never mind General Washington there. Lie still, sir," Dan Smith said, sharply, to General Washington, who on hearing his name spoken had risen promptly, and shuffled a few steps forward as if to be introduced. "It will seem a queer thing to you, but I believe I have been in need of meeting you for a long time, young man. I would have met you surely, depend upon that, if I had reckoned you a living lad."

"I?—dead?" exclaimed Ty, in bewilderment. "Where did you ever hear of me? Some mistake."

"You shall know everything after I have got done talking to you," said the tall trapper. "Sit down here on the grass. General, keep back, I tell you," he observed to his four-footed friend. "You scamp, by your running away yesterday, and making me spend most of the time since in scouring the woods for you, why, you may have done this young gentleman here a mighty big sort of a service. That's how you came to see him down on those rocks," he added, turning once more to Ty. "He slips away sometimes, and it is a miracle he has not been killed before this by men who don't know him, and what a good old beast he is. No, you may come here, General, and lie down by us," which General Washington did, thankfully.

"Some years ago," said Dan Smith, "when I first took to living in the woods, a man came tramping up to my door one morning, and asked for something to eat. He looked half starved, his clothes were muddy, he was lame and tired, and I guess he had been living in the woods for a week or two. He said his name was Thompson. He told me that he would be glad if I would take him in and teach him what I knew about hunting and trapping. Said he was tired of living in towns and cities, and wanted to be out in the forest a while. Odd story, isn't it?" and Dan Smith smiled. His accent was rough, but he spoke like a man of some education.

"Very odd," replied Ty. "Go on. You took him?"

"I did that," responded the woodsman. "He gave me a handsome sum of money when I consented. Well, this Thompson, my lad, staid with me, off and on, all of six years, I guess. Yes, full that. He built a cabin close by mine over yonder," and the speaker pointed to that edge of the distant shore for which General Washington had struck out on the preceding day, "and as far as I know that man never went near a settlement until his death. That took place by reason of a cold very unexpectedly one spring. And after he was dead I opened a package of papers he'd left expressly telling me to examine them. Then I found out who he had been all the time. He hadn't been John Thompson. No, sir."

Ty's young heart was thumping like a steam-pump; he could not tell why.

"In that package were papers, and along with them, my boy, a pretty big amount of money in gold and notes. The man's real name was Benjamin Ware."

"Benjamin Ware!" cried Ty. "Why, that was the fellow who ruined my father, and—"

"Just so," continued Dan Smith. "You see, after this Ware had got away, he was afraid of being tracked by settling himself where folks might find him out. So he made up his mind to turn backwoodsman. Here, with the money for which he had not a bit of use, living as he did, he finished up his life. He charged me in the letter he wrote to find out your father, tell him that he died begging to be forgiven for the evil turn he had done him, and gained nothing by, and restore the money to him. He'd not had a chance to spend much of it. Well, boy, I wrote; I advertised; I inquired; I did everything I could to get on the track of your father. At last I received what I took to be the very truest news. According to it, your father had died in another town, leaving no family of his own, and with only some distant kin of his to receive that money Benjamin Ware had trusted to me."

"Yes," said Ty. "You see, poor father couldn't hold his head up after he failed, and soon after we moved to the town where he lies buried."

"And you?" inquired Dan Smith.

"I was looked after by father's half-brother. He hasn't our name, and he lives in Ohio."

"So!" exclaimed the trapper. "That accounts for it. At any rate I had to give up hunting for any of his rela-

tions too. I never dreamed of his having a son, my boy. I put the money in the bank, down in Springfield, and there's all of fourteen or fifteen thousand dollars there this minute. Young Tybalt Mar, that belongs to you, and will come to your hands when you're of age. Isn't it a wonderful stroke of luck for me and you, youngster, that I met you?"

It would be hard to describe the exciting scene that followed. Dan Smith asked and answered many hundred questions before the sun had sunk low in the west. Everything satisfied him that the simple, straightforward story which Ty gave him in detail was entirely true, and that the heir of the small fortune the honest fellow had guarded all these years so jealously was at last met here in the Michigan woods which had sheltered the treacherous partner of Mr. Mar. Toward sundown Dan Smith left Camp Melancholy, agreeing to bring over papers and bank-book and what not the next morning. He did so.

"What will—what *will* Allan and Van and Corry and Stow say?" Ty asked himself the question all night. He did not sleep. How changed were all his fortunes! Yesterday he thought himself a poor lad, dependent on a not very willing kinsman for bread; to-day he was Tybalt Mar, with money enough to be free to complete his education when and how he chose, and to put himself on his legs in the world for life's journey.

Dan Smith appeared promptly next morning. With him and his accounts and papers came another friend. Before the work of looking over and explaining was through, Theodore Traft, the Pollastons' cousin, arrived with his guns and his guide. The unexpected discovery was explained to Theodore, and being a lawyer, he was able to be of great use in arranging matters.

"It's a regular romance, Ty," he said again and again; "only in most romances there are not such honest actors as Dan Smith."

"And the day before your cousins went they advised me to 'scare up an adventure' of some kind," laughed Ty. "I could never have imagined such a one as this, nor they either."

Their surprise and delight was enjoyed to the full next morning. The Pollaston brothers came trooping in about noon, bringing Mr. Pollaston himself with them to finish up the camping time.

During the extraordinary feast that Corry with his pots and kettles managed to spread, and their cheers over Ty's inheritance, which meant coming years of school and college that he would enjoy with them, the title they had given their camp struck each of them as a very funny mistake. With its new christening as "Camp Surprise" the curtain falls.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I HAVE no doubt that the boys and girls who read YOUNG PEOPLE are fond of fairy tales. Many of them have read the beautiful wonder stories which Hans Andersen wrote for children all over the world—stories which came from his loving heart, and find their way straight to ours.

Look at his quaint and homely but kind face, as the artist has drawn it, and then listen while I tell you about his life. Wherever he went, children clustered around him, eagerly attending to his bright and happy talk. He loved them all, and in return they gave him their love.

It was on April 2, 1805, that Andersen was born, at Odense, in Denmark. His parents were very poor, but very good, and a baby might have found a far worse home than the tiny room which was to Hans a dear warmly lined nest. It was crowded enough with the great bedstead, the table, the dresser filled with shining pots and pans, and the bench by which Hans's father made or mend-



"THE CHILDREN'S STORY-TELLER."

ed shoes all day, while his mother did the house-work. But there was plenty of room in it for a great deal of fun and enjoyment.

The mother had pasted pictures over the walls until wherever the baby looked he saw a story. The father had a shelf full of books and songs, for though untaught, he had a poet's heart. There was another pleasure, and that was a garden on the roof, to which Hans climbed by a ladder when his limbs grew strong, and there for hours he would play among the budding plants.

Always in May, when the woods were lovely, the parents would go together to bring home green branches, with which they decked their home. And on Sunday afternoons little Hans and his father used often to spend hours in the forest strolling about or listening to the birds.

A very bright, cheery life the little boy lived in his earliest years. Everybody petted him. His mother sent him to school to learn his A, B, C, but made the teacher promise never to punish him. He was very gentle, and fond of dreaming in the sunny yard, under a tent made by placing his mother's apron over two currant bushes. Sometimes he played for hours with dolls, which he loved to dress.

Gentle as he was, he was fearless too. During the harvest his mother sometimes went to the fields to glean after the reapers. One day she and her friends were gleaning in the field of a very cross man, of whom everybody was afraid. A cry was raised that this wretch was coming. Sure enough, on he strode, flourishing a great whip, and calling the poor people names. They all ran away, and little Hans, not so strong as the rest, presently lost his wooden shoes, and found that the fierce bailiff was almost upon him.

He turned round, looked with his blue baby eyes right

into the angry face, and said, "How dare you strike me when God can see it!"

The harsh man stopped at once, lowered his whip, and patting the rosy cheeks, gave the brave child some coins from his pocket. It was an unheard-of thing, and Hans's mother exclaimed, "Truly, a strange boy is my Hans; nobody can resist him."

By-and-by the merry, easy-going years came to an end. The father died, the mother married again, and there was talk of apprenticing the lad to a tailor.

This did not delight Hans. His ambition was to be an actor or a great singer; and no wonder, for he had a clear high soprano voice of such sweetness that a throng gathered to hear him whenever he sang, and he had a talent for mimicry, and could invent plays of his own, in which he made his dolls and toys take the part of the several characters.

Andersen was only fourteen years old when, imploring his mother's consent to let him go and try his fortunes in the great world, he set off for Copenhagen. He had only a very little money, and his clothing was tied up in a small bundle. The neighbors told his mother that she would never see him again, and that it was dreadful to let a boy so young and so full of silly fancies go so far by himself.

One wise old woman, however, said: "Let him go. He will become a great man, and in his honor Odense will one day be illuminated."

At the city gates his mother and his grandmother kissed him and bade him good-by, and he was presently well on his way. By one rude conveyance or another he reached Copenhagen.

The first thing he did, when fairly away from home, was to kneel on the ground behind a shed and ask God's blessing.

Arrived at the capital, he soon found friends who were interested in him on account of his voice. A celebrated composer took him into his house, and gave him lessons. After a while, alas! the voice broke and lost its sweetness, and it seemed a great calamity. But what looked like misfortune was in reality an advantage, for it resulted in Andersen's being sent, for the first time in his life, to a good school.

Here, though often pained by boys who did not understand him, and by the curtness of the masters, Hans distinguished himself by diligence and by progress. A lad of nearly seventeen, thin and awkward, he was obliged at first to enter classes with little fellows; but he did not mind this, for he wanted to learn and to please his kind patron, Councillor Collin, of Copenhagen. He had to work hard, for, although he had written verses, he knew nothing of grammar, geography, or spelling, let alone Latin, which was one of his new tasks.

When a very little fellow an old washer-woman had told Hans that the Empire of China was directly under his feet. Sometimes he would go and sing as loud as he could, hoping that a Prince of China, hearing him, would dig himself up, and bring him a fortune. Years after, when declaiming or reading his beautiful stories to delighted audiences, he said that he would find himself watching for the Prince to pop up through the floor.

Well, the boy became a poet, and wrote novels, and finally began to write stories for children. His works are published in ten volumes, and many of them are filled with the sweetest, daintiest, and purest stories in the catalogue of children's literature. *The Snow Queen*, *The Ugly Duckling*, *The Tin Soldier*, *The Fir-Tree*, *The Darning-Needle*, and *The Little Girl with Matches* are among the favorites.

When his first works appeared they met with some sharp criticism. In company one day a learned divine was calling attention to words which were repeated in one of his stories, when a child of six, pointing with her dimpled

finger, said, "Sir, there is still a little word about which you have not scolded," and the little word was "and." It is to be hoped the good man was ashamed of himself.

The children adored Andersen, not in Denmark only, but, as his stories were translated, all over Europe. Little royal children made him welcome to their nurseries, and peasant children trooped after him on the roads. There was not a house in Denmark, from the palace to that of the poorest artisan, where a plate was not ready for Hans Andersen at any moment.

You may imagine that he was a charming guest. He was always ready to tell one of his beautiful stories. He would ask for a scissors and a piece of paper, and cut out the most marvellous things—fairy trees, houses, and castles. Nobody could arrange flowers as he could. He belonged to everybody, and in every house there was a corner which was his.

On his seventieth birthday the nation paid him a tribute of honor. The little town of Odense was crowded with visitors. A copy of his works in thirty-two languages was presented to him. Money was contributed to erect his statue, and to found a home for poor children in his name. It was a very happy day for the silver-haired old man, in whom the child-heart still beat.

Four months later, in the flush of August's beauty, he passed away from earth. The day of his funeral every shop in Copenhagen was shut, and the whole town put on mourning. One of the most touching incidents was that told by a by-stander, who saw a poor woman lingering in the church after the coffin had been carried out.

"I must find a leaf," she said, "to take to my little crippled boy at home."

Then she told how kind the poet had been to her son, sitting by his bedside, and telling him stories. She went home comforted by the gift of a rose.

There is no danger that the pious, simple-hearted Andersen will ever be forgotten while children live to keep his memory green.



"LEFT BEHIND,"*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT SURPRISE.

IT was a tired party who landed in New York quite early that evening, some going to Mrs. Green's, and two to the hotel; but they were quite as happy as they were weary, and had had such a day of enjoyment as they had never even dreamed of before, all of which had grown out of the simple act of befriending a homeless boy.

If Mrs. Green had been able to understand what five children were saying to her all at once, she would have had a very clear idea of that day of pleasure; but as it was, when each was eager to tell the story, and all spoke together, she had only a general idea, until she was alone with Nelly.

After the attempt to enlighten her as to where they had been, and what they had seen, the conversation turned upon the surprise which Mr. Weston said he had for Ben and Johnny, and many were the speculations as to what it might be.

Mopsey was very certain that he had purchased one of the largest theatres in the city, and was to present it to them in due form; and so positive did he become as to the correctness of his idea that he would persist in talking about what they would do, after the two boys were installed there, to the exclusion of everything else. He even awakened them after they had gone to sleep that night in order to make them promise that they would let him direct the entertainments in case he was right regarding the gift of a theatre.

Of course the two most interested were in a high state of excitement as to the gift, although they did not try to guess what it might be. It was a difficult matter for them to go to sleep after they went to bed, so anxious were they to know what good fortune was to be theirs, and after Mopsey had awakened them they remained in anything but a sleepy condition for several hours.

But the morning came at last, as all mornings do come, and they were the first ones up and dressed, although they spent a great deal of time on their toilet.

Mopsey proposed that the others escort the two fortunate ones to the hotel, in order that they might learn what this great surprise was as soon as possible; but Dickey insisted that Ben and Johnny go alone, since Mr. Weston had not said anything about their bringing any friends with them.

It did seem to these two boys, after their companions had gone to work, that the hands of the clock would never point to nine. They had walked slowly from their boarding-house to the hotel, hoping to pass away the time by looking in the shop windows, and yet, walking as slowly as they did, they were on the sidewalk opposite the hotel as early as eight o'clock.

Since they could not content themselves anywhere else, they remained there until it should be time for them to call, speculating as to the good fortune that was to be theirs, and wishing the minutes would pass more quickly.

The clock was just striking the hour of nine when they entered the office of the hotel, and found Mr. Weston and Paul evidently awaiting their arrival.

Whatever the surprise was that Mr. Weston had in store for them, it was not in the hotel that they were to receive it, for as soon as they entered, Paul and his father started toward them, leading the way out into the street at once.

It was quite evident that Paul did not intend to allow himself to run any risk of betraying the secret, for he walked on ahead with his father, glancing over his shoulder every few moments at the puzzled-looking boys behind.

Through Twenty-third Street to Sixth Avenue Mr. Weston led the way, and after they had gone down the avenue some distance he entered a neat-looking little periodical and stationery store, nodding familiarly to the proprietor, as if he were a regular visitor there.

Now more than ever were the two boys perplexed, and they had just come to the conclusion that Paul's father was going to buy them something as a present, when the proprietor said,

"All the money which has been taken this morning is in the drawer, and unless there is something more you want to say to me, I will go, as I made an engagement down-town for ten o'clock."

"I don't think there is anything more to be said," replied Mr. Weston. "Of course you will come in whenever you are passing this way to see how matters are going?"

"Oh yes"—and the man started toward the door—"I'll see that everything goes on smoothly, although I have no doubt but that the new proprietors will get along all right. The goods are all marked at the selling price, and there can hardly be any mistake made."

Then the man went out, and they were left alone in the store, which, to say the least, seemed a very strange proceeding to Ben and Johnny.

"Well, boys, what do you think of the store?" asked Mr. Weston; and as they hardly knew what reply to make, he added, "I hope you will like it, for I think you can make considerable money here."

"We make money here?" asked Ben, in surprise.

"Yes, for it all belongs to you. I bought the stock in your name, with myself as trustee, since minors can't hold property, and the rent is paid for one year. You must be careful to keep the stock well up with good, seasonable articles, and if you work hard, there is no reason why you should not have a good-sized bank account by the end of the year."

The boys looked at each other, and then at Mr. Weston, but appeared unable to understand what he meant. It did not seem possible that all those goods were theirs, and they were quite sure that they had misunderstood what he said, or that he was not speaking to them.

"All of these goods are yours—Paul's present to you for your kindness to him. I guess you will understand it after a while, and we will come back presently, after you feel perfectly sure about the proprietorship."

Then Paul and his father went out, leaving the two owners to stand looking at each other as if they were uncertain who they were. It was some moments before they spoke after they were alone, and Johnny went near the door, and stood on his head, in a grave, business-like manner, until his face was as red as a boiled beet.

After this feat had been accomplished, he appeared to feel considerably relieved, and he said, as he went close up to Ben, "Do you s'pose he meant jest what he said?"

"He must have meant it," replied Ben, but the look on his face told that even then he was uncertain about it.

Then the boys began to examine their stock, finding beautiful things such as they had admired from outside shop windows, but never believed they should really own.

When Paul came in alone, half an hour later, for he was too eager to know what his friends thought of their store to be able to wait any longer, he found the newly made proprietors in a state of delight bordering almost on frenzy. They shook him by the hands, hugged him, and once Johnny looked as if he would have kissed him had it not been that he was a little ashamed to do so, while they kept asking him over and over again if he was quite sure that his father had really given them that entire stock of goods, all for their very own.

Paul told them that on the first night that he was found, and after the story of what the two had done for his son was told, his father had spoken of doing some such thing. When he added that the money had been paid over that very morning in his presence, they became fully assured of their good fortune.

Johnny, by Ben's direction, started down-town to inform their friends of their magnificent gift, and to invite them all up to look the property over, which invitation, it is almost unnecessary to say, was accepted at once.

During the greater portion of that day the store was filled with such a crowd of newsboys and boot-blacks as was never seen in that vicinity before, and the other merchants looked out in alarm, as if they feared that a riot was in progress.

Dickey was almost as delighted as the proprietors themselves at this magnificent gift; but Mopsey did not hesitate to say that from what he had seen of Mr. Weston he fully expected that he would have been so sensible as to have purchased a theatre. The author also intimated that some folks did not recognize genius when they saw it, or he would have been both proprietor and manager of a theatre, in the place of Ben and Johnny being installed behind the counter of a periodical depot.

Paul had his father's permission to remain at the store all day, for he was as much delighted with it as were the new owners, and he received quite as much attention from the visitors as the goods did, all seeming to think him a curiosity, and all equally certain that they would have cared for him as willingly as Ben and Johnny did, had he met them first.

It was quite late in the afternoon when Mr. Weston returned to see how the new merchants were getting along, and both of them tried to express their thanks for what he had done for them; but it was a difficult matter to find words to convey all they felt.

"Don't try to thank me, my lads; but live so that you will merit the confidence I now have in you. The money which I have paid out to buy these goods is but a small part of what I would have been willing to give to have known that I should find my son alive and well. From what he has told me of you I believe that you deserve this start in life, and if you continue as honest and kindly hearted as I now think you are, you will repay me for this in almost as great a proportion as you already have."

After Mr. Weston had explained to them several details of business which it was necessary they should know, he went back to the hotel, taking Paul with him, but promising that he should come back and help them keep store all the next day, since it would be the last he would spend in New York for some time.

Neither of the boys thought of going home for anything to eat until it should be time for them to close the store, and in the evening Mrs. Green and Nelly called upon them to say that they had purposely delayed dinner until they could be there, when it would be made a sort of thanksgiving meal.

As a matter of course they were as much delighted with the store as any of the other visitors had been, and Mrs. Green took advantage of the occasion to point out to Mopsey what the difference might have been if he had refused to help a companion in distress, as he apparently had been on the point of doing when he was appealed to for his share of the money with which to buy the ticket.

Since there was quite a trade in daily papers at the new store, and it would be inconvenient for the two boys to buy and deliver their papers, and attend to the store at the same time, they made an arrangement with Dickey, whereby he should become a partner to the extent of one-third of the profits. Dickey became at once quite as happy as they were—a condition which it is scarcely possible to describe by words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAX RANDER AND THE CIRCUS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

SOON after our American speech-making, that I told you about last autumn, father and mother decided to move, bag and baggage, to London.

The day after our arrival was Thad's birthday, and among the presents he received was a bright gold sovereign, which father said he might spend as he pleased.

"Now, Thad," I observed, with my kindest "elder-brotherly" air, "remember this is your day, and that you can do or buy just what you like."

For an instant or two he made no reply. Then he suddenly broke out,

"Say, Max, this is Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said Thad, drawing a long breath as he handed me his sovereign, "I want you to take me to the Oxford Circus. See, the omnibus that's just stopped over there goes right by it, and we'll be in time for the matinée."

"Oh, what a cherub of a brother!" was my inward thought, as, seizing the money in one hand and Thad in the other, I started for the 'bus.

We managed to reach it before it moved on, and scrambled to the seats on the roof in high glee. Suddenly it occurred to me that I had not yet inquired whether we were going in the proper direction.

"How stupid!" I reflected, as I shouted to the conductor to tell me how far it was to Oxford Circus.

"Hit's the hother way," he replied, with a grin, as he caught me by the left leg, which I was about to plant on vacancy in my eagerness to descend.

He helped Thad down, and then we both stood impatiently on the sidewalk, waiting for another 'bus, going the other way, with "Oxford Circus" on it to come along. At last we saw one, and got in.

And now Thad began to grow anxious lest we should be late for the performance, which it was natural to suppose would commence at two. It was ten minutes past that hour when we heard the cry, "Hoxford Circus!"

"Where is it?" I ventured to ask as we got down.

"Why, 'ere," replied the conductor.

"Well, I don't see anything that looks like a circus building or tent either; do you, Thad?"

"No; but p'raps it's down one of these streets a little way," he suggested. "S'pose you ask somebody, Max."

Accordingly I stepped in front of an old gentleman who was walking rather slowly, and said, "If you please, sir, will you tell me where the Oxford Circus is?"

"Just down this street, half a square from here, my son," he answered, pleasantly.

I thanked him, hurried Thad along, and when we reached the sort of square, looked carefully at every building within sight, but not a flaming circus poster nor even a plain circus sign could I see.

"Oh, hurry, Max!" pleaded Thad.

Spurred on to renewed exertions by this entreaty, I stopped a passer-by and repeated my query.

"Here it is," was the reply; and the man waved his hand carelessly in the direction of the building in front of which we had been standing, and passed on.

I glanced up, and saw on the corner of what I had taken for a simple retail store, the words, "Oxford Circus."

"A piece of stupidity in me," I reflected, as we entered the shop. "Of course I mustn't expect to find everything exactly the same as it is in America." And walking up to one of the counters, I threw down the sovereign and asked for two tickets.

"Two what?" exclaimed the clerk, who was a short young man with a long head.

"Why, two circus tickets," I returned, in a louder tone.

"How much are they?"

"Circus tickets?" repeated the man, staring at me as if

I were one of the genie in the *Arabian Nights* just coming out of the bottle. "What circus?"

"Why, Oxford Circus, of course." And I tried to look as offended as possible at the disrespectful manner in which I felt my eleven years were being treated.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!" he suddenly burst forth. "This is a Mourning-Goods shop. 'Jackson's Emporium of Mourning Goods' at your service, young man. Have you lost any friends recently? If so, we'll fit you out; only we mostly deal with ladies;" and then began stuffing his handkerchief down his throat to stop another fit of mirth, while he slapped himself on one knee, then on the other, as if to drive the joke into each side of his body.

Naturally I became very indignant, while Thad, foreseeing that he was likely to miss the performance entirely, began to cry. I picked up the sovereign and gave it back to him, and was about to lead the way out of the store through millions of yards of black crape, bombazine, and all the habiliments of woe that ladies wear, when the clerk recovered breath enough to explain that Oxford Circus meant simply the circle formed by the junction of Oxford with one or two other streets, and that— But I did not wait to hear any more.

"I might just as well be in Germany or France," I reflected, bitterly, as we rode back to the hotel, "if I can't understand my own language."

Father thought the affair almost as good a joke as my adventure in Berlin, but he promised to take us to a real show and let Thad keep the sovereign too.

A COUNTRY BOY'S LATHE.

BY B. T. NEWMAN.

NOW, when Nature is calling every one out-of-doors, it seems too bad to keep in the house for any sort of work. This feeling came over me once so strongly when I was a boy that I constructed a temporary lathe out under the trees, where all summer it proved a source of great amusement (Fig. 1). It stood near the house, where there were two trees, whose trunks measured about six inches in diameter, and were every way suited to my purpose.

Three feet from the ground I bored a horizontal hole in a line with the trees through the trunks of both, and two maple pins (after being sharpened to a point to serve as centres) were driven in. A piece of pine, sawed the required length, and having one end cut to a cylindrical shape, was placed between the pins, and they were driven in so as to catch the block. A sapling growing a few feet away was trimmed, the top bent over, and

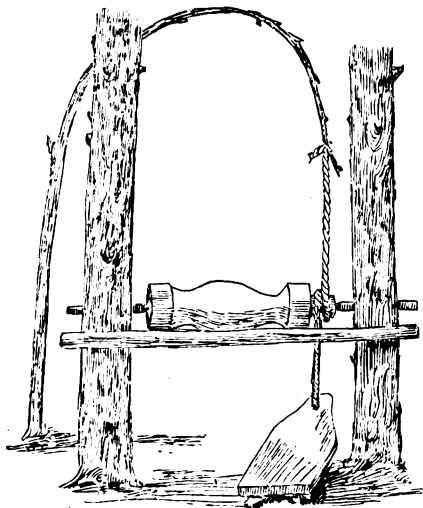


FIG. 1.

a rope attached to it that passed once round the end of the block, and was secured to a treadle two and a half feet long, the end of which was fastened to a peg in the ground. A stick was nailed across to serve as a rest for the tools.

This, after all, only answered for rude work; so in the autumn I commenced a more finished one, for the house, in this way: An old table was found, and between the legs two bars were nailed across for a support to the shaft,

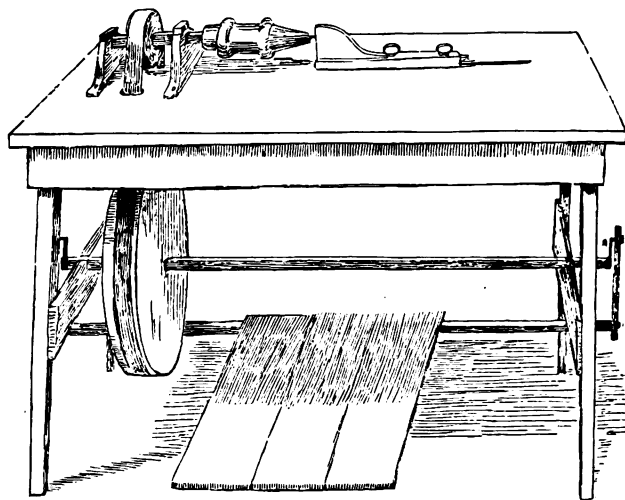


FIG. 2.

which was made of ash, and measured three feet long and one inch square. This just fitted the hole in a grindstone, that was used for the balance-wheel. Six inches from the ends of the shaft the corners were cut away to form bearings on the cross-bars, which were hollowed out to receive it. A leather strap was nailed over to keep it in position. The grindstone was next placed on the shaft, near one end, between the bearings, and wedged. Over it two brackets four inches high were screwed in position (see Fig. 2), six inches apart, forming a support for a shaft of a small wheel or pulley made of wood. In the end of an ash shaft one inch square and eight inches long were three sharp points made by driving in nails without heads, the projecting ends being filed to points; these, forced against the block, held one end firmly enough to turn. The places where the bearings came were cut in the form of a cylinder three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and corresponding places were hollowed to receive it, a small piece of wood being screwed on over each after the shaft and wheel were put in position.

A belt was made of an old trunk strap, passed round the grindstone and through two holes in the table over the little wheel, causing the latter to revolve very rapidly when the former was turned. This was done by a treadle put in the following manner: Two cranks were made (a, Fig. 2) by a blacksmith, and attached to the ends of the long shaft. They were three inches long, and had a knob on the end of the handle to prevent the connecting rods from slipping off. The latter were of hard wood, with a half-inch hole bored through near one end. They were then split six inches, allowing it to be placed on the handles. A screw was then put in to secure them, the lower ends being connected with a treadle made as in Fig. 2.

The second spindle at first was made immovable by inserting a cone of quarter-inch wire in a wooden bracket, which was screwed to the table; but finding it not always convenient to use blocks of the same length, and making it very difficult to hold them, one was arranged to slide, and could be secured in any position with thumb-screws. A long cut a quarter of an inch wide was first sawed in the table in the line of the short shaft, then a bracket three inches high was screwed to a short strip two inches wide, one inch thick, and a foot long. A similar strip was placed beneath, through which two thumb-screws passed. A piece of wire, being filed to a point and driven in the bracket, served for a centre. A movable block of wood three and a half inches high was used for a tool rest.

I found a great deal of pleasure and very little cost in turning all sorts of games and toys with these two lathes. Chess-men, base-ball bats, nine-pins, and many more articles I made, with simply gouges and chisels for tools.

EDUCATED SEALS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

SEALS, when carefully dealt with, make very pleasant pets, and are always gentle and affectionate. They will not only show their delight in their master by whining and licking his hand, and tossing themselves about, much as a dog might do, but may be taught to fish for him, bringing their captures like retriever dogs or trained otters.

There used to be two Scotch seals at Westminster Aquarium in London—perhaps they are there yet—named Mr. and Mrs. Toby, which every afternoon went through an interesting performance, showing how well they could learn when they had patient teachers. As the time for the performance approached, Mr. Toby would be seen swimming about his tank, and looking anxiously for Mrs. Toby and the keeper. When they appeared on the little stage beside the tank, Mr. Toby would flop up to meet them, and begin to help Mrs. Toby ring some bells. This done, he pretends to read the notes out of a music-book, and strums on a sort of zittern, clangs some cymbals, beats a tambourine, and winds up by a sudden dive into the water for a refreshing bath. While there, his keeper throws in sticks, etc., which the seal brings back to him like a retriever.

Having had their rest, both climb up the ladder to the stage again, and sit down to smoke their pipes like old sailors. When they have had enough of this, Mr. Toby fires all six barrels of a revolver, after which Mrs. Toby quite outdoes him by discharging two loaded muskets. The reward for each success is a morsel of fish.

The final performance used to be a very pretty one. Mr. Toby, in obedience to a command, would bring a small boat from the further end of the tank, a little boy would step in, and the seal would tow him rapidly around the tank. At the second round another little boy was taken aboard, and at the third round a baby girl took a seat in the boat, to the delight of all the children. Then Mrs. Toby went to help Mr. Toby, and together they carefully drew the tiny craft about, as though proud of their strength and gentleness.

Another very knowing seal was kept for some time in the Jardin des Plantes

at Paris. In the same inclosure with it were two little dogs, and they amused themselves by mounting on the seal's back, barking at and even biting it. The seal took it all in good part, and seemed delighted with them, though it would sometimes give slight blows with its paws, as if it did not mean to let the fun grow too boisterous. When the little dogs made their way out of the inclosure, the seal tried to follow them, and was not hindered from doing so by the rough and stony ground.

In cold weather the seal and his dog friends would all three huddle close together. If the dogs snatched the fish from the seal's mouth when he was feeding, he bore it patiently; but his conduct was very different toward other seals who shared his mess. When meal-time came there was always a stern combat, the strongest never failing to secure a lion's share of the feast.





THE LOST BIRDIE.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

Here is a splendid letter from one of our older friends. It may give some of you a suggestion.

BOXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

SAND-PILE FARMING.

This summer I have been visiting in the quiet country town of Boxford. Here my two nephews, Charlie and Rick, boys of eleven and eight, have lived for the last three summers, and I think it may please some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to hear about their Sande and its half a dozen farms.

In order to keep her boys near home, and without any to do, their mother had a load of sandy soil brought and dumped down under the shade of a large tree just the other side of the fence separating the front grounds from the main lot to the west. Here, quite within sight and call, the two boys amuse themselves with work and play for many an hour. At first it was more like sand hill, but gradually it has flattened out and read till it covers quite a bit of ground; indeed, the boys say there are one hundred and ten acres of the six farms. You may understand this as you like, so long as you remember it is all under the shade of one tree. True, the grass is all matted down, and the outskirts of the sand pile are not look anything but tidy and trim, but in the main Mrs. Hollins is well pleased to sacrifice one of her grass, and make her boys happy.

Three or four other boys, neighbors, share the use of the sand pile with Charlie and Rick Hollins, and between them all a sort of farming company has grown up, which has laid out a town with its avenues, its irregularly shaped farms and winding roads, with the houses and out-buildings belonging. The principal streets are named Huntington, Pacific, Atlantic, and Mediterranean Avenues. Lately a railroad has been introduced on one of these last, and used principally for farm produce, freight, and cattle. The trains are made of the strong iron cars of a toy railroad, which cost one dollar a set. These cars, by-the-way, are the most the only things not home-made about the farm belongings. The sheds, the barns, the hay racks, fences and bars, the very tools used in the work carried on (except the boys' penknives), are all of home manufacture, Charlie Hollins having quite a gift for carpentering and invention. The boxes are turned into barns and wood-sheds, and I think you would smile to see the sturdy ke of oxen, or the span of farm-horses, carved out of wood and yoked or harnessed in pairs. On each farm has its head farmer, who is supposed to do all the work; they are little wooden ous, rather stouter in their build than are the linary "Noah and his family" in toy arks. These are of home manufacture too. The names of the farms are Price, Stonington, Huntington, Lowe, French, and Oliver, and the land is marked by low stone walls. When they want to make their town look very attractive and nice, they go

round with a watering-pot, not having yet invented anything nearer akin to a sprinkling-cart.

One afternoon lately, some complaints having been made of the rubbish accumulating on the borders of the sand pile, a town meeting was held, at which all six land-owners were present, and votes were passed as to cleaning up and putting things in first-class condition. When Sand Pile began its history it belonged of right to the Hollins boys, but the Rowe boys wanting to join, they were allowed to buy land of the original owners. The coin of the realm in this case was not silver, or nickel, or greenbacks, but—bits of coal. The second summer quite small young spruce-cones were used for money, and this year it is old leather cut into bits.

To manage the money question the boys begin the season by dividing equally among themselves a certain amount of current coin—enough, as they think, to carry them through the vacation. No new coin may be added, otherwise money would lessen in value and be quite "below par." Yet I would not like to say that if a particularly nice piece of old leather is found it does not sometimes get used for purposes of trade.

When a new farm-tool or a new wagon is needed, Charlie Hollins is called upon to make it, and he drives a good bargain at his trade. A shovel, for instance, is worth one dollar; a crowbar the same; a pair of horses may be bought for the moderate sum of ten dollars. Each farmer has his own barn full of hay, usually cut from the finer growth of road-side grass. The miniature wood-pile looks as though a company of elves or sprites had neatly chopped up all the twigs and small sticks of the neighboring bushes for the use of a race of dwarfs.

The week of the Fourth the Hollins boys had two young friends from the city to make them a visit, and naturally they became temporary farmers and land-owners. Some new village improvements were suggested at this time, but I must stick to the unvarnished truth, and say that on the eventful Fourth a general bombardment of the farm-house was the order of the day, and what with fire-crackers and general raids, the whole settlement of Sand Pile was, before night-fall, a pitiful scene of ruin and confusion. But as it is "an ill wind that blows nobody any good," this incident in the end has benefited the town, for, like Chicago after its great fire, it has been rebuilt and reorganized, and is now more flourishing than ever. When the two boy friends were ready to go back to the city, I heard them "making their wills," as they called it—in other words, dividing their property among the other share-holders.

A blacksmith lives on the Rowley Road, not far from the haying meadows, and of course the farm-horses have to be shod and doctored frequently. The other day a great excitement prevailed over a cattle fair, to which all the wooden horses, cows, and oxen were brought, and prizes awarded to the best, as is customary on such occasions.

Last, but not least, I am glad to say there are few quarrels or fallings out between the owners of these Sand Pile farms. They respect each other's rights of property, and work side by side in company with a right good will. Long may this be the happy case!

Should any of the boys who read this true story undertake farming of a like kind, the Hollins boys would be glad to hear from them through the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AUNT HEPHIZIBAH.

The beautiful letter which follows was sent by a gentleman eighty-one years old to his little granddaughter, who is a reader of the Post-office Box. One of her friends has been kind enough to let the Postmistress have a peep at it, and the result is that all the children are invited to a share in Edith's letter.

We can not too often nor too gratefully thank the grown-up lovers of the Post-office Box for the interest they take in it and the timely help they give.

SYCAMORE LODGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

The country never looked more charming and attractive than now. The grass on the lawn is superb; having been cut short and often, it is as smooth and level almost as a billiard table, so that a croquet ball will be sure to pass through the wicket every time. The pop-corn is rushing, seeming in a hurry to pop. The large apple-tree on the lawn bloomed itself faint this spring, and there is not room enough on the tree for the apples, and they fall off in millions, thousands, hundreds, or some other quantities. The woodbine and honeysuckle are in bloom, and very fragrant. The clematis on each side of the trellis over the window seems to be striving to reach the top first. The hanging-baskets are lovely. The hammock is hung, and waiting for you. Everything is bright and beautiful, and will be until the burning heat of July and the murky, breathless atmosphere of August come to dry and parch the fresh green grass and leaves.

You surprise me by saying that you are going to have two little kittens. Bah! Don't; pray don't. There has grown in me a great antipathy to the race, for a cat has murdered my robins. Two pretty little ones lay in their nest in the

lilac-bush, all handsomely fledged, just ready to make their debut on that fine lawn I have described, when a hateful wretch tore them out and devoured them. When their parents came with food and found their home desolate, oh! wasn't there grief! I saw them. I knew them, for they have had their home in my tree three years, and they know me. They stood aghast. They sat on the apple-tree a while in silence, then flew back to the nest. No birdies there. They tried to the apple-tree, where I am sure they tried to solace each other, for I am confident the tone of their voices was very different from their glad and jolly morning song, or their strong, earnest, vigorous tone when they chant their evening hymn. I say there was a difference, and I believe it, and I believe they felt and expressed sorrow in that tone. Well, they flew away, and were gone, I should think, a week, when I was gladdened one day by their return, and seeing, in a day or two, one of them in the lonely nest, I thought they were going to try for another family; and sure enough, on looking into the nest, there were two eggs, and everything seemed happy again, when one night, as Mrs. Robin was lying in her lovely home, and dreaming, I suppose, of her future bliss, a miserable feline, like a thief, as she was, stole up to the nest and seized the poor innocent bird and sneakily carried her off, and her mate is now a poor widowed birdie. I hate a cat. Do you blame me?

FOR EDITH, FROM HER GRANDPAPA.

I am very, very sorry for the fate of the poor birds; it is very sad; but then the cat is a hunter by instinct, and acts out her own nature when she catches and kills the robins. Had I been in grandpapa's place, I think I too would have felt indignant at that cat.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

My name is almost a stranger to you; only this last month the paper comes as mine. Johnnie is too big for it. While he was little, and wore short pants, I read his paper; then they were laid aside and sent to the Children's Hospital. "Mr. Stubbs," the ladies said, made the real sick ones laugh. Mamma gives us so many days, then my paper is to go to the hospital, and St. Nicholas to a little boy in the country that goes barefoot all summer, and has no skates in winter. Mamma has a box for us; when we feel like it and of our own selves are willing to save a penny or nickel, we drop it in. Mamma says when she finds two dollars she will let us name some little one, and make her as happy as we are with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am ten years old, and a scholar at Mary's Institute, St. Louis. GENEVIEVE.

Now don't you think you can fill the box in time for the little one to be surprised with a Christmas gift which will keep on coming for a whole year?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I have been wanting to write to the Post-office Box since I began to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I could not make up my mind to do so till to-day. I have a beautiful kitty, which I pet very much; if I would let her, she would lie in my lap all day. We have, besides kitty, two rabbits and two dogs. We live near Woodward's Garden, and when they send off fire-works we can see them very well. Last winter mamma went on a visit South; papa, my brother and sister and I, staid here. I cooked for all, and went to school, and was not late once. Is there room for another Little Housekeeper? and if so, may I join? I send a receipt for a very nice cake. I am fifteen years old. I have not begun school yet this term, but will on Monday, at the Convent of Notre Dame. I will be in the second rhetoric class. NANNIE T.

You may join the Little Housekeepers, but I will keep your receipt for publication.

ROCKLEDGE, FLORIDA.

Some one was so kind as to send me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this month. I would like to know who it was, so I could thank him or her for it. I am nine years old; I have a little brother seven, and a sister twelve. She takes the *Youth's Companion*; she likes to read my paper too. We live on the Indian River. We have a pretty home. We came from Virginia three years ago. We miss the nice fruit we had in Virginia, but we have a great many kinds here that they do not have. In winter we have so many nice oranges and bananas; now we have pine-apples, papaws, sugar-apples, mangoes, and guavas. Papa and mamma do not like the fruits here very well, but we children do. We little girls and boys have a nice time fishing and bathing. META BELL W.

HOPE FARM PLANTATION, LOUISIANA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I live in Southern Louisiana, on a sugar plantation. We begin grinding cane in the latter part of October, and do not finish until after Christmas. We all look forward with great pleasure to sugar-rolling. The sugar-house is not far from here, and we love to walk down there. We have such fun sitting on the large piles of cane, peeling and eating it. We make little paddles, and eat the sugar

out of the coolers. I love to watch the engine; it looks like a great arm moving back and forth. We have a great many trees in our yard covered with moss; I suppose it would seem very strange to a little Northern girl to see great bunches of moss hanging from the trees. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly a year, and I like it very much; my mamma gave it to me for my birthday present. I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first I ever wrote to a paper.

C. L. B.

It is worthy to be printed, for it gives quite a little picture of your home, and shows us the work which goes on around you.

When you have read Georgie's letter you will, I know, want to have another telling more about the cave and the trip:

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS.

Last summer, when I was at Lake Geneva, I wrote you a letter, which was not published. This summer I thought I would try again. Not very long ago my father, my two brothers, and I went to the Mammoth Cave. We arrived there at 7 P. M., and went into the cave at 8.30, taking what is called the short route. After a short walk through the main portion of the cave, we reached the Giant's Coffin, which is very large, and looks like a giant's coffin cut out of stone. We then went around behind the coffin and descended to a lower level of the cave, where we found a spring of cold water. A little farther on we reached the Bottomless Pit, which we crossed by a bridge. After making a circuit, we came into the Star Chamber, and the guide took our lights and went away out of sight; after the lights had been taken away, the roof appeared to be covered with stars. The roof was sprinkled with white gypsum, which gave it that appearance. I hope this letter is not too long; if it is printed, I will write again, telling of our trip through the cave by the long route.

GEORGIE F. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think Louie A. W. has not kept his cocoons quite long enough yet. There are some kinds of moths that make their cocoons in the fall, and do not hatch out until the next July or August. Perhaps he has not kept them in the right temperature; cocoons must be kept at about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. If they do not hatch out, he can run a small stick through them and put them in his collection. I have had some experience in butterflies and moths, and have a collection of about fifty, gathered from different States.

CHARLIE S. P.

Thank you for this letter, Charlie.

The next two correspondents live in Germantown. I wonder if they are acquainted with each other.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am glad to hear of so many fairs being held for the benefit of the Fresh-air Fund, for I know that the associations are doing noble work. On the 24th of last May four girls, including myself, held a fair for that very object. We began to work for it about the last of February or the first part of March. We had a good many articles given to us, but we worked pretty hard. We were all very proud when we handed our teacher (who is chairman of the committee for receiving contributions) sixty-nine dollars and ten cents. The fair was held from 4 until 8 P. M. Don't you think it was a success? Although I am not acquainted with Anna H. G., I am her twin sister, my birthday being on the 26th of May, and I am twelve years old. I would like very much to belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, because I am very fond of all animals, especially horses, and I can not bear to see them badly treated.

BESSIE W. J.

You deserve to be congratulated on the result of your fair.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a girl ten years old. We have seven dogs, five horses, and two ponies. I ride on horseback, and my sister rides with me. We take French and German lessons during the summer. I have one sister thirteen, and two brothers fifteen and eighteen. We stay with grandfather and grandmother during the summer. George Wharton D., who wrote from Atlantic City, is my cousin. A lady I know is going to have a fair in the fall for a little church near here, called St. Chrysostom's. The clergyman is trying to do good to the people, who are poor and unhappy, and persuade them to go to church. Almost everybody I know is making something for the fair. I have a village cart for my pony.

PHEBE WARREN MCK.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy eleven years old. This is the first letter I have ever written to the Post-office Box. I received the paper from my auntie, and like it very much, and am much disappointed when the numbers do not reach me, which has been the case for the past two or three weeks,

since I left New York, where I live in the winter, but when warm weather comes we go to our country home, where I have many pets. Among them are two dogs, one a blood-hound and the other an Irish setter. Our house is covered on one side with ivy, and it is full of birds and their nests. I have two brothers; one is five years old and the other eight, and one sister, who is ten years old. We play croquet, go riding twice a day, and enjoy ourselves boating, fishing, bathing, etc. We have an aquarium, which we are trying to fill with fish, turtles, claw-fish, lizards, etc.

W. E. R.

When our little friends change their abodes for the summer they should leave directions at the post-office about their mail, and then they would receive their papers promptly.

I am not one of those little girls of whom I read so often in the Post-office Box, for I am very large for my age. I am twelve, and am five feet one and a half inches tall. I have no pets, except a little Maltese kitten about one month old, and my sister and I have great fun trying to make it drink; we put its head down into the saucer, and when it comes out its mouth is all milk, and then it will lick it off. I have written to you once before, but my letter was not printed, so I thought I would try again. I have lately begun to collect stamps, and if any one of the girls who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE would like to make exchanges with me, I would be very glad to do so. I have over two hundred, all different.

MARY S. P.

11 Bath Road, Newport, R. I.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

I am a boy ten years old. I have two brothers and one sister. We have a nice redbird; he is a beautiful singer. His name is Davy. We have twenty-eight little chickens, and we shall have more, no doubt. There is a big show coming here next week. We boys are all anxious to go. We all like the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; we have been taking it for three years.

GEORGE A. D.

YONKERS, NEW YORK.

I wish to tell you about a lily I found out in the woods last year. I brought home two roots, and planted them in my garden. This year there are six of them coming up. Yesterday I went to look at them, and one had a bud. Generally only one stem comes up with the leaves on it in other plants, but in this two stems came up at once, one with the bud and the other with the leaf wound tightly around the bud. When the bud comes out of the top of the leaf it has a little covering of leaves, which it drops off when it begins to open. When it is closed it is the most delicate pink in color that can be imagined, but when open it is snow white with a yellow centre. It opens in the morning and closes at night. When I went out yesterday morning, at about half past nine, the bud just showed above the leaf, and when I came in, at about a quarter of eleven, it was more than half open. I call that fast growing; don't you?

J. A.

I like young people who observe and describe as this correspondent does.

CHARLESTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA.

We are spending the summer here. Mamma came thinking that the mountain air would improve her health. We expect to have a fair for the benefit of the Presbyterian church. Our favorite stories are those written by Mrs. Lillie and Jimmy Brown. Blind Tom was here a few weeks ago, and we were there, and enjoyed the performance exceedingly. Our cousin gave us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. We remain your faithful readers.

MARIA and MARY.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

We live in the city, and have a good many chickens, and we also have a cat and two kittens; they are very playful. I have four brothers and one sister. I have a great many playthings; some things I have had for five years. I am six years old. Please tell me names for my kittens; one is white, and the other spotted.

C. S. H.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

SOME WONDERFUL RIVERS (A VACATION EXERCISE).

Dame Playfair asks the class in geography to take out the map of Great Britain. They will find the answers to all the questions there, allowing here and there a little liberty to be taken with the spelling.—1. What river plays marbles? 2. Which one is a chattering bird? 3. Which an Egyptian deity? 4. Which amuses Mr. Gladstone? 5. Which goes to the woods? 6. Which runs well underground? 7. Which river shoots well? 8. Which marks ten? 9. Which is a Christian virtue? 10. Which is a paradise? 11. Which asks a question? 12. Which makes boys' clothes? 13. Which holds money? 14. Which is a naughty girl? 15. Which is a letter? 16. Which helps build

a ship? 17. Which is a Spanish gentleman? 18. Which is a shoemaker? 19. Which is good when fresh? 20. Which resembles bad coffee? 21. Which comes on with the dessert? 22. Which is the drink of an Irish lady? 23. Which is next to third? 24. Which might run through the desert? 25. Which is a water-weasel? 26. Which might be an American watering-place? 27. Which looks like a mouse with its head off? 28. Which carries freight?

DAME PLAYFAIR.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters, and am the name of a favorite American poet.

My 1, 2, 3, 4 is heard every day.

My 13, 12, 17 is plump.

My 5, 8, 18 is to obtain.

My 3, 7, 21 is a pronoun.

My 12, 15 is an interjection.

My 9, 2 is a decided answer.

My 4, 11, 14, is not old.

My 6, 20, 12, 10 is true.

My 16, 18 is a pronoun.

ROBIN HOOD.

No. 3.

PIED CITIES.

1. Dilaanpslo. 2. Tlenhraeos. 3. Mdoheurl.
4. Stnboo. 5. Rrhceetos. ROBIN HOOD.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in donkey, but not in pig.

My second in little, but not in big.

My third is in sun, but not in moon.

My fourth is in kite, but not in balloon.

My whole is an article in daily use.

L. V. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 248.

No. 1.—Hill, Ill. Steam, team, tea. Crow, row.
Boat, oat. Dream, ream. Wheel, heel,
eel. Fowl, owl. Nice, ice. Gnat, Nat.
Pine, pin.

No. 2.— H A R E F A R M
A B E T A R E A
R E N T R E A R
E T T A M A R T

No. 3.— T
A R E
A R E N A
T R E A D L E
E N D U E
A L E
E

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ettie S., Rae E. J., R. B. Beals, Hattie E. V., Charlie Davis, Sons of the Moon, Brownie, A. C. Perry, Jun., Celia B. Adams, A. A. Warren, Hamilton E. Field, Gwendoline F. B., Oliver Twist, MacE. C. H. M. Rochester, Pickwick, Kate and Neal, Birdseye D. Jackson, Charley G., George H. Jacobs, Anna Wildman, C. E. and A. H. Timmerman, Kittie N., Phebe B. and Mina B. Tomkins, C. E. Trumpler, Louise Neilson, The Man in the Moon, G. Mabel Hallam, E. T. Nicholas, Laura Levy, Eureka, Ivy Sisson, Carlile Courtenay, and George Meyer.

The answer to the enigma on page 640 of No. 249 is, "The Lightning."

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

We take pleasure in announcing that our next issue, published August 26, will contain the opening chapter of a new serial story, entitled

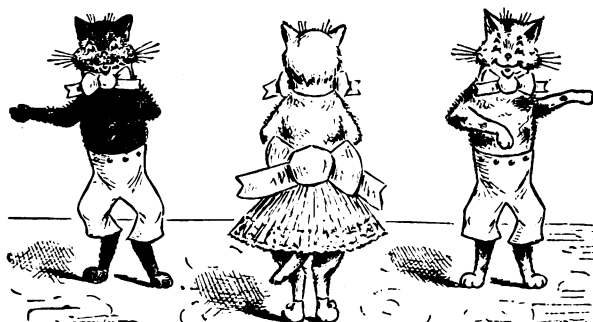
"WAKULLA,"

by KIRK MUNROE. This story is the outgrowth of three winters' experience on the part of the author in the lovely State of Florida. Filled with a keen appreciation of this beautiful section of our country, where Ponce de Leon felt sure that he should find the "Fountain of Eternal Youth," Mr. Munroe takes a family from the chilly soil of New England, and conveying them southward, shows how health is won for the suffering father, and how the boys and girls enjoy themselves in laying out a new home and exploring the wonders and delights of this tropical land. Those who have read "Raising the Pearl" know something of what Florida offers as the background of an entertaining story. In "Wakulla" they will make a yet further acquaintance with the "Land of Flowers," while the adventures of the merry party to whom Mr. Munroe introduces them will, we venture to say, be a source of the keenest pleasure to those who like a good story well told.

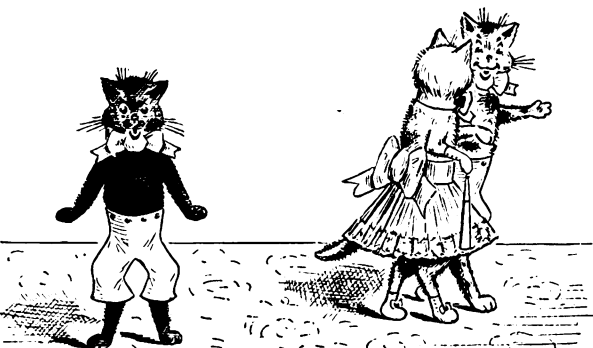
The Spring Curtain.

a drama in five acts,
by J. Francis.

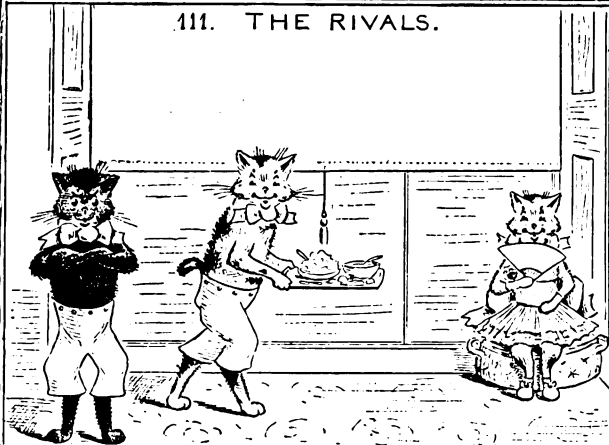
I. WHICH?



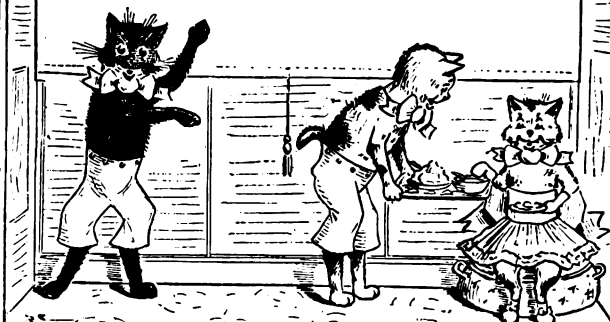
II. THE CHOICE.



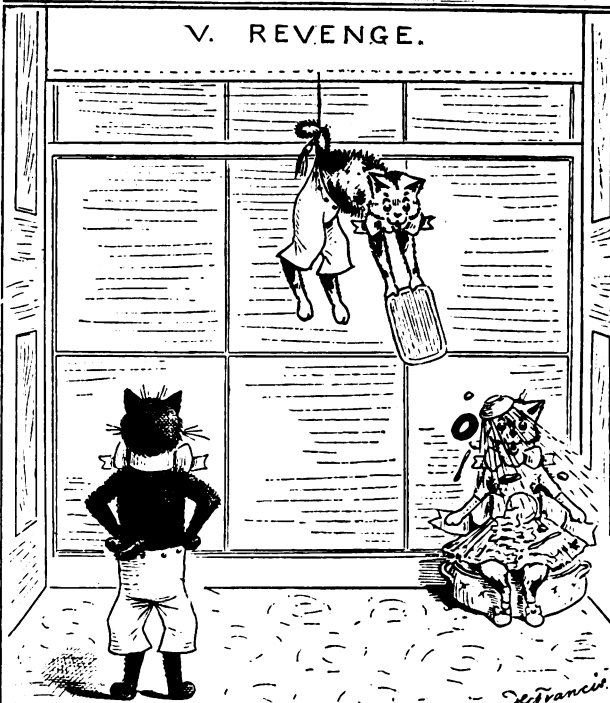
III. THE RIVALS.



IV. "HA! THE SPRING CURTAIN!"



V. REVENGE.



PHOTOGRAPHING AN ELEPHANT.

AN exciting scene took place at Cross's zoological establishment in Earle Street, Liverpool, not long ago. Mr. Cross wished to have his elephant, Jumbo II., photographed. Several photographers declined to do it, being afraid to face the animal, but one was found who undertook the task.

Early in the morning, before the place was open to the public, the elephant, which is always chained up with a heavy anchor chain, was unfastened and let out in the yard; but when he

saw the camera directed toward himself, and the photographer working at it and looking at him through it, he got excited, and with one blow of his trunk he smashed the apparatus. He was ready to deal a second blow at the photographer, when some of the staff of the menagerie rushed to his assistance, and succeeded in restoring the animal to his usual mild condition.

On being assured that the elephant would now keep perfectly quiet, the photographer commenced his work again with another camera. After several attempts he succeeded in obtaining a good negative.



HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 252.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1884.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.





CHAPTER I.

PREPARING TO LEAVE THE OLD HOME.

OVER and over again had Mark and Ruth Elmer read the following paragraph which appeared among the "Norton Items" of the weekly paper published in a neighboring town:

"We are sorry to learn that our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Mark Elmer, Esq., owing to delicate health, feels compelled to remove to a warmer climate. Having disposed of his property in this place, Mr. Elmer has purchased a plantation in Florida, upon which he will settle immediately. As his family accompany him to this new home in the Land of Flowers, the many school friends and playmates of his interesting children will miss them sadly."

"I tell you what, Ruth," said Mark, after they had read this item a dozen times or more, "we are somebodies, after all, and don't you forget it. We own a plantation, we do, and have disposed of our *property* in this place."

As Mark looked from the horse-block on which he was sitting at the little weather-beaten house, nestling in the shadow of its glorious trees, which, with its tiny grass-plot in front, was all the property Mr. Elmer had ever owned, he flung up his hat in ecstasy at the idea of their being property owners, and tumbled over backward in trying to catch it as it fell.

"What I like," said Ruth, who stood quietly beside him, "is the part about us being interesting children, and to think that the girls and boys at school will miss us."

"Yes, and won't they open their eyes when we write them letters about the alligators, and orange groves, and palm-trees, and bread-fruit, and monkeys, and Indians, and pirates? Whoop-ee-e! what fun we are going to have!"

"Bread-fruit, and monkeys, and pirates, and Indians in Florida! what are you thinking of, Mark Elmer?"

"Well, I guess 'Osceola the Seminole' lived in Florida, and it's tropical, and pirates and monkeys are tropical too, ain't they?"

Just then the tea bell rang, and the children ran in to take the paper which they had been reading to their father, and to eat their last supper in the little old house that had always been their home.

Mr. Elmer had for fifteen years been cashier of the Norton Bank, and though his salary was not large, he had, by practicing the little economies of a New England village, supported his family comfortably until this time, and laid by a sum of money for a rainy day. And now the "rainy day" had come. For two years past the steady confinement to his desk had told sadly upon the faithful bank cashier, and the stooping form, hollow cheeks, and hacking cough could no longer be disregarded. For a long time good old Dr. Wing had said:

"You must move South, Elmer. You can't stand it up here much longer."

Both Mr. Elmer and his wife knew that this was true; but how could they move South? where was the money to come from? and how were they to live if they did? Long and anxious had been the consultations after the children were tucked into their beds, and many were the prayers for guidance they had offered up.

At last a way was opened. "And just in time, too," said the doctor, with a grave shake of his head. Mrs. Elmer's uncle, Christopher Bangs, whom the children call-

ed "Uncle Christmas," heard of their trouble, and left his saw-mills and lumber camps to come and see "where the jam was," as he expressed it. When it was all explained to him his good-natured face, which had been in a wrinkle of perplexity, lit up, and with a resounding slap of his great hard hand on his knee, he exclaimed:

"Sakes alive! why didn't you send for me, Niece Ellen! why didn't you tell me all this long ago, eh? I've got a place down in Floridy, that I bought as a speculation just after the war. I hain't never seen it, and might have forgot it long ago but for the tax bills coming in reg'lar every year. It's down on the St. Mark's River, pretty nigh the Gulf coast, and ef you want to go there and farm it, I'll give you a ten years' lease for the taxes, with a chance to buy at your own figure when the ten years is up."

"But won't it cost a great deal to get there, uncle?" asked Mrs. Elmer, whose face had lighted up as this new hope entered her heart.

"Sakes alive! no; cost nothin'! why, it's actually what you might call providential the way things turn out. You can go down, slick as a log through a chute, in the *Nancy Bell*, of Bangor, which is fitting out in that port this blessed minute. She's bound to Pensacola in ballast, or with just a few notions of hardware sent out as a venture, for a load of pine lumber to fill out a contract I've taken in New York. She can run into the St. Mark's and drop you jest as well as not. But you'll have to pick up and raft your fixin's down to Bangor in a terrible hurry, for she's going to sail next week, Wednesday, and it's Tuesday now."

So it was settled that they should go, and the following week was one of tremendous excitement to the children, who had never been from home in their lives, and were now to become such famous travellers.

Mark Elmer, Jun., as he wrote his name, was as merry, harum-scarum, mischief-loving a boy as ever lived. He was fifteen years old, the leader of the Norton boys in all their games, and the originator of most of their schemes for mischief. But Mark's mischief was never of a kind to injure anybody, and he was as honest as the day is long, as well as loving and loyal to his parents and sister Ruth.

Although a year younger than Mark, Ruth studied the same books that he did, and was a better scholar. In spite of this she looked up to him in everything, and regarded him with the greatest admiration. Although quiet and studious, she had crinkly brown hair, and a merry twinkle in her eyes that indicated a ready humor and a thorough appreciation of fun.

It was Monday when Mark and Ruth walked home from the post-office together, reading the paper, for which they had gone every Monday evening since they could remember, and they were to leave home and begin their journey on the following morning.

During the past week Mr. Elmer had resigned his position in the bank, sold the dear little house which had been a home to him and his wife ever since they were married, and in which their children had been born, and with a heavy heart made the preparations for departure.

With the willing aid of kind neighbors Mrs. Elmer had packed what furniture they were to take with them, and it had been sent to Bangor. Mark and Ruth had not left school until Friday, and had been made young lions of all the week by the other children. To all of her girl friends Ruth had promised to write every single thing that happened, and Mark had promised so many alligator teeth and other trophies of the chase that, if he kept all his promises, there would be a decided advance in the value of Florida curiosities that winter.

As the little house was stripped of all its furniture, except some few things that had been sold with it, they were all to go to Dr. Wing's to sleep that night, and Mrs. Wing had almost felt hurt that they would not take tea with her. But both Mr. and Mrs. Elmer wanted to take this

meal in their own home, and had persuaded her to let them have their way. The good woman sent over the rest of the supper she had intended them to eat with her, and this, together with the good things sent in by other neighbors, so loaded the table that Mark declared it looked like a regular surprise-party supper.

A surprise party it proved to be, sure enough, for, early in the evening, neighbors and friends began to drop in to say good-by, until the lower rooms of the little house were crowded. As the chairs were all gone, they sat on trunks, boxes, and on the kitchen table, or stood up.

Mark and Ruth had their own party, too, right in the midst of the grown people, for most of the boys and girls in the village had come with their parents to say good-by, and many of them had brought little gifts that they gave to the young Elmers to take with them as keepsakes. All these none pleased Ruth so much as the album, filled with the pictures of her school-girl friends, that Edna May brought her.

Edna was the adopted daughter of Captain Bill May, who had brought her home from one of his voyages when she was a little baby, and placed her in his wife's arms, saying that she was a bit of flotsam and jetsam that he had longed to him by right of salvage. His ship had been wrecked in a Southern port, when a woman, with this child in her arms, had fallen from a pier into the river. Springing into the water after them, Captain May had succeeded in saving the child, but the mother was drowned. As nothing could be learned of its history, and as nobody claimed it, Captain May brought the baby home, and she was named Edna May. She was now fourteen years old, and with Elmer's most intimate friend, and the first picture in the album was a good photograph of herself, taken in New York. The others were only tin-types, taken in the neighboring town of Skowhegan; but Ruth thought them beautiful.

The next morning was gray and chill, for it was late in November. The first snow of the season was falling in a disheartening sort of way, as though it hardly knew whether to come or not, and it was still quite dark when Mrs. Wing came to Mark and Ruth, and told them to hurry, for the sleigh would be along directly. They were soon dressed and down stairs, where they found breakfast smoking on the table. A moment later they were joined by their parents, neither of whom could eat, so full were they of the sorrow of departure. The children were also very quiet, when Mark's high spirits being dampened by thoughts of leaving old friends, and several tears found their way down Ruth's cheeks during the meal.

After breakfast they said good-by to the Wings, and went to their own house to pack a few remaining things into the hand-bags, and wait for the Skowhegan stage.

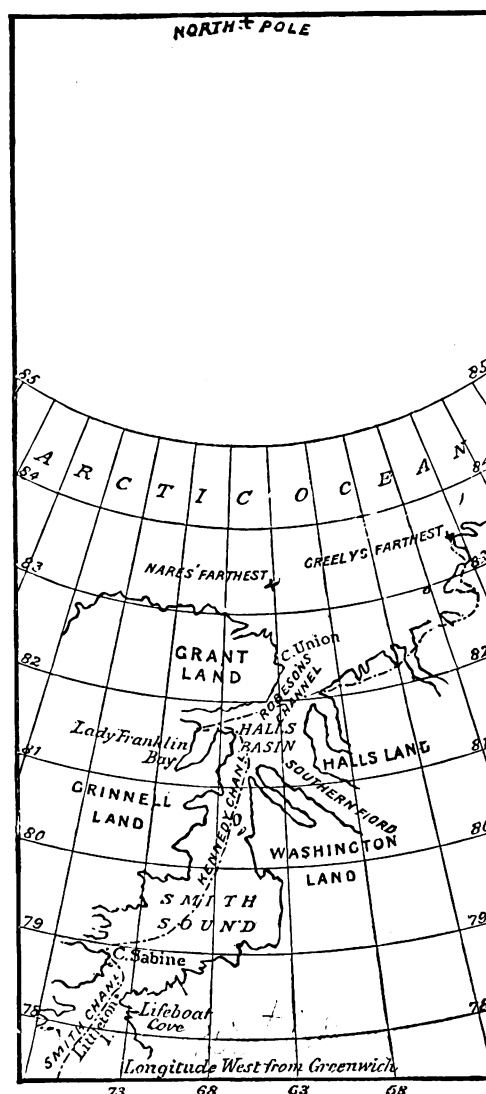
At six o'clock sharp, with a "toot, toot, toot," of the river's horn, it rattled up to the gate, followed by a waggon for the baggage. A few minutes later, with full hearts and tearful eyes, the Elmers had bidden farewell to the little old house and grand trees they might never see again, and were on their way down the village street, their long journey fairly begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE FARTHEST NORTH.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

THE records of Arctic travel form at once the saddest and the most inspiring chapters in the history of human heroism and unflinching devotion to duty. For nearly three centuries the North Pole has been a magnet that has attracted the most daring navigators and adventurers, only to repulse them and compel them to fall back. Who can count the lives that have been lost in those terrible



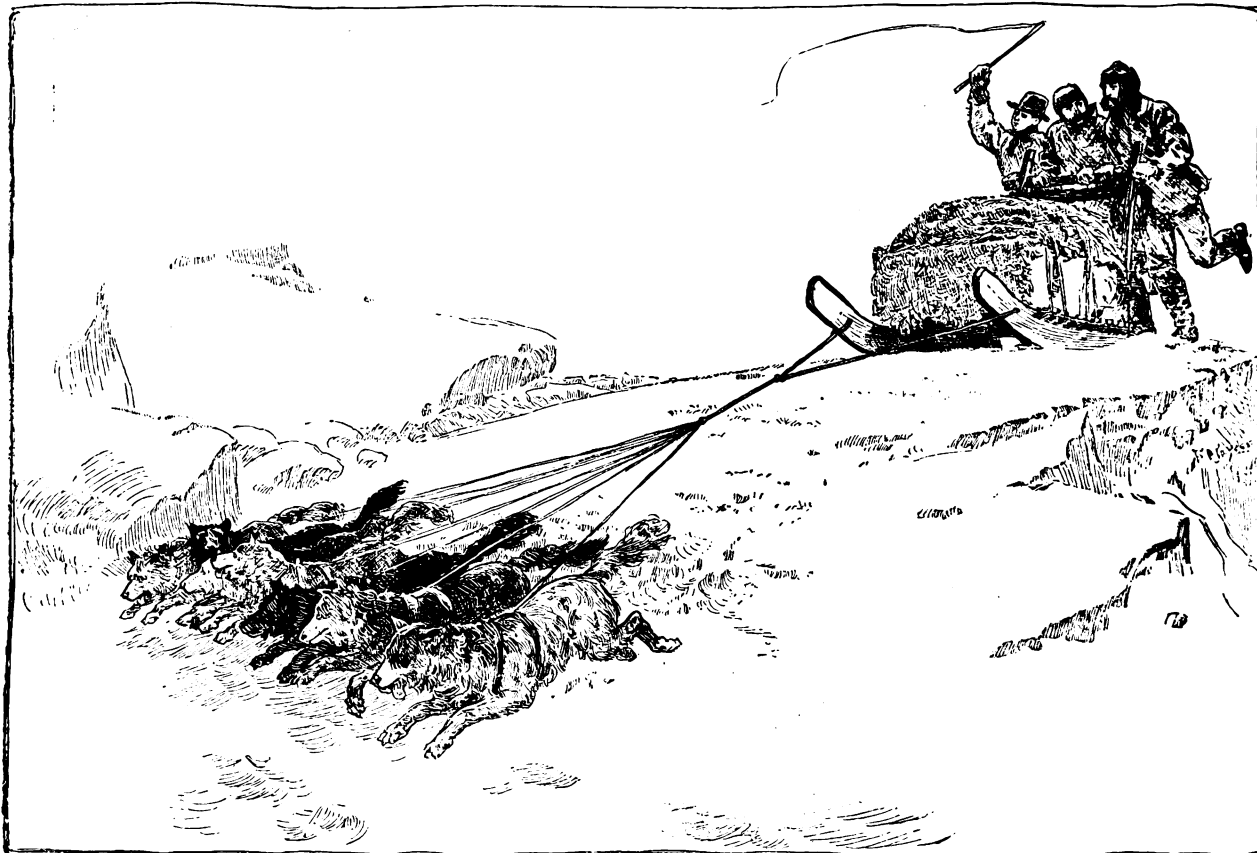
MAP OF THE POLAR REGIONS.

frozen seas, or tell the tale of woful suffering which has again and again been the lot of the brave spirits who attempted the almost impossible task?

The same stories of hunger and hardship and death come to be told again every few years, with other actors in the cruel scene, perhaps, but with the same ambition and stern daring urging them on.

The recent rescue, by the ships *Thetis* and *Bear*, of the brave Greely and his gallant band of survivors, opens up to us another sad yet glorious page in the history of Arctic exploration, and while the sacrifice of human life has been great, the results have been also great. In one respect, indeed, the Greely expedition must be looked upon as the most important of all that have hitherto set sail for the icy barrier that guards the pole, for two of its members succeeded in forcing their way nearer to the pole than any human being had ever been before.

Up to that time the honor of the "farthest north" had rested with England, Commander Markham, of her Royal Navy, having planted the British flag in latitude 83° 20'. In May, 1882, Lieutenant Lockwood, an officer of the Greely expedition, passed this point, and having penetrated about four miles further north, was forced back by open water, but not before he had unfurled the flag of the United States in the highest latitude that man had ever reached. As a visible token of his success he brought back with him the flag that Commander Markham had



NORTHWARD!—LIEUTENANT LOCKWOOD ON HIS WAY.

left to mark his highest point eight years before. Never before was a rival's standard so bravely won.

The story of the Greely expedition is such a long one that but a mere outline of it can be given here. It is three years since Lieutenant Greely and his twenty-four devoted comrades were landed on the shores of Lady Franklin Bay by the steam-ship *Proteus*. Their object was scientific exploration, and their plan was to spend three summers and two winters in the rugged north, so that they might be ready to take advantage of the earliest moment when the return of daylight and the opening of the season of travel should allow them to make excursions from their head-quarters into the unknown region beyond. They were well provided with food, and they were to be relieved each summer by ships which were to bring provisions, and leave them in places which had been determined upon.

With this comfortable assurance, the party settled down for a long winter in camp at Fort Conger, on the shore of Lady Franklin Bay. Some idea of the awful gloom of an arctic winter may be gathered from the fact that from October 15 until March 1 the sun was entirely out of sight. Nevertheless the party kept up their spirits, and relieved their lonely life by various little devices in the way of amusement. It is almost sad to think of the pleasure these rugged heroes took in the privilege which their commander granted to each one of choosing the dinner that should be served on his birthday.

On Christmas-day the party was made happy by the gifts that unknown friends had given them before leaving home, chief among which was a plum-pudding made by the hands of the wife of their commander. When there were no days to celebrate, when their books had all been read and re-read, and each man had contributed his share of anecdote or adventurous narrative for the entertainment of his fellows, the men amused themselves by writing bills of fare of the dinners they would like when relief came.

Lieutenant Greely says the life was far from a lonely one. The quarters were heated by a large coal stove, which kept the temperature within-doors at about 50° above zero. Scientific work engaged some of the men several hours each day under the commander's direction. Others were employed in various camp duties for an hour or two; and the rest of the time was spent in amusements. The coming of spring found the party in good health and high courage. The sun had come again, after nearly five months' absence, and returning day urged the explorers on to fresh exertions.

On April 3, 1882, Lieutenant Lockwood, accompanied by Sergeant Brainerd and an Esquimau, started out with a sledge loaded with provisions and drawn by a team of stout dogs, without whose patient faithfulness and hardy endurance arctic travel would be doubly difficult. The object of the gallant Lockwood was exploration northward. The polar ocean was a mass of ice, and they crossed it without much difficulty. For forty days they pushed on, and on the 16th of May they succeeded in planting the American flag nearer to the North Pole than ever human foot had penetrated. The most northern land reached was named Lockwood Island, after its discoverer, and a yet more distant point, that could be seen but not reached, was named Cape Robert Lincoln, after the Secretary of War, under whose auspices the expedition had been sent out.

But this, the most noteworthy, was not the only effort that was made during the open season to fulfill the objects of the expedition. Lieutenant Greely himself made two excursions into Grinnell Land, on one of which he ascended to the summit of a mountain 5000 feet high, which he named after President Arthur, and from which, by the aid of a telescope, he was able to make several valuable geographical observations.

Thus the short summer was passed in active work—a season that was rendered cheerful, after the gloom of win-

er, by the long-present sun, though the temperature still rendered the use of fur clothing a necessity.

In the fall of 1882 the party settled down at their old camp, Fort Conger, for a second winter. For six months they remained inactive. Their supplies were still sufficient to enable them to hold out until the time when the relief ship should come to them, and with unwearied resolution they sat down to await their release from the dark and fierce hand of winter.

Cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, the days passed slowly for them, but they had lived through one such season, and their courage did not fail them now. In the spring they came forth well and full of courage. Not a man had been lost in these two years of arctic experience.

Their camp at Fort Conger was so far north that they had reason to fear that the promised relief ship would not be able to reach them; so, as soon as it was possible to travel, preparations were made to abandon the camp and seek a more southern point on which to spend the third winter. The place selected was Cape Sabine, about two hundred miles south of Fort Conger, and on the same side of the sound that separates Greenland from Grinnell Land.

The cape was reached after a perilous voyage in which their steam-launch was lost. Here they had a reasonable hope of finding provisions left for them by the promised relief ships. They did not know that, owing to misunderstandings at home, the supplies of food had been stored on the other side of the sea, at a point called Littleton Island, which they had no more chance of reaching, when the day of their sorest need came, than they had of reaching the well-stocked markets of New York.

In October, 1883, they settled down in their last camp, and from that time forward until their rescue they were a brave band of men resolutely staring a slow death from starvation in the face. Little by little the scanty supply of food was consumed, notwithstanding that every scrap was accounted for, and every ration carefully weighed out. When their stores were gradually getting lower and lower, they gathered scanty supplies of shrimps and lichens with which to help prolong their lives.

In January, 1884, the first brave fellow fell a victim to the hardships of their fight against cold and famine. Three months later another, an Esquimau, followed him. Then death became a frequent visitor at that terrible camp. One by one they fell off, worn out in the struggle for bare life, and when the rescuers came they found only seven survivors of the hardy twenty-five who had passed two winters in the frozen seas. The brave commander, Greely, was one of those who lived, and has returned to tell the noble yet harrowing story of their gallant fight; but the brave

Lockwood, whose name now crowns the annals of arctic exploration, was not among those who heard the welcome voices of the deliverers. He had been beaten in the unequal contest, and death had claimed him two months before. When shall his name die?

Relief came only just in time. Another day or two would have shown the rescuers nothing but the corpses of those for whom they had dared so much and labored so hard. Six only of the ill-fated voyagers have lived to return to the country for whose honor they had been willing to sacrifice even life itself.

BETSY BIXBY.

BY JAK.

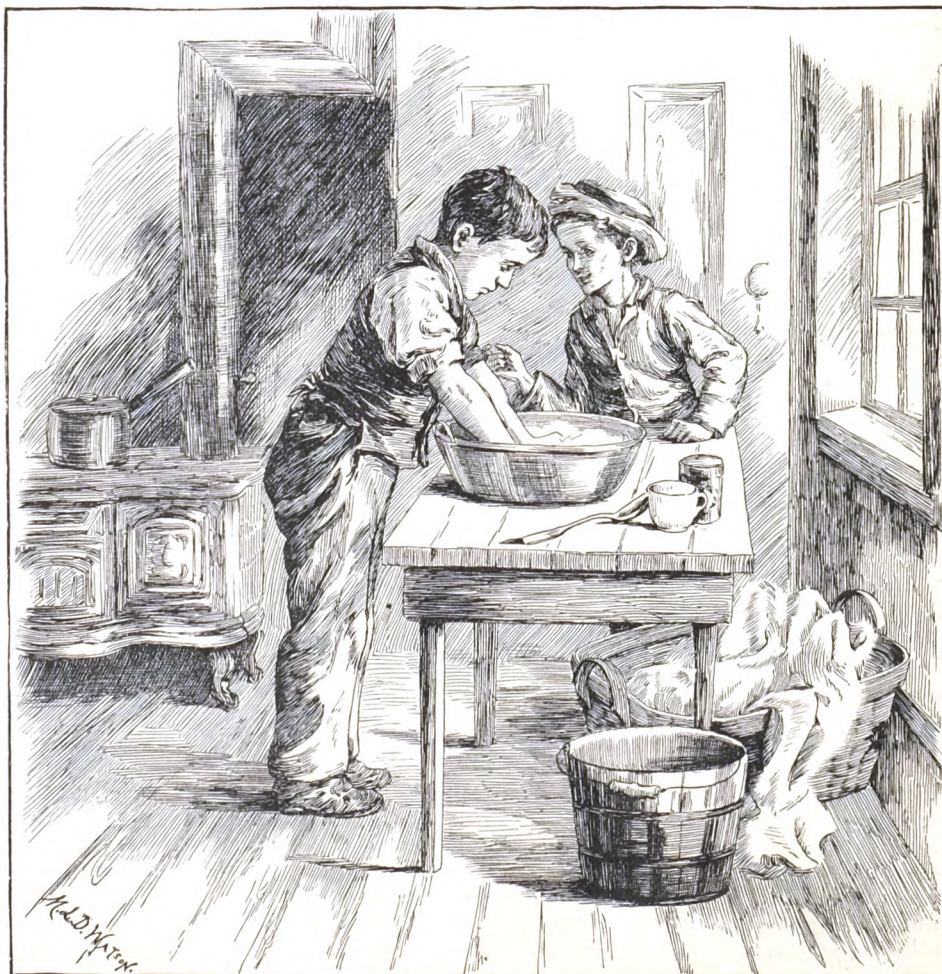
I.

BETSY'S mother was an invalid. Now it is not only very hard for an invalid to be an invalid, but it is generally more or less hard for others in the house. In this case it was more hard for Betsy and Betsy's father and Betsy's little sister, for the Bixbys were wofully poor.

Mrs. Bixby felt very keenly the difference her illness made in the family, and the sorrow for that was added to all her pain and weariness, so that she was not a very cheerful companion, and this increased Betsy's trials.

They lived in a dreary little house on a dreary little street. It would have made one's heart ache to see it, and know how great a heart there was bravely hiding its own sorrows, and taking so much bitterness patiently.

In the first place, Betsy had all the house-work to do,



from making fires to baking and sweeping, and not only sewed on the rickety second-hand sewing-machine, but often with a needle and thread, although Mrs. Bixby, when she felt well, did some of the sewing as she sat up in bed.

It is not in human nature for a young person, or any person perhaps, to do so much and enjoy so little without feeling dissatisfied and miserable at times, and Betsy experienced such times. One of them always occurred when some boy or girl passing by called out in a high key, "Betsy! Betsy Bixby!"

This salutation was often made when Betsy was washing dishes by the kitchen window, or when the bread was being kneaded, and some youngster looked in.

As this is getting rather perplexing, it might as well be stated that Betsy was a boy. His real name was Jonathan, and that was what his father and mother always called him.

One day when Mr. Bixby came home he found Betsy in the little cluttered-up back entry, sitting upon a barrel behind the door, crying.

Betsy often cried, but it was seldom that any one saw him; he usually did his crying nights after he had gone to bed. Mr. Bixby felt more miserable than ever himself when he saw that brave, patient boy in tears. He was a man of very few words, and he only said, "What ails you, Jonathan?"

At this question, spoken in a very sad tone, Betsy only blubbered the more. "Every one but me is a-going to work," he sobbed.

One would have thought, to see the boy busy with baking, sweeping, washing, and ironing, that he had work enough there without going anywhere for more.

"Well, I don't know what we can do. You know your mother couldn't get along without you even if Ellen and I could."

Jonathan slipped off of the barrel, and going into the kitchen, began chopping something in a tray with great energy.

"I'll have the hash ready pretty soon, pa," he said, in what seemed a cheerful tone.

II.

Now the cause of Betsy's trouble was this: In the great factory at the end of the village there were two vacant places, and Mr. Bigelow, the owner, had just sent word to a number of Betsy's friends for them to call on him that afternoon. When they were fairly seated in the office attached to the great building, Mr. Bigelow addressed them as follows:

"You see, young gentlemen, that although I have two vacancies, there are six applicants. This is nothing unusual; we have often had twice as many applications for one vacancy, and that has set us to choosing carefully. We began to do this in the higher departments when we found there were so many applicants that we could take our choice. The consequence was we picked out perfectly steady, temperate men, and there is not a man in our employ who uses strong liquor or fails to pay his debts. We are beginning now to choose carefully in regard to boys. You know that for some time past we have taken only such boys as had a good reputation at school?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said the boys, each of whom had a good name at school for behavior and scholarship, without which he would not have ventured to apply.

"But it is argued by some that it is not always the best scholars who make the best business men, and I think that is so. In a mechanical business like ours good judgment and careful handiwork are the great requisites. But we wish to combine with these qualifications good manners and good morals. Consequently, I have decided to allow no boy to enter the factory hereafter who uses profane language or indulges in tobacco in any form."

At this point two of the boys looked very conscious,

and their countenances fell, for one of them smoked, and the second was guilty of the other fault mentioned.

"In regard to the first matter, I have decided to institute a test. Each young man who applies for a place will bring some article of his own handiwork. He must furnish the names of three witnesses that the article shown is wholly his own make. Two weeks will be given for preparation. Consequently, two weeks from to-day, at 6 o'clock P.M., such of you as wish to join in this test will come here with the articles you have made, and leave them, with your names attached, together with those of your witnesses and vouchers. After that the two appointments will be given to the two young gentlemen who have succeeded best in their undertakings."

The six boys went out from Mr. Bigelow's presence considerably impressed with the difficulties in the way of gaining a place in his establishment. But it was considered so fortunate a circumstance to become an employé in this factory, on account of its reputation for fair wages and good treatment of the workmen generally, that the four boys who neither used tobacco nor profane language concluded to try.

"I can make a good mechanical drawing, I think," said one, who was taking lessons at the drawing-school.

"And I can make a pretty fair box," said another. "I made one for mother, Christmas, out of box-wood, and she thought it was quite handsome."

"And I can make brackets," said the third.

The fourth would-be competitor was a smaller boy than either of the others, who were well-grown boys of fifteen. He was only thirteen, and small of his age.

"I can't think of anything I can make, except kites," he said, with a dejected air.

The other boys laughed.

"Any fellow can make a kite," said one.

"Yes, indeed! You had better give up, Bones," said another. Bones was his nickname, on account of his being so slender. His real name was John Mac.

Just then they were passing the Bixby house.

"Let's go in and tell Betsy," said Phil Peters, the boy who could make boxes.

"Let's," seconded the best-dressed boy, who attended drawing school.

Accordingly they all went in to tell Betsy, who was so good-natured that he was a favorite, in spite of the boys' contempt for the kind of work he had to do.

The boys were so engaged with their story that no one but Bones noticed how sober Betsy looked all the time, and how once in a while he dashed his ragged coat sleeve across his eyes.

As soon as they were on their way home, Bones left the rest of the boys at a corner, and pretended to go toward his own house; but he only made a circuit around a square, and came back to Betsy's. Bones was Betsy's best friend among the boys, and had never called him anything but Jonathan, for the reason, perhaps, that Betsy had never called him Bones.

"Jonathan," he whispered, after going in very softly, and shutting the door noiselessly behind him, "would you like to get into Bigelow's?"

"I can't," replied Betsy, trying to keep a stiff upper lip, although he was in danger of letting some tears fall into the pan where he was mixing water and yeast together for bread-making.

Just then Nelly, who was something of an irrepressible, came racing down the street with a doll in skirts without a bodice, and one leg gone.

There was no time to lose. A brilliant idea had entered the mind of Bones. He sprang forward and whispered something in Betsy's ear.

"Poh! that wouldn't do," said Betsy, with almost an air of irritation.

But Nelly had entered, and the subject being thus end-

ed for the present, Bones went home with the brilliant idea still working in his brain.

As soon as he found a good opportunity Bones had a little talk with his mother. To his delight, she did not throw cold water upon his glowing idea, as Betsy himself had done, but declared that it was a very brilliant idea indeed, and she hoped Betsy would take his advice.

The next day Bones went over and held a consultation with Betsy.

After that, Betsy was mysteriously busy, and spent fifty cents of his very limited savings on the best of material with which to make his final experiments. The results of these secret experiments were regularly intrusted to Bones, who carried them home to his mother, and brought back encouraging reports.

When the end of the two weeks arrived, each of the four boys carried his production to Mr. Bigelow's office. Bones brought two articles—one was his own and the other was Betsy's.

That evening they received notice to call at the office the next day at 7 P.M., as Mr. Bigelow had decided to give the appointments in the presence of them all.

III.

At the appointed time they were seated in a row in front of Mr. Bigelow's desk, upon which were the five mysterious articles, covered with a large sheet of brown paper.

Betsy's sober face looked soberer than usual; Bones looked doubly anxious, half on his own account and half on Betsy's; the other boys looked curious and expectant.

"Well, young men," said Mr. Bigelow, smiling, "we will now decide this great question. Your productions having been pronounced upon by an impartial board of examiners, I am prepared to announce the result."

He removed the brown paper, and disclosed the five articles. There were the kite, the box, the drawing, the bracket, and the result of Betsy's patient experiments.

At sight of the latter all the boys except two smiled and looked at Betsy. Those who did not smile were the latter and Bones. Betsy blushed.

"This box," said Mr. Bigelow, taking up the box and opening it, "has a serious flaw in it. You will observe that although the box itself is quite neatly made, the lock is put in carelessly, the edges about it are uneven, and it is not set in perfectly true."

He passed the box to the boys, and they easily saw these defects.

"As for the drawing, it is very neat and handsome, and I should have pronounced it perfect had I not sent it down to the young gentleman's teacher at the drawing-school, who said that there was a serious error in it which would have to be corrected before a workman could make use of it.

"This bracket is very pretty in the distance, but it needs finishing; the edges should have been smoothed, the parts joined more firmly, and the surface oiled or varnished.

"The kite, as you see, shows considerable study and ingenuity. You will notice that it is in the shape of a hawk, and that the wings are so arranged that if the kite were flying the wings would be liable to flap in quite an amusing and natural manner. The only defect about it, Johnny, is a very serious one indeed. In elaborating the kite so much, you have forgotten to preserve the necessary lightness; in consequence of which it will not fly."

Bones's face fell almost an inch, not so much at losing the place as at having made so serious a blunder; he had not taken the precaution to try the kite.

"However, the excellences of the kite are so great, especially in the line of ingenuity, that the judges have on the whole voted it a success."

Bones's face shortened, but Betsy fairly trembled as Mr. Bigelow took up the remaining article.

"You observe that a large portion of the loaf of bread furnished by Master Bixby is missing. You have heard it said that the proof of the pudding is in the eating; it is just the same of bread. I took part of the loaf home, and we had it on the table for supper. No one but myself knew where it came from, and it excited considerable interest and inquiry: first, because all agreed it was a very superior article, and secondly, because I would not tell who made it. My wife, who is an excellent cook, and prides herself on her bread, said it was better than she could make, and no one seemed inclined to dispute her, so I thought that verdict was sufficient. It was also remarked that it was very handsome bread, baked to exactly the right degree and the right color.

"Now it seems to me," he continued, "that a person who does in the best manner possible the work which comes in his way, no matter how homely it is, will do whatever work is placed before him in the same faithful manner. Acting upon this belief, I have concluded that the best of the two places now vacant in the factory shall be given to Master Bixby, and the other to Master Mac. As for the other boys, they must try again. If they are really very anxious to enter our factory, they know how to work for that object, and I hope to see them in our employ eventually."

Mr. Bigelow then returned each of the articles to its owner, giving Betsy the remains of his bread wrapped up in a piece of the brown paper, with the direction to show it to his parents.

When Betsy's father and mother learned that he had an opportunity to work in the Bigelow factory for five dollars a week at the start, and the prospect of an increase of wages before long, they saw the advantage, which Mrs. Mac came over to urge, of their hiring a woman to do the work at Betsy's expense, and letting him accept the situation.

After that none of the boys called Jonathan Betsy any more. He proved so apt and capable a workman, and so fine a young man in appearance, as soon as he was able to buy a suit of new clothes in place of his worn and outgrown clothes, that the whole fortune and appearance of the Bixby family began to undergo a change. His mother even commenced to gain in health through the more comfortable aspect of affairs. Mr. Bixby lost his air of patient sadness. Nelly became so proud of her brother that she began to grow more thoughtful herself, and quite lady-like in her manners. In fact, life brightened in every way for the Bixbys.

HILDA AND THE BIRD.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

LITTLE bird, little bird, up in a tree,
What is the song you are singing to me?
A melody sweet which I know full well,
But what the words are I can not tell.

Is it to tell me how merry and gay
The life you are living from day to day?
How you built your nest in the fair spring-time,
And watch o'er your young ones in summer's prime?

Or is it to vie with the wild wind's sound,
When blossoms and leaflets are dancing round,
That you pipe a measure so sweet and clear,
For lady-birds, beetles, and bees to hear?

Sweet song-bird, I wish you could tell me true
If you love me as dearly as I love you.
Hearken! I'll chirp in your own glad way
To let you know all I have got to say.

I knew it, I knew it, you dear wee bird!
You trill it out plain, though you speak no word.
God made you so happy, and bade you love me,
And sent you to sing me your song from the tree.



AN UNLUCKY HORSESHOE.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH HOME AT WEST CONEY ISLAND.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

STANDING by itself midway between West Brighton and Norton's Point, and away off from the Manhattan and Brighton beaches at Coney Island, where little New-Yorkers and Brooklynites play merrily in the sand, or take joyous dips into the surf, is the Children's Health Home, which is shown in our picture. Sanitarium you may call it, if you wish to use a learned word, but I prefer the simpler title. It was planned, built, and presented to the Children's Aid Society of New York city by Mr. D. Willis James, and has been occupied this summer for the first time, having been opened for guests on the 23d of June.

This pretty Home, with its olive-tinted paint, faced with red, its many windows, and its splendid view of the Atlantic, is a hotel for the poor and the sorrowful, where all the conveniences are free. It is intended only for sick babies and their mothers, though older children who are delicate or crippled are sometimes allowed to come, especially when they are not strong enough to enjoy the rough sports of the well children, for whom there is a summer Home at Bath, Long Island.

The Health Home stands "four-square to all the winds that blow," with an ocean frontage of 300 feet. It is 100 feet long by 40 wide, and it has a wing 65 feet in length. At present it has room to entertain about one hundred and thirty guests. There are sixty-eight beds in the great dormitory—another Latin word which has made itself at

home in English, and means sleeping-place. I wish you could see those beds. The bedsteads are of iron, tipped with shining brass knobs, and they are really artistic and beautiful. Every bedstead has a spring mattress of fine netted wire, upon which is an excellent bed, covered with the whitest of sheets, a soft woollen blanket, and a dainty white spread.

When I was there the other day there were sixty mothers and sixty pale, sick infants in the Home. As it was Tuesday, the poor little things had not yet had time to show what a week at the seaside could do for them. They come on Monday, and stay until Saturday afternoon, unless, as sometimes happens, a shorter period of rest and refreshment so restores a little ailing one that its mother

feels ready to go home with it, and give her place to somebody else in greater need.

Besides the able Superintendent, Captain Mathews, and his kind wife, there is a doctor who lives at the Home, and has a perfect drug-store in his cozy little office, so that at any hour of the day or night he is ready to advise and help in case of illness. But I was pleased to hear that he is a doctor who does not approve of giving much medicine. There are also two nurses, each of whom has a little room quite near the dormitory, so that if a mother is anxious about her baby at night, she can receive assistance without delay. Connected with the dormitory is a bath-room, and every morning between eight and ten the babies are bathed, enjoying the cool water as much as sick babies can.

I did not see one laughing, cooing, crowing, dimpled baby among the whole sixty who were at the Health Home. All without exception were thin and drooping and heavy-eyed, and some of the wee faces were as wrinkled and thin as though they belonged to very old persons. Oh! how sad they looked! But Mrs. Mathews said they were growing brighter every hour. Perhaps, they would be quite "peart" by Saturday morning. In some cases, when another week will plainly do a great deal of good, a mother is allowed to return on Monday for a second visit.

When the mothers and babies arrive they are at once invited to a large room fitted up with basins, into which water may be turned from a faucet, and here they must wash thoroughly. Each mother is then presented with the key of a small wardrobe or locker containing five drawers, and this is hers while she remains at the Home.



THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH HOME AT CONEY ISLAND.

No distinction as to color, race, or creed is made in the reception of these poor people, and all nations and religions are represented from time to time, but Mrs. Mathews tells me that they like to be present at the evening worship, which makes them feel that they are one family, with one kind Father in heaven who cares for all His children.

The Children's Aid Society, which has done so much for poor little ones in New York, issues cards which are distributed by city missionaries in the homes where they are needed. They are printed both in German and in English, and state that "delicate, weak, and sick babies may be sent, in charge of their mothers, to Coney Island for a few days. No well children are taken." Two offices are named, one up-town and one down-town, and the applicant has only to present herself and babe, with a card furnished by the missionary, on which is her name and address and the signature of the dispensary doctor, testifying to the fact that her babe is ill. She will be taken as soon as possible, perhaps having to wait a day or two for a vacancy. The Society transports her to the island and back without charge.

The Health Home is dependent upon the gifts of the charitable for its support. Money to carry on its work may be sent to the Sick Children's Mission, Mr. Henry Calder, Superintendent, No. 273 Henry Street, New York. Baby carriages which you no longer need at home, the little ones there having outgrown them, will be of great use at the Health Home. Clothing of all sorts for little ones under three years of age and for their mothers can be used, as many of the women are very destitute. Scrap-books, little pails and shovels, toys, etc., are all welcome, for the use of those who are old enough to play. Often a mother bringing her baby must also bring along an older child because she has no one to leave it with, and in some instances surgical cases from the hospitals have been sent here, that a poor maimed boy or girl may get a chance of recovery.

This is lovely Christian work, which the Master blesses. Are there not many who will lend a helping hand for His sake?

"LEFT BEHIND,"*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. IN CONCLUSION.

VERY proud were the three partners as they locked the store that night, and, with the keys in their pockets, walked home with Mrs. Green and Nelly, surrounded by quite a numerous escort of their particular and intimate friends. The different stores which they passed, into which formerly they had hardly dared to enter, even when they were pursuing their legitimate business, seemed suddenly to have become very shabby affairs, since they had one of their own which was so beautiful.

Of the meal which followed, Mrs. Green made quite a feast, in order to celebrate the good fortune which had come to two of her boarders. A cold boiled ham, with smoking hot potatoes, and followed by pies and fruit, made up a dinner that the boys would have thought fit for a king, had it not been for the remembrance of the "swell affair" at Coney Island.

All were in the best of spirits save Mopsey, and when Dickey asked the cause of his trouble, it appeared that the present of the store was a severe blow to him, since it de-

prived him of nearly all his theatrical company, as well as partners in the enterprise.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mopsey," said Ben, after he had whispered to Johnny and Dickey, and they had nodded their heads as if agreeing with what he said, "we'll give you our share of the theatre, 'cause, of course, we can't spend any time actin' now that we've got the store. an' you an' Nelly can own it alone. You can get some other actors, an' we'll buy tickets every time you have a show, whether we can come or not."

This present was all that Mopsey needed to make him as happy as if he had been given an interest in the store. He began to think of such of his friends as he was quite sure would make bright and shining lights in the dramatic world, and was so generous as to offer to tell the present company all about the play as soon as he should have it mapped out in his mind.

That night, when the partners lay down to sleep, it seemed almost as if they had grown several inches, of so much more consequence did they seem to themselves, and Johnny said, just as Ben's eyes were closing in sleep: "Now we're reg'lar folks at last, ain't we?"

And Ben quite agreed with him.

As Paul had arranged, he spent the next day after Ben and Johnny had become "reg'lar folks" with them in their store.

No shop-man ever felt more pride in selling goods than they did. Paul acted as clerk, and a very inquisitive one he was, too, for he insisted in looking everywhere, so that he should know just what kind of goods his friends had for sale.

Trade was very good, and when at the close of the day the money was counted for about the fifteenth time, and it was found that they had sold twenty dollars' worth of goods, there was not one of the four who did not believe that in less than a year Ben and Johnny would be numbered among the merchant princes of the country.

When it was time for Paul to go back to the hotel they began to discuss the question of escorting him to the steamer, for he was to make one more effort to start with his father for Europe, and it was quite certain that there would be no mistake this time.

The steamer was to sail at ten o'clock, and of course all the boys could not go, since some one must be left to attend to the store, though who that unfortunate one would be was a vexing question, till Ben said:

"I'm the oldest, an' so I s'pose it must be me. I'll have to say good-by now, Polly, for I can't see you in the mornin'. When you come back, be sure an' come up here, won't you? An' if you'll write to us, Johnny an' I'll answer you back, for we're goin' to study awful hard, now that we've got a store of our own, an' it won't be long before we can write an' figger an' do all them things."

Paul promised that he would write to his friends regularly, and when he left the store with Dickey, to be sure that he did not miss the way, Ben felt more sad at parting with him than he would have thought it possible for a boy to feel who owned one-half of such a beautiful store.

The business of selling newspapers seemed about forsaken the next morning, for fully forty newsboys and at least half a dozen boot-blacks were at the pier to say good-by to Polly Weston, the boy who had once seemed so forlorn, and who had played Hamlet so successfully.

Paul was highly pleased at such attention on the part of his acquaintances, and he presented nearly all of them to his father, who was not a little surprised at the number of friends his son had made in so short a time.

After Paul had said good-by to each one individually, and was just about going on board the steamer, Mopsey stopped him, taking him aside with a great show of secrecy.

"I own all the theatre now, Polly," he whispered, "an' when you come back I'll let you be one of the actors. an' I'll fix up a play where you'll have all the best chances."

Paul thanked Mopsey for his kindness, but before he could say whether he accepted the generous offer or not, his father called him, and he was obliged to go on board, leaving the sole proprietor and author of the theatre at a loss to know whether he should write a play especially for Paul or not.

Then the huge steamer started slowly from the dock, and Paul stood near the stern, where he could see his army of small acquaintances, the greater portion of whom had been so kind to him when he most needed friends.

The ragged crowd were all swinging their hats, and Paul had just begun to wave his handkerchief, when Mopsey saw the chance to bestow a very delicate compliment. Jumping on a pile of merchandise, where he could better see and be seen, he waved his hat furiously, and shouted in his shrillest dramatic key:

"Three cheers for Polly, an' three more for Polly's father!"

Then that crowd of boys swarmed up over everything that would raise them more prominently into view, pushing aside any one in their way, and both looking and acting like a hive of bees getting ready to swarm, until they stood high above all the others.

"Now!" shouted Mopsey; and then the cheers were given with a will that startled the officers of the ship into looking around to see what distinguished passengers they had on board.

Then Paul waved his hat, the boys cheered again, and the ship was so far out into the stream that no more courtesies could be exchanged.

It is now two years since Paul Weston started for Europe, and he is expected home in a few weeks, as Ben or Johnny will tell you in case you should make inquiries.

In that time very many gradual but no startling changes have been made in the boys whom we left in New York; therefore it may be assumed that Paul has also changed considerably, and in all probability for the better.

Ben, Johnny, and Dickey are still in business in the place Mr. Weston purchased for them; but one would hardly recognize the dirty, ragged boys whom Paul first met in the neat, gentlemanly little tradesmen who are so courteous to their patrons, and so prompt in all their business transactions. That they did study, as Ben told Paul they would, is shown by their manner of speaking, their accounts, which are kept in the most perfect order, and their general information when one enters into conversation with them.

And their business has improved quite as much as they have. By strict attention to it, and by honesty in all their dealings, they have gained new customers so fast that they are now obliged to use every available inch of space, and they intend to hire the next store, making the two into one large shop, as soon as Mr. Weston comes home to advise with them regarding it.

They still board with Mrs. Green. She has gone out of the fruit business now entirely, has moved into the dwelling directly over their store, and does nothing but attend to her boarders. Nelly, when she is not at school, acts as clerk for the boys, and is very useful to the firm during the rush of morning and evening trade.

Mopsey has gone out of the theatrical business altogether. He gave two more performances, but they were not as successful as he had fancied they would be, and required more of his time than he could afford to give. He has given up both play-writing and acting, very much to the benefit of his regular business. He still sells peanuts at Fulton Ferry, and has capital enough to start on a larger scale, which he says he shall do in another year.

Dickey met Tim Dooley, the boy who made him bankrupt, about a year ago; but he didn't try to make him return any of the money he had stolen. Tim was do-

ing a small business in the way of blacking boots, having reaped no benefit from his ill-gotten gains, and Dickey contented himself with reading Master Dooley a lesson on the crime of theft, showing in his own prosperity what honesty and industry will effect.

Paul kept his promise, and wrote to his former partners very regularly. He did not neglect his studies while he was away, and in the last letter which the firm received from him he stated that in a few weeks he should return for the purpose of going to school in this country. He also wrote that his father had promised to let him remain a fortnight in New York, during which time he would be with his old friends, and again live over the time when he was a newsboy for ten days.

The story of Ben and Johnny is a true one, and their start in life is not without many parallels. To be sure, it is but seldom that such opportunities for advancement come; but each boy has it within himself to win his way in the world quite as much as either Ben, Johnny, or Dickey. May every one who has followed the fortunes of these three boys thus far so live that by the same earnest, honest purpose and integrity he may stand as high in the estimation of those around him as do these boys who knew no home until they made one for themselves.

THE END.

HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

LET us suppose that the reader has had no experience in bicycling, that his bicycle is new, and that he himself is unacquainted with any of the mysteries and secrets involved in the art of riding it.

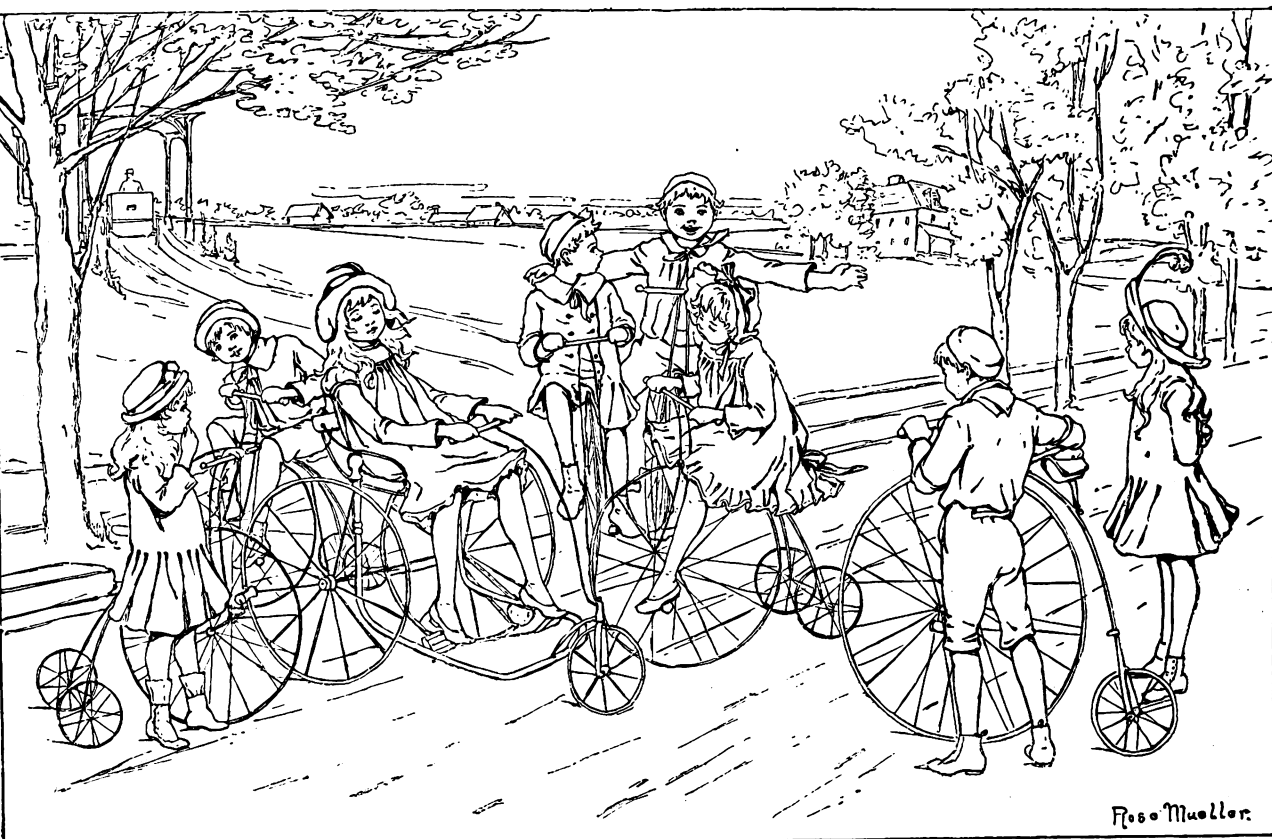
In the first place, he will do well to make a practicing ground of some retired spot where the road makes a gentle slope. Before commencing, let him remove the pedals from his machine. The place and time selected, and a friend chosen to help him in his efforts, he should lead his steed some little distance in order to become acquainted with its movements and action. Then taking his position at the top of the slope, and full in the centre of the road, he should take his place in the saddle, grasping a handle with each hand. He must now get his friend to support him by placing one hand on the spring behind him, and the other on one of the handles.

Now let him muster as much confidence as he can, and try to feel as if nothing unusual were going on. He will then give his friend the word, who will gently propel him forward, at the same time watching his opportunity, as soon as a little "way" is gained, of slipping entirely behind the rider, and supporting the machine by placing both hands on the spring behind.

The rider will soon find that his weight is more on one side than on the other, which will, of course, produce a tendency to fall; this he must endeavor to counteract by gently pulling the handle on the side toward which he is inclined to fall; this will, as it were, put the wheel under him, and so enable him to regain his equilibrium.

At first the rider will find that he pulls the handle too hard, which will cause him to overbalance on the opposite side; the other handle must then be pulled, and so on. This must be done until the bottom of the declivity is reached, when the machine must be pushed to the top, and the routine repeated. At first his course will be very irregular, but after a little practice he will soon find the exact amount of "pull" required to prevent a fall, and to steer tolerably straight.

Having now so far mastered the balance, he must replace the pedals, and repeat his little journeys as before; this time, however, placing his feet on the pedals, and pressing slightly on the descending pedal. This must be done at first *very slightly indeed, no effort being made to propel the machine* (which will run fast enough by itself



THE MEET.

own the hill), but only to become accustomed to the circular motion of the feet, in combination with balancing. When the beginner can descend from top to bottom of the hill without a spill, he may dispense with the services of his friend.

Turning has next to be mastered: This will be found easy enough by turning the wheel in the direction wished to be taken, and at the same time *inclining the body slightly to that side*.

To dismount, the learner must lean well forward over the handles, and stretch out his left foot until it touches the backbone; the foot should then be pushed along the "bone" until it comes in contact with the step, when he must raise himself from the saddle by a slight pressure on the handles, bring the right foot round, and step lightly to the ground. These operations should be gone through several times, in order to become accustomed to the motions and positions.

Now for *actual riding*: The machine should be taken to some clear, even, and spacious piece of road, with perhaps the slightest possible downward inclination. The rider must then take his position as in mounting when the machine is stationary, and putting his left foot on the step, must give a few hops or slight pushes with the right, and raise himself so as to stand on the step. In this position he must guide the machine until the impetus gained by the hops is exhausted.

This operation must be repeated several times until some confidence is gained, and no attempt should be made at first to get into the saddle, or the result may not be satisfactory. When sufficient confidence has been gained, the mount may be effected by giving a little extra impetus with the foot, and taking the opportunity, when the right pedal is just ascending, of *gliding* gently into the saddle. The pedals must then, of course, be worked as before. Care must be taken in mounting not to *jump* into the saddle,

especially if it is a light machine, but to glide into it as gently as possible.

With a little practice the rider will soon feel at home on his new mount. He will in all probability at first require assistance in dismounting, as that needs a little more confidence. There are various ways of dismounting, the neatest, easiest for a beginner, and in my opinion the proper way, being

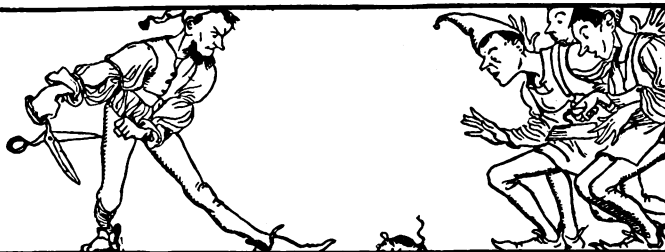
By the step. This is done as directed for getting off the machine in the first instance, the only difficulty being that at first it requires a little confidence to lean forward sufficiently to find the step. A slight extra impetus must be given to the machine, the step sought for, and that found, of course it is easy enough to dismount. If there is any difficulty about this, or it is found that the impetus is insufficient, the pedals should be regained, and a fresh attempt made. With a little practice, the rider can be off in an instant by this method.

The other ways may be learned afterward. One is—

The vault, which is effected by placing the right hand on the neck of the saddle, close to the head, and vaulting lightly to the ground. It must be done quickly, and has an advantage over the backward spring, in that it places the rider on one side of his machine, and therefore in a better position as regards running with it. Besides this, there is not the liability of damaging the foot or rear wheel.

Dismounting by the pedal, another favorite plan, should be practiced with each leg, so as to be able to get off on either side, according to circumstances. It is done by resting the weight with one foot on the ascending pedal, at the same time bringing the other leg over the backbone, and jumping to the ground. It requires a little practice, is tolerably easy, and is very neat when well done.

Mounting and dismounting mastered, the bicyclist need be dependent on no one, but can ride anywhere with confidence and pleasure.



Venturesome · Boldness.

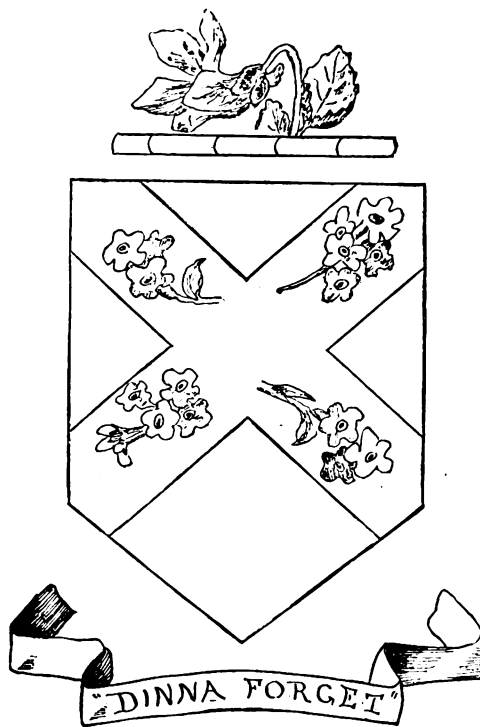
A tailor came a-walking by,
The fire of courage in his eye.
"Where are you going, sir?" Said I.

"I slew a mouse
In our house,
Where other tailors live," said he,
"And not a Jack
Among the pack
Would dare to do the like; pardie!
Therefore, I'm going out to try
If there be greater men than I;
Or in the land
As bold a hand
At wielding brand as I, you see!"

The tailor came a-limping by
With woful face and clothes awry
And all his courage gone to pie.

"I met a knight
In armor bright,
And bade him stand and draw," said he;
"He straightway did
As he was bid,
And treated me outrageously.
So I shall get me home again,
And probably shall there remain
A little man,
Sir, always can
Be great with folk of less degree!"





SOMETHING VERY CHARMING.

AMONG my Little Housekeepers there must be not a few who have been learning how to paint pretty plaques, to sketch beautiful bits of landscape, and to embroider daintily in linen, silk, or worsted. Perhaps some of those who live near together would like to form themselves and their school-mates into clubs, each to have a motto of its own, and an appropriate badge, which all the members shall be entitled to wear. How does the idea strike you, girls? Taking it for granted that you will find it pleasant to name the happy little club after a favorite flower, which you may adopt as your own emblem or symbol, I shall advise you to watch the Post-office Box more eagerly than ever for the next few weeks.

From time to time you will find here, given for you to copy, either with pencil and brushes and bright colors, or with your needles and silks, the pattern of a flower. Work or paint this on a bit of ribbon, and let each little lady wear it as her special decoration, and the token that although she is a useful little housekeeper, she does not mean to despise the ornamental part of her profession, but intends to make her home as attractive as she can.

My little readers may not know very much about heraldry, which is a subject interesting to those who study the history of old families and races, but still most of them have seen coats of arms, and are aware that their grandparents took great pride in them. Here is a coat of arms for you, my dears, which I think far more charming than fierce eagles, stubborn bears, frowning lions, or wise owls.

In this device the dear little blue forget-me-not is prominent. The division of the shield (call it saltire, if you wish to use the strictly proper term) is silver, on a blue field. Field means the ground or surface of the shield. The forget-me-not on silver means innocent remembrance, and the St. Andrew's cross, which is the shape of the saltire, signifies discipline. On a field of blue, it means truth. Innocent remembrance inclines the mind to truth. The violet on the crest is a symbol of fidelity, and the whole is finished by the tender little motto, "Dinna Forget."

The Postmistress would like you to let her know whether or not you shall be successful in copying this lovely device. Perhaps some of you would enjoy painting it on a screen to shade the gas when it is too brilliant for mamma's eyes, or else to use it on a book-mark to present to a brother or cousin away from home. Such a convenient thing to slip into a letter, you observe.

"But," say the boys, "where do we come in? We seem to be left out of this fascinating plan, and we don't think it is fair." Not at all, young gentlemen. There is something very entertaining which you may do. If you will rummage through the top shelves of the book-case, or go to the town library, you will very likely discover a grand old book, somewhat neglected, entitled *Froissart's Chronicles*—a book every boy ought to read. In its pages you will find ever so much that is delightful and new to you, precisely because the book is a gossiping history of old times, when the knights-errant rode gallantly to the tournament with the ladies' favors on their sleeves, and the heralds went before them bearing the shields and telling the brave deeds they had done.

Some of you may take down Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, and read about Enid and Elaine to the girls as they paint and embroider. Again, there will be those among you, boys and girls both, who can draw and paint, and some who are perhaps hoping to become great artists. From any that can do so we should be glad to receive new and fresh designs, so that each of our numerous clubs of Little Housekeepers may in time be provided with a distinct and beautiful badge, accompanied by some appropriate motto. The Postmistress will wait with great interest to see what comes of this suggestion. So you see, young gentlemen, you have an interest in the very pleasantest part of the work, and are not left out at all.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASSACHUSETTS.

My aunt has taken a cottage here at Martha's Vineyard—a beautiful island off the coast of Massachusetts. The cottage is very near the sea. You can hear the breakers roaring all the time. There are very high clay cliffs, and we take a knife and go down to the beach to cut pieces off, which we bring home and model into all kinds of shapes. Once I made a clay baby, and put it on top of a very high cliff; when I went there some time after, I was surprised to see that the clay baby had a little wooden pipe in its mouth, and on the pipe was written "Benny." Then I knew who it was that put it there. It was a deaf and dumb man who lives here, and who is very fond of a joke. We make little jugs, cups, and baskets in clay. There are a great many different-colored clays—red, blue, white, gray, yellow, green, and black. I am going to make a vase in the shape of an owl. I am letting the clay harden so that it will model better. My cousin and myself went down to the beach, and each of us made a little clay baby, and a cat to take care of it. The clay at Gay Head is very beautiful; there are large white and red cliffs. There are Indians living at Gay Head, and some of them make little jars, match-safes, and all sorts of things, and sell them to the people who come twice a week in a steamer from New Bedford and Oak Bluffs to see the cliffs and the light-house. The light-house has a revolving light. From Gay Head one can see the place where the *City of Columbus* was wrecked last winter. There is a ship there now with a hoisting apparatus hauling up the machinery and other remains. There is a mast of the ship down on the beach, and last time we were there we cut off pieces of it and brought them home.

NANNIE B. (aged 13).

How much I should enjoy modelling the clay just as you do. I am glad you are having such a pleasant time this vacation.

WILLOW GLEN PLANTATION, LOUISIANA.

I live in the country, four miles from Alexandria. I have four sisters and one little brother. My brother is such a cunning little fellow! My father is a sugar-planter. The leading staple crops are cotton, sugar, rice, and Indian corn. I am going to school, and am studying reading, history, geography, grammar, and arithmetic. I am very fond of my teacher, who is very kind to us. We shall have vacation next month. We are going to make a quilt for the missionaries during vacation. This is the second year I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I find the stories very interesting, and always look for the coming of my paper with much pleasure.

MAGGIE McC.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have written to you before, and have had my letter published, and I also have seen two letters from cousins of mine. You may perhaps remem-

ber me. I had no pets till on the 24th of last month a darling little brother came to us. My birthday is on the 22d, and mamma says I may name him; and we may celebrate our birthdays on the 23d. I intend to call him after papa; he weighed ten pounds when he was born, which is quite a large weight for so small a baby. I have been away at the Isle of Wight, but I came back on my thirteenth birthday. My little sister Kittie is away also, but she is coming home soon to see baby. I think this letter is quite long enough now, and I will close, only begging you to publish this.

LELIA S. M.

A baby brother is a pet indeed. How good you must try to be, Lelia, for when the little fellow begins to notice people he will very likely copy you in many ways.

HUMBOLDT, NEBRASKA.

I have seen so many nice little letters in the Post-office Box that I thought I would write one myself. I have a little friend whom I love very dearly, and with whom I have played ever since I can remember; her name is Pearl. Next week we will have to part, for her papa is going to move away, and we may not play together for a long time. I shall be sorry to part with her. I am nine years old, and, like Bessie B. C., have a brother named Robbie and a sister named Grace. I have a cousin Charley, of whom I am very fond.

EMMA L. G.

I remember what a grief it used to be to me, in my childhood, when some dear little companion had to move away; and oh! how vexed I felt when people used to smile at my disconsolate face! So I sympathize with Emma in the loss of Pearl as a daily playmate.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I think that little girl who carried home the tarantula was very brave, because I have been reading in a book of mine about spiders, and it said the tarantula is one of the most poisonous of the spider family. I am eleven years old. I have a garden, which is very pretty this summer. I have a brother five years old and a sister nineteen. I wrote a letter before, but it was not published, so I think I will try once more. I thought "The Fair for Sick Dolls" was very good, also "Left Behind" and "Our Little Duncie."

JESSIE H.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I like to read the stories and letters. School has closed for the summer. When I attended I read in the Fourth Reader and studied spelling, geography, grammar, arithmetic, writing, and drawing. I have a pet kitten and nine dolls. We have no swing, but a hammock instead, which I think is a great deal nicer, and I have a pair of roller skates, and whenever I go to the Park I take them with me, for there they have a long, smooth sidewalk, and it is fun to skate from one end to the other. For Christmas, I received a large doll dressed in white lace with a pink sash, three story-books, a box of paints, a work-box with a red satin pincushion, a box of toy animals, with all the nuts and candy I could eat. I thought "The Ice Queen" and "Adrift in the Bay" were splendid stories. We live in a nice house, surrounded by shade trees, and besides these we have a large orchard. I think it is fun to pick fruit. I wish Lizzie W. A., of Orange, New Jersey, would please write again, because I think her letter was very nice.

BIRDIE.

HILLSBOROUGH, ILLINOIS.

Hillsborough, as the name indicates, is built among the hills, and the country for the most part is mountainous. We have a great many different kinds of birds. The prettiest one, I think, is the scarlet tanager. The plumage of the male of this species is a brilliant scarlet except the wings and tail, which are of a deep black; the iris of the eye is cream-color; the legs and feet are a light blue. The female is green above and yellow below; the wings and tail are brownish-black, edged with green. We have two or three different orioles, but I think the Baltimore is the prettiest. The head, throat, and upper parts of the back and wings are black; the whole under parts are a bright orange, deepening into a vermilion on the breast; the legs and feet are light blue or lead-color. A pair of Baltimore orioles built their nest in a large elm-tree near our house. They build a hanging nest, and are sometimes called the hang-birds.

A. J. E.

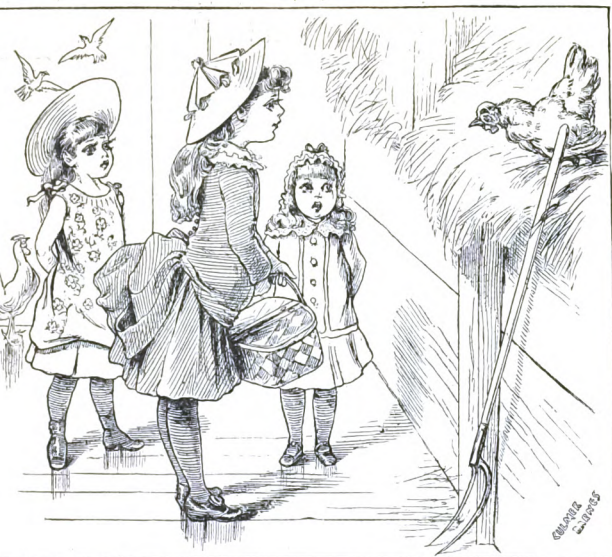
They have swinging cradles in the tree-tops, don't they?

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have only one pet, a little sister three years old. I have three sisters, two older than I and one younger. I have a little cousin, and her name is Kitty; she is nearly eight years old. She stays with me a good deal of the time. We have very good times together. We have another little cousin about our age; she lives in Milwaukee. She made us quite a long visit in April. My sister Edith and I go to school. There are only four pupils.

JOSEPHINE DEVEREUX S.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE EGG-HUNTERS BAFFLED.

THE FARM-YARD GAME.

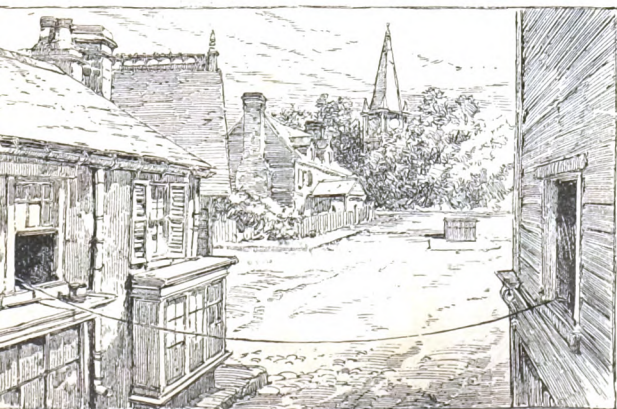
BY FRANK BELLEW.

THOSE boys! The girls felt that they had borne it just as long as they could. And Frank was the ringleader. Without his quick wits Katy's Arabella Miranda would never have taken a sea bath with her silk dress on, Jennie's lovely poodle could never have appeared at breakfast striped like a zebra, with his poor little nose painted pea green, the salt wouldn't have gotten into the ice-cream, and the luncheon baskets at the last picnic would never have swung from the highest limb of the tallest tree, whither no *girl* could ever climb. In short, Frank was the Jimmy Brown of that party, and something had to be done with Jimmy—no, Frank.

This was the origin of the Farm-yard Game. It was blue-eyed Katy that said so innocently, when everybody else was tired out and bored, and didn't know how to while time away, "Suppose we play Farm-yard."

No one knew how to play Farm-yard. "Well," said she, "I will show you. All of you sit round the room in a semicircle." They did so. "Now," she continued, "I will whisper to each the name of some animal in the farm-yard. One will be a horse, another will be a cow, another will be a sheep, and so on; and when I clap my hands and say, 'Ready!' all are expected to make the noise peculiar to the animal whose name I have given them as loud as they can."

Wily Katy went her rounds. To the first she said, "You are a horse, but the earthquake struck you dumb. When I say 'Ready!' don't you utter a sound." To the second: "You are a cow, but you were born tongue-tied. When I say 'Ready!' don't you utter a sound." To the third: "You are a sheep, but when I say 'Ready!' don't you utter a sound." And so on and so on.



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FISHING EXCURSION.

One wakes up before the other, he is to pull the string. They go to bed in their boots.

Katy came to Frank. "Now, Frank," she whispered, most coaxingly, "you are to be a donkey. When I cry 'Ready!' do you bray like all the donkeys of Naples concentrated into one noisy beast."

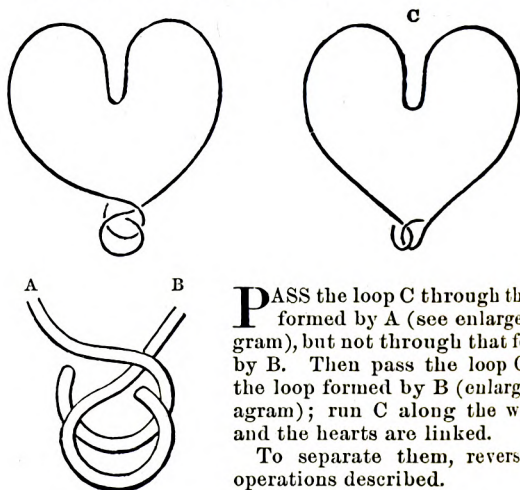
She took her place in the middle of the room, and cried out, "Are you all ready? One, two, three—ready!" and clapped her hands. Silence reigned, when suddenly one young gentleman burst forth with a loud and excellent imitation of a donkey's bray. There was a dead stillness in the room save his own voice.

Then finding himself all alone, Frank suddenly stopped, and gaped round. Every one was staring at him. A burst of laughter followed which fairly made the walls shake. Frank looked at Katy. Her innocent face was too much for him, and he too joined in the laugh.

Since then there has been peace. No more hidden croquet mallets, salt in ice-cream, or painted poodles. Katy has one bold champion to protect her from all ills. When he is asked how his fancy for her first began, he says, "That day she took a fellow down a peg, don't you know?"

THE UNITED HEARTS.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 640 OF NO. 249.



PASS the loop C through the loop formed by A (see enlarged diagram), but not through that formed by B. Then pass the loop C over the loop formed by B (enlarged diagram); run C along the wire B, and the hearts are linked.

To separate them, reverse the operations described.

MOTHER GOOSE.

MOTHER GOOSE was a real character, and not an imaginary personage, as we used to suppose. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665. She married Isaac Goose in 1693, and a few years afterward became a member of the Old South Church. She died in 1757, aged ninety-two years.

The first edition of her songs was published in Boston (1716) by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. The house in which a great part of her life was spent was a low one-story building, with dormer-windows and a red tiled roof, looking something like an old English country cottage.



SINGULAR.
They both happen to wake up at the same time.